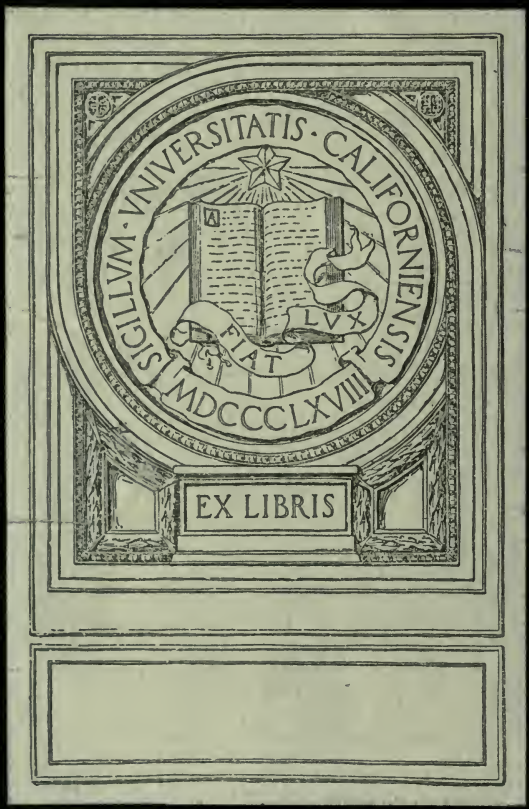
SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
MDCCCLXVIII
LVX
FIAT
EX LIBRIS

To. Wm. Elliot James.
with the kind regards of the Author
Brighton
September 1893

MY CONTEMPORARIES.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

MY CONTEMPORARIES

1830—1870

BY

WILLIAM ARCHER SHEE

'Condo et compono quæ mox depromere possim.'
HORACE.

IN ONE VOLUME

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1893.

All Rights Reserved.

UC MRLF
CALIFORNIA

DA565
S52A2

TO MY BROTHER,

MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, ESQ., Q.C.,

THE FOLLOWING SELECTION OF COMMENTS AND CRITICISMS

EXTRACTED FROM A DIARY

CONTAINING THE RECORD OF YEARS LONG PASSED AWAY,

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

W. A. S.

521682

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/mycontemporaries00sheerich

PREFACE.

In venturing to publish the following pages, I wish to state, for the information of the reader, that they contain extracts and selections from a Diary commenced long years ago, and discontinued in 1870.

The motive which led me at starting, to depart from the beaten track, was to try whether the tedium and monotony of details of every-day life, might not be mitigated by giving a wider scope to such a publication, and by discussing current events, and the men and measures, incidental to the period.

I sought to initiate a type of journal which, while preserving its personal and chronological characteristics, might assume a slightly biographical form, in reference to persons introduced

into the narrative, and might interest those coming after me, as a record appertaining to a *previous generation.*

My reason for closing my Diary long since was, that I found myself trenching on the history of the *present generation*, whose own experience of the contemporary history of *their day*, will doubtless be authentically and impartially recorded by others, in due course.

W. A. S.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

1830—1833 1

Revolution in France—The 'Three Glorious Days'—How Matters settled Down—Louis Philippe—Story of Talleyrand—Colonel FitzClarence—His Peerage and his Claims—Alarming Symptoms as regards Public Feeling against the Duke of Wellington—Attack on the King—Amateur Music—Hon. Miss Jervis—'Almacks'—Passing of the Reform Bill—Death of Sir Walter Scott—Kean's Farewell.

CHAPTER II.

1834—1836 16

Court-Martial on Major Wathen—Fall of the Grey Cabinet—Burning of the Houses of Parliament—Dismissal of the Melbourne Cabinet—Dinner with the Bank Guard—Reception at Miss Berry's—Scandal in Dublin—Resignation of Sir Robert Peel—Duel between Lord Alvanley and Morgan O'Connell—Attack on Louis Philippe—End of the Season—Authors of 'Rejected Addresses'—Norton *v.* Melbourne—Tom Moore—Manchester Musical Festival—Death of Malibran—Card-Sharping at 'Graham's.'

CHAPTER III.

1837—1839 44

The Countess Guiccioli—Sam Lover—Editor of *Fraser's Magazine* assaulted by Mr. Grantley Berkeley—'An Irish Stew'—Death of William IV.—Disraeli in Parliament at Last—Changes at Court

—Preparations for the Coronation—The Event—Almacks—Coronation Honours—All Wrong—New Year's Day—A Cruel Scandal—Lady Blessington—Louis Napoleon—The Queen's *Entourage*—Ascot—Eglinton Tournament.

CHAPTER IV.

1840—1841 81

'Newport Riots'—Penny Postage—The Queen's Marriage—Paris—Dr. Copplestone—Sir Robert Harry Inglis—Blackmailing—Lady Morgan—Lady Blessington—Macaulay—Lord Cardigan's Trial—'Billy Duff'—Loss of the *President*—Theodore Hook—A Flower Show—Fête to the Opera People, Singers and Dancers—Birth of the Prince of Wales.

CHAPTER V.

1842—1846 114

Dinner in a Scientific Atmosphere—Death of the Duke of Norfolk—The Duke of Cambridge—Another Attack on the Queen—Turks in Society—A Mess Dinner—'Artist'—Death of the Duke of Sussex—Visit of the Emperor of Russia to England—Gladstone's Defection from the Peel Cabinet—The 'Pas-de-Quatre,' Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and Lucille Grahn—In the House—Public Monuments—Repeal of the Corn Laws.

CHAPTER VI.

1847—1849 145

Two Italian Operas—Jenny Lind—Death of Dan O'Connell—Murder of the Duchesse de Choiseul Praslin—Revolution in Paris—The 'Chartists'—Death of Lord George Bentinck—Sentence on the 'Irish Patriots'—Louis Napoleon President—Break-up at Gore House—Alfred Tennyson—John Arthur Roebuck—Death of Catalini—Encumbered Estates Court in Ireland—Baron Rothschild, M.P. for City—Death of Queen Adelaide.

CHAPTER VII.

1850—1852 179

Palmerston's impeachment and triumph—Death of Sir Robert Peel—Attack on General Heynau—Papal Aggression—The Great Exhibition—Antwerp—Brussels—Frankfort—Homburg—Paris—Palmerston out of office—Death of Tom Moore—Niel's legacy of £250,000 to the Queen—Death of the Duke of Wellington.

CHAPTER VIII.

1853—1855 209

General Sir Charles Napier—Review of the Baltic Fleet at Spithead by the Queen—Declaration of War with Russia—'Day of Humiliation'—Inkermann—Defeat of the Government over Mr. Roebuck's Motion—Death of 'Joe Hume'—My Birthday—Death of Samuel Rogers.

CHAPTER IX.

1856—1859 224

Bill for abolishing marriages at Gretna Green—The Mutiny in India—Visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to the Opera-House—Attempted assassination of the French Emperor by Orsini—Carlyle's 'Life of Frederick the Great'—Baths of Tepliz—Cologne—Lord Macaulay.

CHAPTER X.

1860—1862 248

A Triumvirate of Public Favourites—Death of Lady Byron—Bernal Osborne—Birth of the 'Volunteer Movement'—Grisi's Farewell—Death of 'Honest Tom Duncombe'—Death of Prince Consort—Difficulty with America—The Great Exhibition—The Good old Days—Dresden—Civil War in America.

CHAPTER XI.

1863—1866 278

Entry of the Princess of Wales into London—Banting—Lord Russell's Foreign Policy—Thackeray—The Garibaldi Epidemic—Close of the Session—Lord Russell at the Mansion House—John Stuart Mill elected for Westminster—Death of Lord Palmerston—Lady Doctors—Rising in Jamaica—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton raised to the Peerage.

CHAPTER XII.

1867—1870 305

'Women's rights'—Is there such a thing as political consistency?—Disraeli Prime Minister—Re-appearance of the Queen at the Drawing Room—Death of Lord Brougham and Vaux—Bill for Disestablishing the Irish Church—Defeat of 'Life Peerages Bill'—American Slang—Death of Dickens—Total Defeat of French Army.

MY CONTEMPORARIES.

CHAPTER I.

1830—1833.

Revolution in France—The 'Three Glorious Days'—How Matters settled Down—Louis Philippe—Story of Talleyrand—Colonel FitzClarence—His Peerage and his Claims—Alarming Symptoms as regards Public Feeling against the Duke of Wellington—Attack on the King—Amateur Music—Hon. Miss Jervis—'Almacks'—Passing of the Reform Bill—Death of Sir Walter Scott—Kean's Farewell.

1830. *July* 31*st.*—A revolution has taken place, and has triumphed in France, and Charles Dix is ignominiously ejected, and the whole of the senior branch of the family turned out with him!

The political atmosphere in Paris had been very heavy lately, and coming events had 'cast their shadows before.' The ordinances lately issued, which were calculated and *intended* utterly to gag the Press and stifle the expression of public opinion, have rankled in the minds of the French. For some days, they say, previous to the outbreak, the streets had been filled with *ouvriers* discussing at each corner the measure of the Government, which is viewed as an attack on

what they are pleased to call their 'liberties.' Nobody in England is surprised at the *émeute*, and nobody except the old Tory party feels much regret. The Bourbons are a doomed race, I fear, whom no experience will teach. Fifteen years of peaceful re-occupation of the throne of their ancestors has engendered a false security, and, instead of noting well the signs of the times, they sought to adopt a retrograde course. How much more wisely have our rulers in England acted, in yielding at the right moment, by the concession of the Catholic claims.

It needs no prophet, too, to foretell that some (let us hope) *moderate* measure of parliamentary reform is not far off, and will be timely conceded lest more be *taken*. Poor old Charles Dix! I pity him rather. He comes of a bad stock, and was educated in the school which preaches of 'Divine right,' and, being old enough to remember all the horrors of the *past*, he cannot discriminate between the rush of revolution and the measured tread of rational reform. To parley with the enemy is, in the ethics of his party, to surrender, and any concession to public opinion is viewed as truckling to popular clamour.

The Duke of Angoulème tried at the eleventh hour to propitiate the mob by renouncing in favour of his nephew, the Duke of Bordeaux, thinking that 'young blood' might be more acceptable than the antiquated royalty of which he and his father are the representatives. But the people would have no half-measures, and made a

clean sweep of the whole family, all the members of which have been obliged to seek safety in flight.

1831. I see the patent is out, creating Colonel FitzClarence Earl of Munster, and giving the precedence of the younger sons of a marquis to his brothers, and a corresponding rank to his sisters. Well, what is there in this to excite all the indignation that the Opposition, and some very fine people in Society, manifest on the occasion? Anyone would suppose that to ennoble a bastard was to degrade the Peerage and insult the House of Lords! It only shows how utterly men are blinded by political spite, to the real merits of any case. To-day at the club, two or three men were holding forth on what they were pleased to describe as a 'most unconstitutional proceeding.' To hear them talk you would suppose that the British Peerage was composed of *maisons chapitrales*, instead of being, as it is (to the credit of our system) the most plebeian aristocracy in the world, if tried by the test applied in other countries. It is too late in the day for us to apply such a test to those who desire to obtain patents of nobility in England. I doubt if there be ten families in the British Peerage who can boast of sixteen quarterings, the possession of which in Germany and Austria is a *sine quâ non* with those seeking to make high alliances, or even to obtain office about the Court.

There is something to me wonderfully audacious in our aristocracy affecting a virtuous in-

dignation that His Majesty should have done his duty by his children, for he has done no more.

Let the noble Dukes of Richmond, Grafton, and St. Albans, who plume themselves so much on their left-handed descent from that model of heartless depravity and senseless debauchery, the 'Merry Monarch,' smooth their ruffled feathers. William IV. is a far more respectable progenitor than Charles II. He is a man of honour and a gentleman, and his very immoralities have a smack of respectability to which the wholesale profligacy of the frivolous Stuart could never aspire. The inconsistency, too, of this outcry is preposterous. Have we not in the House of Lords sundry noble peers of very doubtful descent? And have they not lately received among their 'order' with open arms, one whose illegitimacy, stamped by the decision of the House of Lords, is but ill-compensated for by his great wealth, notoriously squandered as it is between the hustings, the hunting-field, and the harem? He, however, returns, by his influence, both the county and the borough members,—*ergo*, he is worthy of all favour and distinction, while the estimable Lord Munster is looked on as an interloper!*

August 12*th*.—Matters have settled down very comfortably in France. At the proper moment

* Since the above was written the ranks of the Peerage have been repeatedly strengthened by the admission to the Upper House of several gentlemen whose *left-handed* origin most assuredly is but indifferently compensated for by their wealth, and whose selection for the honours conferred on them by the Crown, does little credit to the Minister of the day.

a *Deus ex machinâ* in the shape of the Duke of Orleans appeared, and made everything pleasant. He offered his services as a 'Citizen King,' and was accepted, the conditions being that he should call himself 'King of the French,' instead of 'King of France,' and should cut the family to which he belongs, and be received as the first of a new dynasty.

There are some very ugly rumours afloat as to the share which His Royal Highness, or His Majesty, as I must now call him, has had in bringing about the contingency, for which he seems to have been so well prepared. It is undoubtedly curious that at the proper moment he should have offered himself as a king, ready-made to their hands, and willing to undertake the duties 'at the shortest notice' and on the 'most moderate terms.' What could be more *àpropos?* Were not his long years of adversity and exile spent in America, under the protection of the 'Model Republic,' a guarantee that he would be duly imbued with the requisite love of free institutions and cheap government? Did he not publicly denounce the acts of his predecessors, poke about Paris *tout comme un autre*, and show at every turn his love of freedom and his contempt for pomp and state? He was evidently just the man for them, and *le voilà.*

We will see how he will justify the blind confidence of the Parisians, that they have found one who will reign over them without ruling them, and is prepared to do it 'cheap.'

A rather good story was told last night at Lady Charleville's in Cavendish Square, where the few lingerers in town were assembled, regarding Talleyrand. Of course everyone asks where the Prince is, who, as is his wont, will be sure to fall on his legs. They say that he was walking about the lobbies of the Chamber of Peers, during the fighting, apparently much excited, and at each *coup de cannon* exclaiming, 'Ha! le jour est à nous!' 'Ha! nous avons gagné!' until some one ventured to ask him to which party he referred, when he answered, 'Je vous dirai tout à l'heure!'

1832. *June 20th.*—Matters are really getting very serious, and the populace are manifesting their discontent in a way that admits of no misinterpretation. The day before yesterday 'the Duke' was near being stoned to death. What made the incident more especially noteworthy was the fact that this outrage occurred on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo,—a day on which one would think the most rabid of his political opponents, and the most vindictive of his personal enemies, would abstain from any manifestation of hostility against him. Sentimental feelings of gratitude to one who has raised the name of England and promoted its glory 'a long while ago,' are not to be looked for, however, at the present day among the blackguards composing a London mob, and the Duke, who was on horseback, was hissed, hooted, and pelted, and was with difficulty escorted to Apsley House by a strong detachment of police.

This little playful ebullition on the part of the 'great unwashed' is supposed to have been provoked because His Grace (whose windows were lately smashed, in recognition of his opposition to the Reform Bill) has had the discourtesy to put up iron shutters to protect his house from a repetition of such manifestations in his regard.

The incident in question was disgraceful enough, but it has been supplemented by a most cowardly attack on the King. His Majesty was at Ascot races yesterday, and, while sitting in the royal box, was hit on the forehead by a stone thrown with much violence. The wound is slight and devoid of danger, but the outrage is not the less serious and alarming, as it indicates a state of public feeling that bodes ill to peace and order.

Certainly His Majesty, whose conduct has been marked by such praiseworthy loyalty to the constitution in sanctioning the promotion of a measure called for by the public, but which he is well-known in his heart to dislike, does not deserve to meet with such a return.

The offender is stated to be a discharged Greenwich pensioner, with some supposed grievance, but, as he can have no private motive for hostility to the King, it is to be feared that the act is an indication by an individual of the opinions of those who employed him, and who have been for some time, in their speeches and addresses, appealing to physical force in support of their views. I trust that the scoundrel will meet with the punishment he deserves, but of course he will

be proved insane, and every excuse that mock humanity and lax loyalty can suggest, to save him from the consequences of his act, will be brought forwarded and paraded forthwith.

June 25th.—As a rule, I am not very fond of amateur music as practised in London drawing-rooms. It is generally of the mildest character, and is mainly contributed by those who, if not deficient in voice and taste, have had few opportunities of cultivating or improving either the one or the other. I had a great treat last night, however, *en petit Comité*, at the Duchess of L——'s in Carlton House Terrace. Her Grace's receptions on these occasions are everything that can be wished. Her own charming and fascinating manners, and the cordiality and *bonhomie* of the Duke, are proverbial, and appreciated by all their friends, and they collect round them a small circle of amateurs whose performances are very attractive Last night the two best private singers in London (*selon moi*) were there, viz.:—Miss Ramsbottom, daughter of the member for Windsor, whose beautiful voice and facility of execution have long placed her beyond all competition in her own style, and Miss Jervis, Lord St. Vincent's daughter,* who has also a splendid voice and style, and excites the greatest admiration wherever she is heard. Both ladies have a common charm that enhances tenfold their talents; they have no affectation or coyness, but are ever ready to sing

* Afterwards Mrs. Dyce Sombre, and *en second noce* Lady Forester, lately deceased.

when asked, and to contribute their quota to the success of a soirée.

I went afterwards to 'Almacks,' where the decay of the season made itself felt and seen. The dear old chaperons begin to show work. In a row of eight on the cross benches last night, I counted five asleep, and great is the havoc also among the belles of the season, the withering of whose roses and lilies tells tales of late hours and superhuman saltatorial efforts, during the last two or three months.

June.—The Reform Bill is passed, and His Majesty's Government has put a number of rising young men into Schedule A. All the advantages of birth and family are lost to sundry *elegants* of London Society. I wonder what the populace expect to get by 'Reform,' and whether half of them really understand *what* they have been clamouring for. I saw the other day in the paper that some young boor in a rural district, being observed for many days standing gaping at the cottage door without any ostensible motive, was questioned as to his reasons for maintaining his post of observation, when he answered that he was watching 'to see the Reform Bill pass.' Not a bad satire, it appears to me, on the ignorance of the real merits of any great national question which characterises those who are loudest in the cry to which Governments have to yield. What possible good will it do to nine-tenths of the British public that the button-makers of Birmingham and the cotton communities of Manchester

should send a member to Parliament? The House of Commons will be swamped by a number of worthy individuals, no doubt, abounding in coin, but sadly deficient in h's, who will direct their energies to the object of clipping the King's prerogative, as well as his English, and will place themselves in antagonism to a 'bloated aristocracy.'

Apart from the merits of the question, the debate in both Houses has been very creditable to the talent of the British Senate. The 'hereditary legislators,' against whom the radicalism of the day is always tilting, shone especially, and, in my opinion, bore the palm away from the 'People's House.' *Au reste*, I am, I confess, not to be comforted. What will become of all the eldest sons who are 'out at elbows,' and who will no longer have the snug family borough to creep in to, to shelter them from the importunities of clamorous creditors? And what has Providence in store for the crowd of younger brothers, to compensate them for overturning a system that gave them the opportunity, through the aid of the family interest, of showing what they were made of, and of coming out strong in the House of Commons on the side that was most likely to pay? Take myself, for example: if I could get into the House, to what might I not aspire? I might have come to the aid of the Minister at a critical moment, when numbers were unpleasantly balanced, and found myself within a week a junior Lord of the Treasury. Or I might, like Powlett Thomson,*

* Afterwards Lord Sydenham.

have read up the Navigation Laws, and, like him, so distinguished myself by a single speech as to be pitchforked next morning into the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade and Treasurership of the Navy. Most assuredly my many kind friends could not be more surprised at such a piece of unhoped-for luck happening to me than were those of the worthy member for Dover at his sudden elevation from his desk in Austin Friars to a seat in the Privy Council!

It appears to me that since the Irish Union there has not been a measure carried by more corrupt means than this Reform Bill. We all know how, in the former case, Castlereagh bought the voices of that independent and patriotic legislature, the Irish Parliament, by the wholesale manufacture of those anomalous members of our hereditary nobility—the Irish peers, and we shall see what is in store for the patriotic and disinterested boroughmongers, who in such a public-spirited way have come forward to make a *holocaust* of their parliamentary interest on the 'altar of their country's liberties!' Lord Cassilis and Lord Breadalbane have already got their marquisates, and the Marquis of Cleveland's dukedom is said to be imminent. Besides these, there is a list of sundry others going the round of the clubs, who are to get steps on the ladder of rank, to say nothing of a batch of baronets formed of a crowd of country gentlemen, noble fellows, whose self-sacrifice deserves a higher price.

The bill has been carried in a way that can

hardly be said to be in the *spirit* of the Constitution; for, though a combination of intimidation and bribery has led the House of Lords *at last* to carry a measure they had *twice* deliberately rejected, the fact that a large majority of their lordships were violently opposed to it is notorious. The public manifestations got up no doubt were not without their effect on the most timid, while others dreaded the swamping of the Upper House by wholesale creations, and some again considered the step in rank promised them to be an adequate compensation for deserting their principles, and smothering their conscientious forebodings of evil to the country from what, in their hearts, they believe to be a *disastrous* measure.

September 21*st*.—The author of 'Waverley' is dead. Sir Walter Scott will be much better known to posterity by that name than as the author of 'Rokeby.' It has always appeared to me quite incomprehensible that, after the deserved and unparalleled success of his admirable novels, he should have so pertinaciously, for fourteen or fifteen years, refused to claim the credit of their authorship. What object was to be obtained by continuing the mystery, and what motive justified it? On two grounds only does the strict preservation of the *incognito* in such cases appear reasonable,—as, for instance, when the author, being till then unknown to fame, thinks that public speculation and curiosity as to the authorship may tend to increase the sale of the book,—or, when the work itself is calculated, by the manner

in which it treats of the character and conduct of others, to excite enmity and get the writer into trouble. One can well understand that the author of 'Junius' Letters' may have wished, for reasons of his own, to conceal his name, and one can also make allowance for an author wishing to see the success of his work assured, before identifying himself with it. But when once that success is patent and unquestionable, and, as in the case of the author of 'Waverley,' surpasses that of any living writer, the motive seems to be wholly wanting for persisting, not only in not claiming the authorship, but in systematically denying the fact distinctly and emphatically. What good purpose was served, or evil averted, by persistence for years in a statement that everyone knew to be false?

The future biographer of Sir Walter Scott will have to explain and account for what appears, at present, to be unworthy of the illustrious author of 'Waverley.' The noble works of his pen will secure for his name an undying fame, and that fame will not have been in the remotest degree enhanced by a struggle to surround with mystery a fact which up to this time no adequate motive has transpired for suppressing or concealing.

1833. *March 20th.*—I went last night to see the last of the 'great tragedian.' Kean took his farewell of the stage. I did not shed a tear! He may be a great actor,—no doubt he is, or so many people twice my age would not rave about him as

they do; but, in my opinion, he rants in a way far more suited to a strolling company in a barn than becoming the 'English Talma' at a royal theatre.

His three great parts are 'Othello,' 'Richard III.,' and 'Sir Giles Overreach.' It would be unjust and illiberal to say that there are not many fine points and touches of nature in his delineations of those characters, but there is much exaggeration and a straining after claptrap effects in all he says and does. Much of this is the fault of his audience, whose applause is modulated according to the loudness of his rant. When he roars hoarsely, or *hisses* his overacted emotions, the 'gods' scream and stamp with an approving unanimity that is at least deafening, if it be not discriminating, and, as he knows where his friends are, he acts for the gallery, instead of the dress-circle. The British public have much to answer for, as they do all they can to ruin their greatest favourites. Unfortunately, in all large theatres, the vulgar and the ignorant preponderate, and good taste and refinement, being in the minority, are sure to be out-voted and out-noised. Another public favourite, Braham, is also betrayed into the mistake of seeking the applause of the crowd, instead of the approval of the critic. When Braham at the top of his voice, and with much facial distortion, screams out a note which his fading powers do not enable him to reach without outraging the laws of harmony, or indulges in the

barbarous English ornament of a long-drawn shake, he 'brings down' the gallery, and all that a disgusted dilettante can do is to shrug his shoulders and go home to bed.

CHAPTER II.

1834—1836.

Court-Martial on Major Wathen—Fall of the Grey Cabinet—Burning of the Houses of Parliament—Dismissal of the Melbourne Cabinet—Dinner with the Bank Guard—Reception at Miss Berry's—Scandal in Dublin—Resignation of Sir Robert Peel—Duel between Lord Alvanley and Morgan O'Connell—Attack on Louis Philippe—End of the Season—Authors of 'Rejected Addresses'—Norton *v.* Melbourne—Tom Moore—Manchester Musical Festival—Death of Malibran—Card-Sharping at 'Graham's.'

1834. *January.*—The trial of Major Wathen, of the 15th Hussars, at Cork, has been going on for some time, and has much interested the public, the prosecutor being Lord Brudenell, the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, and the prisoner being the husband of Lady Elizabeth Wathen, a daughter of the Scotch Earl of Rothes.

The charges, a collection of the most frivolous and ridiculous accusations, originating, it was plainly shown, in bad feeling, were not proved; consequently the Major has been fully and honourably acquitted, and Lord Brudenell has been 'placed on half pay.' It is said that the whole thing has arisen from the refusal of the Major's wife to visit Lady Brudenell. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

It seems that, for reasons of his own, his lordship as a rule strongly objects to married officers in his regiment, and can make his objections all-powerful when officers seek to exchange into the 15th Hussars, but he cannot get rid of those whom he found in the regiment when he joined it, unless by some *coup de maître* like that which has just failed.

I hear that such is the unpopularity of Lord Brudenell in the corps that at mess none of the officers will place themselves near him, and that he sits at the table with two or three chairs on either side of him vacant. It was evidently high time that his lordship should be relegated to the 'shady, blessed retreat' of half-pay unattached. Such a state of things in the interior of a regiment is opposed to decency, as it is inconsistent with discipline; and when it is remembered how much the lieutenant-colonel of a regiment has in his power, and how uncomfortable he can with impunity make the lives of all the officers under his command, it is remarkable that not even the flunkies and toadies that are sure to be found in all communities of twenty or thirty people, have rallied round him, or sought to curry favour with him by taking his side. A man must be a sad dog indeed who, having it in his power to show favour and reward sycophancy, finds himself shunned alike by those who need and those who would seek his patronage.

July.—Lord Grey's Government has fallen, and, seeing that it was the Government that car-

ried the Reform Bill, the fact certainly deserves some notice. 'Coming events cast their shadows before,' and it has been generally believed that internal dissensions and mutual jealousies have been for some time undermining the homogeneity of the ruling body.

The crisis may, however, be more aptly described as the fall of Lord Grey, than as the fall of his Government. It began by the resignation of Lord Althorp, which was connected with the 'Irish Church Temporalities Bill,' regarding which there would seem to have been much divergence of opinion, not only in the Cabinet, but among the Liberal party generally. As soon as Lord Althorp resigned, Lord Grey followed suit, but instead of the usual course being adopted, namely, of giving the Opposition a 'turn at the wheel,' there has been simply a shuffling of the cards.

Lord Melbourne has left the Home Office to become Premier, and Lord Althorp has resumed his post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one or two minor officials have been moved about. The change is so trifling that everyone is saying, *Cui bono?* The true answer, I believe, is that Lord Grey *has been got rid of.* The fact is known to everyone that, though as regards the Reform Bill his lordship may be considered as the 'head and front of the offending,' he is much less advanced in his views of government than many of those who served under him. A Liberal he may be, and no doubt, in his own sense of the term, he will remain, for he cannot ignore the antece-

dents and traditions of his family and his party. But he is an aristocrat to the backbone, and has little real sympathy with many of the Radical supporters of his late Ministry.

The Administration has been reconstructed, with but little to distinguish it from its predecessor, though certain changes have been made in the allotment of offices. Some one said the other day that they are not 'old friends with new faces,' but 'old friends with new places.'

October 17*th*.—The two Houses of Parliament were burned down last night. Both were completely consumed, but I am happy to say that Westminster Hall has escaped. Not so, however, the fine tapestry in the Painted Chamber in the House of Lords, commemorating the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which has been entirely destroyed. I visited the scene of devastation to-day; but what with the crowd, the smoke, the mud, and the police, who keep you at a respectful distance, I failed in carrying away any very definite idea of how matters stand. There are acres of tottering walls and sashless windows, but whether the ruin is such as will admit of measures of repairs, or will entail the entire re-building of the structure, no person can possibly form an idea, from the point of observation to which the general public is admitted. I think it is fortunate that the 'Lords of Parliament' and His Majesty's 'Faithful Commons' were not in session. If they had been, there are, I believe, many of the old Anti-Catholic party who would have tried their

hand at a new 'No Popery' cry, and would have seen in the national disaster the machinations of the Pope and the Jesuits. Nothing would surprise me in people (and they are many) who still see a Guy Fawkes in every Catholic, and consider the act of 1829 as the death-knell of Protestantism, and the triumph of superstition and idolatry.

November.—The town has been startled by the sudden dismissal of the Melbourne Cabinet, His Majesty having graciously accepted their resignation, which it is pretty generally known they had not the remotest intention of tendering. The removal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Althorp, to the House of Lords, caused by the death of his father, Earl Spencer, is said to be the pretext of which the King has availed himself, in order to get rid of a Ministry that he dislikes.

The turn-out of the Government during the parliamentary recess, when there is no burning question pending, and no political difficulty existing to disturb the repose of official life, is a somewhat strong measure, and the absence from England of the only man supposed to be competent to form a Ministry to replace the *demissionaires* complicates the crisis not a little. Sir Robert Peel is in Rome, and without him there is nothing to be done. As a sort of *mezzo termine*, the Duke of Wellington, whom the King sent for, has undertaken the Government *ad interim*, not as the acting Premier, but as the temporary occupant of *all* the principal seats in the Cabinet, while a special messenger

has been sent to Italy to bring back Sir Robert. The situation is somewhat anomalous, and scandalizes the Whig party very much. At Brooks' it is declared to be nothing short of unconstitutional, and the Duke, and even the King, it is said, are discussed pretty freely by the party that consider themselves 'sold.'

The position of the Duke is peculiar, certainly, not to say ridiculous; but as his duties will of course be purely administrative, and are intended only to keep the machinery of the several departments in working order, it would not seem that any constitutional difficulty is likely to arise, nor national interest endangered by his making himself, as Mrs. Malaprop says, 'like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once.'

The whole affair is curious and 'suggestive,' and goes far to countenance the pretty general impression in political circles, that His Majesty *dislikes* Lord Melbourne and his Cabinet, and in fact has but little sympathy with the party or the principles which it represents. Of course the royal prerogative covers him, and he is simply exercising an undoubted right reserved to him by the Constitution of selecting his Ministers. But the privileges of a limited monarchy end there, and the people will have to decide by the voice of their representatives whether or not the private likes or dislikes of the Sovereign shall override public opinion. Sir Robert Peel will of course, when he arrives, obey the royal command and seek to form a Ministry. If he succeed, he

will infallibly have to dissolve Parliament, as he never can work with the present House. What the electors will say is of course *in nubibus*, but I much fear that the pear is not yet ripe, and that a Conservative Ministry, in the present state of the constituencies, is an impossibility. This is no *thought* affiliated to the *wish*,—Sir Robert Peel has my sincerest sympathies, and nothing would delight me more than to see him form a strong Conservative Government.

The crisis has been very felicitously hit off by 'H. B.,' who has published a caricature representing a Cabinet Council, the members of which are disposed round the table in different attitudes, each of them having the features of the Duke.

November.—I dined last night with G——, of the 3rd Guards, at the Bank of England. He commanded the Bank picket, which is furnished every evening by the battalion of the Guards quartered in the Tower. The officer on duty has a capital dinner provided for him and two friends, who are, however, obliged to turn out before it strikes eleven o'clock, when the outer door of the Bank is shut, and no power *on earth* can open it until the next morning. G—— is himself a very pleasant fellow, and, like all men who contribute much to the amusement of others in Society, he hates to be alone. Consequently, when he has the Bank guard, he asks some one or two congenial spirits like myself to dine with him.

They say that when Jack T——, of the Grenadier Guards, was on the Bank picket, he generally

dined *alone*, but the three bottles of wine allowed by the Bank for the officer and his two guests were always absorbed, nevertheless. This excited observation, and was brought to the notice of the authorities, who considered that the practice obtaining had for its object to lighten the boredom to the officer on guard by allowing him to spend a festive evening with two friends, but was not intended to encourage the commission of an excess by an officer holding a responsible command. They therefore made the number of bottles to be contingent on the presence and number of the guests. Poor T—— was well-known for his taste for festive solitude. I never heard that he actually committed any indiscretion when on the picket: if he had done so, he would no doubt have explained it like the Irishman who excused himself to his friends for having indulged in a solitary debauch by saying, 'The fact is, you know, when one is sitting alone after dinner the bottle comes round so quick.'

I enjoyed the evening much, my host being a first-rate *raconteur*, and his other guest a Colonel Trelawny, also a Guardsman (a brother of Byron's friend Trelawny), a very agreeable man, full of anecdote and chatty reminiscences. We laughed away the hours merrily until eleven o'clock, when I was mercilessly turned out into the cold, to find my way back, the best way I could, to the West-End—decidedly the worst part of the evening.

1835. *March.*—I looked in last night at Miss Berry's, whose *après diners* are so agreeable and so

popular, owing to the attraction afforded by her and her sister's many social claims, no less than by the fact that their drawing-room is a centre in which all that is best worth meeting among the better class of London Society, speaking intellectually, is sure to be met with by those who are so fortunate as to have the privilege of the *entrée*. There were not many people there, but those present formed a very attractive society, including fashion, art, and literature. Luttrell was there, and he is a host in himself in the estimation of those who appreciate, what is a rare art, that of being 'merry and wise.' He has long been in the front rank of the wits of the day. His conversation is ever salient and sparkling,—full of epigram and smartness, displaying the readiness of a well-stored mind, but never degenerating into coarseness or personality. His courteous manner is a proof of refinement, and a guarantee that he will never forget himself, as some are apt to do who enjoy a reputation for their conversational powers.

In this respect he offers a striking contrast to his friend Rogers. The latter, like Luttrell, is sought after, and is to be found in every *recherché* salon of London Society. Like Luttrell, too, he is brilliant and witty, anecdotic and epigrammatic; but, though one laughs at his sallies, one does so under protest, it may be said, as they generally cover a sneer or mask an innuendo, intended to disparage the person whom he may be discussing and *ostensibly* praising, and who is often

his intimate friend, and *sometimes* his host. Our friend Rogers has a crowd of admiring enemies as well as friends, who court him and humour him, but fear him and hate him. Luttrell, on the contrary, is generally and deservedly popular, and is incapable of sacrificing his friend to his joke. He is a wit and a man of refinement, the other is a cynic, and often a savage.

Last night there was not much hope for the display of *talent de Société*, as there was but little general conversation. Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothsey were there, with their two charming daughters.* The latter by their appearance alone make any drawing-room attractive, but they have in addition a charm of manner beyond all praise, and talents but seldom met with. One of these young ladies has achieved a most unusual proficiency in drawing, and displays a facility of execution rare even among professors of the art. She made last night some most masterly pen-and-ink sketches, *à l'improviste*, that would have done no discredit to an R.A.

April.—The scandalmongers are in the seventh heaven! Such a pleasing excitement has not been vouchsafed to them for many a day. The wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (the Countess of Haddington) has refused to receive at the Castle the wife of the Irish Lord Chancellor, and the Court, the Bar, and the public are alike struck dumb with amazement. Those who do not know

* Subsequently the late Lady Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford.

the reason, ask—Why? Those who do know, blame or applaud Her Excellency, according to their political bias, or to the rigidity or laxity of their own peculiar notions in matters of morals or decorum. 'Poor thing,' say the men, when discussing Lady ——. 'Serves her right,' say the ladies, *of course.*

> If on *your* fame *our* sex a blot has thrown,
> 'Twill ever stick, through malice of your own.
>
> YOUNG.

The majority of the public, however, I think, feel that as the Vice-Queen and representative of the Court at home, Lady Haddington had no alternative but to enforce the rules established by Her Majesty to protect the palace against the intrusion of those who are considered to have forfeited their right to enter.

This appears sound and reasonable, however much the unfortunate lady who suffers by the rigorous application of the rule may be entitled to our sympathy. But of course politics will come to the front, and we shall have all the acrimony of party strife imported into a question which is, after all, one solely of morals and manners.

April.—Sir Robert Peel's Administration has been very short-lived. The Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, and Peel in the Commons, have announced their resignation of the seals of office. This was to be expected, and I think few of the Government's supporters, or their friends among the public at large, believed that their tenure of office would be of any long duration. During their brief occupation of the Treasury

Bench, their proposed measures have been decidedly of a reforming character, such as the bill introduced by Sir Harry Hardinge for the commutation of tithes in Ireland, and also that brought forward by Sir Robert Peel himself, for regulating the tithes in England and Wales. The Opposition, however, has sought to obstruct such measures, as becomes their character as thick and thin opponents, not on the ground of their inexpediency, but because they consider that the Government have *stolen their thunder*. Mr. Hume with much *naïveté* and some little humour declared that they have 'crept into the nest of their *predecessors, and are hatching their eggs!*'

The final catastrophe has been caused by Lord John Russell having moved and carried a resolution to the effect that any surplus that may remain after providing for the spiritual wants of the members of the Established Church of 'Ireland' ought to be applied to the general education of 'all classes of Christians.'

Sir Robert Peel, having declared distinctly his decided hostility to the appropriation of Church revenues *to any but ecclesiastical purposes*, has had no alternative but to resign. We will hope for 'better luck next time.'

May 5th.—There was an 'affair of honour' yesterday, which is making no little sensation in Society, the performers being Lord Alvanley and Morgan O'Connell, the second son of the 'Arch-Agitator.' The former thought proper to speak of O'Connell in debate in the House of Lords in

terms that certainly left nothing to be desired in the way of forcible vituperation, and somewhat exceeded perhaps the license permitted in parliamentary discussion.

The fact that 'Dan' was not there to reply made the taste of the proceedings somewhat questionable, but I do not agree with many who think that such a course was 'cowardly' on Lord Alvanley's part; in the first place, because those who know him feel that want of courage or self-assertion is not his failing, and, in the second place, because he must have been perfectly aware that, present or not, the member for Clare was not the man to let such personalities pass unheeded, but would take an early opportunity to balance the account of amenities between them. And, as was to be expected, O'Connell forthwith made his reply in the House of Commons, in the course of which he described poor Lord Alvanley as a 'bloated buffoon!' This allusion to the chief personal characteristics of the noble baron—viz., his obesity, and his inveterate joking propensities, —was more than flesh and blood could stand, and accordingly he sent a 'cartel' to O'Connell, who, *as usual*, declined to fight,—the blood of D'Esterre being 'still upon his hand.'

Morgan O'Connell, the member for Meath, is a soldier (having been for some years in the Austrian Army), and he felt the necessity, not only of giving Alvanley some satisfaction for so gross an outrage, but of taking a step which shall prove to those with whom his father is in daily strife,

and whose tongues run, no doubt, all the more glibly, that they do not expect to be called to account, that, though he will not fight *himself*, he has sons who are prepared to vindicate their father's honour. He therefore sent word to Lord Alvanley that *he* was entirely at his service. Hence the meeting yesterday, when, after a double exchange of shots, 'the seconds interfered,' etc.

The affair is more damaging to Alvanley than to O'Connell, inasmuch as the latter is case-hardened against abuse, there being no form or amount of objurgation that is not daily addressed to him in the columns of the daily press; while with the former, the case is somewhat different. Lord Alvanley is highly popular in Society, but we know, as La Rochefoucauld says,—'Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons souvent quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas,' and as Dan has rather felicitously, if too forcibly, *hit him off*, it is to be feared that the *sobriquet* may stick to him in some slight degree, if he have (and who has not?) among his *entourage* any 'd——d kind friends.'

It is said that when alighting from the cab which he had employed to take him to the scene of action, and in which he returned safe and sound, Lord Alvanley gave the cabman a sovereign, saying, 'Take that, my good fellow, for *bringing me back*.'

July 31*st*.—His Majesty Louis Philippe has had a narrow escape. An attempt has been made on his life and those of his sons, under circumstances

of peculiar atrocity. He was, accompanied by the princes, inspecting the National Guard in the Boulevard du Temple, when a man whose name is stated to be Fieschi fired what is spoken of as an 'infernal machine' at the royal party, who were, however, none of them hurt. The instrument is described as having twenty-five barrels, all of which were loaded with slugs and other projectiles, and discharged simultaneously by means of a train of gunpowder. It seems a miracle that neither the King nor any of his sons were wounded, and it is, I suppose, only to be accounted for on the principle that 'there is a Divinity doth hedge a King.'

The effects of the discharge, however, were most fatal and disastrous. Marshal Mortier (Duc de Trovise), who was riding near the King, was killed, and some thirty or forty other people, whose names are not yet given, were either killed or wounded. Such crimes are very dreadful, and all the more so that they seldom come alone, but seem to lead to repetition and imitation. There is, however, a degree of wholesale atrocity about this vile attempt that defies all rivalry. I suppose we shall hear more details in a day or two, and, as the miscreant who fired the machine from a house overlooking the boulevard has been arrested, it may, I hope, be safely foretold that he will be executed, together with his accomplices, if discovered. There is no fear that French feeling on the occasion will find vent in a display of mock humanity. With *us* there would infallibly

be meetings called, and memorials forwarded to the Home Secretary, by the humbugs who set their faces against capital punishments, and pleas of insanity, and what not, would be advanced with the view of saving from the gallows the scoundrel for whose case no criminal code invented by modern civilization has prepared an adequate punishment.

August.—The summer is a very disagreeable time in England. What is a man to do with himself in London in August? It is a most melancholy place, not so much from its actual solitude as from the painful reflections sure to rise in one's mind after the cessation of the previous gaiety and excitement. Carts and waggons, it is true, still enliven the scene, and cabs and omnibuses pursue their playful course, so that, if a little excitement were alone required, all that is necessary is to take a stroll down the Strand and Fleet Street, and one's chance of being run over is as good as ever. But still the 'solitude of the heart' is there, and in certain latitudes the word *desert* is not a figure or a fiction. For instance, you might fire a twelve-pounder gun down the drive from Cumberland Gate to Hyde Park Corner without any danger that the proceeding would entail a coroner's inquest, and as for Rotten Row —where are the fair equestrians of the last three months? What has become of our little friend on the dark genet, with corkscrew curls and gimlet eyes, conspicuous for the *cortège* that surrounded her as she cantered by the side of the

'heavy father'? What of the tall and graceful Miss ——, the beau-ideal of 'Diana Vernon,' who has been exciting admiration and envy as she ambled down the ride managing her skittish mare with a grace all her own? Has the former, forgetting the precepts of her worldly-wise mamma, allowed poor Jack D—— to persuade her that the younger son of an Irish peer, with nothing down and the remainder at the death of his *bien conservé* father, is an unobjectionable *parti?* and has the latter succeeded in convincing Lord P——, who has been buzzing round her all the season, that though the name of her adorers is 'Legion,' and her smiles are for *all*, the squeezes of the hand with which she is wont to recall his wandering devotions is exclusively the reward of *his* interest in her?

Poor fellow! he little knows that at Lady B——'s last ball, which wound up the season, though she beamed on him with her sunny glance and secured his fealty, as she thought, *in secula seculorum*, she gave *me* a squeeze in the grand rond, on the other side, that sent my signet-ring deep into the flesh of my too sensitive hand. Innocent, playful creatures they are all, and no wonder they turn our heads and bother our hearts! However, they are *all* gone, some to forget their flirtations, some, let us hope, to mature them. No doubt the *Morning Post* will in the fulness of time report the results, when the maternal efforts have been rewarded with success, and the past season will yield its harvest of

mariages de raison, *mariages d'inclination*, and *mariages à la mode*, besides the usual inevitable crops of disappointments, heart-burnings, and desertions. I will not follow them to their sylvan retreats, but content myself with saying, like Lord Foppington in the 'Trip to Scarborough,' 'Gad! I wish you all joy of one another.'

1836. *February 13th.*—At a little party last night at home, James Smith, one of the talented authors of the 'Rejected Addresses,' was present, and sang some of his amusing and clever songs. Being most of them called forth by passing events, which occurred at a remote date, they sparkle with wit and epigram that are somewhat lost on the present generation, but though they satirize the follies of yesterday, rather than to-day, they teem with fun that comes home to every listener, and, being sung by the author, all the points are made to tell with the requisite force. He and his brother Horace Smith are exceedingly popular. The latter has confirmed and added to the reputation he achieved as one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses,' by his clever novel of 'Brambletye House,' and other works of fiction. James, on the contrary, has, I think, never come before the public as the author of any important work, but has contented himself with writing at intervals sparkling squibs and occasional verses, as the fancy took him. This morning he sent me two epigrams,—his *latest*, I think, which are so clever and so characteristic of his style that I transcribe

them. I daresay he has given them to many others, but they are not published, I believe, and I therefore put them on record. One of them is *un peu risqué*, but the fun will excuse it.

I.

'Virgil, whose epic song enthrals,
(And who in song is greater?)
Throughout, his Trojan hero calls
Now "Pius," and now "Pater."
But, when the worst intent to brave,
With sentiments that pain us,
Queen Dido meets him in the cave,
He dubs him "Dux Trojanus."
And well he alters here the word,
For in *this* station sure,
"Pius Æneas" were *absurd*,
And "Pater" *premature*.'

II.

'In England rivers all are males;
For instance, "Father Thames."
Whoever to Columbia sails,
Finds them ma'mselles or dames;
Yes, *there* the softer sex presides,
Aquatic, I assure ye,
And *Misses* Sippy rolls her tides,
Responsive to *Miss* Souri.'

June 25th.—The trial of the day (Norton *versus* Melbourne), is one about which, for the sake of all parties concerned, it must be allowed that 'the least said, the soonest mended.' Lord Melbourne's reputation in future ages will rest on his Administration rather than his amours, and though, when so much filth is thrown, some will be sure to stick, it may be hoped that the beautiful and talented lady who has been dragged before the public, and whose fair fame such violent efforts

have been unsuccessfully made to blast, will leave behind her only the memory of her beauty, her virtue, and her genius.

April.—There was a dinner at home last night in Cavendish Square to a small party. Tom Moore was the lion of the day. It is no easy matter to catch him now, as he is very little in London, but lives almost entirely at his little home, Sloperton Cottage, near Bowood, the noble owner* of which is much attached to the bard.

Moore was as usual lively and agreeable, his conversation full of anecdote. He and the President, Sir Martin, are old friends, countrymen, and co-religionists, being both Roman Catholics.

It is a great privilege to enjoy the society of two such men at the same time, as they set each other off. Both are men of transcendent talents, varied information, and brilliant conversational powers, and each has a sincere admiration for the other. Moore was full of a little incident that had occurred a few days before in Ireland, by which his vanity had been much tickled, and which he related as a striking instance of the remarkable sharpness, and to a certain extent mental culture of the lower orders of the Irish. He was crossing over Carlisle Bridge in Dublin, at an early hour, when but few people were afoot, and he met a man of the lowest class, dressed *en haillons*, who was staggering along, evidently already a good deal the worse for his morning potations, and describing a somewhat eccentric course.

* The Marquis of Lansdowne.

He looked at the Irish bard with a stupid, vacant stare, and with difficulty contrived so to guide his steps, as to avoid contact with him. Moore passed on, but, hearing a loud ejaculation behind him, involuntarily turned round, and beheld his humble countryman holding on by the balustrade of the bridge to steady himself as he extended his hand, exclaiming (with a rich brogue to which a trifling difficulty of articulation added a peculiar interest), 'There he goes,—there he goes, the po'te of all nations, and the darlint of his own,' quoting the well-known line of Byron in reference to Moore,

'The poet of all circles and the idol of his own.'

Moore seemed much struck, naturally, at this ragged rascal's appreciation of his merits, and his familiarity with Byron's lines, the spirit of which, even in his cups, he preserved, while he decidedly improved them as a compliment by giving to their application a wider range. It was a striking instance of the widespread renown of Moore in his own country, and he said he had never 'come in contact with his fame so palpably, or under circumstances more flattering.'

In the drawing-room later in the evening, he was induced, in order to please his old friend, to sit down at the piano and sing some of his own melodies to his own accompaniment. He never had much voice, I believe, at any period of his life, but he sang with heart and feeling, and the fact that the words were his own, and that the melodies were national, and formed part of the

musical reliques of his country so patriotically introduced to notice by himself, always gave a great charm to his singing. His voice, now that he is in the 'sear and yellow leaf,' is getting 'small by degrees and beautifully less,' but still the charm remains, and few can listen to him unmoved. In fact, the decadence of his physical powers, while his noble intellect is still unimpaired, is singularly touching. He sang that pretty ballad so well-known, 'Say what shall be our sport to-day?' and as with a small and tremulous voice he warbled the lines,

> 'And though of some plumes bereft,
> And that sun, too, nearly set,
> I've enough of light and wings still left
> For a few gay soarings yet,'

it was impossible not to apply them to the singer, whose genius had done so much to enchant and enthral with his Muse and his Lyre, and who was giving, at the house of his old friend, a proof that he has it in him still to delight all who hear him. His vocal powers, as I have said, were always small, and it is related of Mrs. Billington, the celebrated singer, that at some party early in his career, where he was the lion of the evening, that lady could ill conceal her mortification at the applause which greeted him, and, when somebody appealed to her to confirm the general appreciation of his musical powers, she exclaimed,

'Oh, yes, very nice indeed. Of course one can't call it singing, but it does just as well.'

September 20th. Manchester.—Here I am among

the cotton-spinning and calico-printing community of this most detestable smoky town.

When I told my friends that I was off to the manufacturing districts, one asked if I was going to Drayton Manor? Another suggested that I was going to Heaton Park for the races, while a third said I was a sly dog, and that I was after one of old ——'s daughters, to whom vulgar rumour assigns a fabulous *dot.*

I disclaimed all the motives ascribed to me, political, sporting, and amatory, and owned that I had no higher object than to be present at the Manchester Festival, at which Malibran, and many other singers of note are to appear.

I went the night before last to the grand fancy ball, which is, strange to say, the great event of the *musical* festival. The dresses were magnificent, and of every variety. The company very mixed, of course, but all the principal county families shewed on the occasion, and Worsley, Knowsley, Trafford, and Heaton, all sent their contingents.

There were crowds of handsome girls among the indigenous, who looked just as well as their betters. Fortunately, as Theodore Hook says, ladies and gentlemen in Society are not 'labelled, like port and madeira.' Provincialisms are very common even among the better class of ladies in Lancashire and Staffordshire, and they talk of 'singging,' and are even shady about their aspirates, while also, if they wish to tell you that they bowed to you in the street, they say that they

'moved' to you, besides various little eccentricities of pronunciation not worthy of notice.

Notwithstanding, however, these few drawbacks, the manufacturing districts came out well on this occasion, and I saw many an attractive girl that would, in appearance, ornament any station. To be sure I did not in every case see the mother nor the 'heavy father,'—at least, not to identify them. There were, however, a crowd of elderly ladies, rich in marabout and paradise plumes,—prominent about the bust, and inclining to corpulency, who displayed the taste for ponderous jewelry and the disregard of the fit of their gloves which generally mark a second-rate chaperon, and I set them all down as the mammas of the nice girls around, and as the wives of sundry portly gentlemen in Court dress, displaying legs of striking muscular development. It is curious that the 'fetlock joint' should show their blood and breeding, or the want of them, as much in men as in horses.

'When a man of fashion condescends
To herd among his country friends,'

affability is indispensable; I therefore threw myself into the vortex, and was soon whirled away into every species of saltatorial excess, with the female representatives of sundry cotton-mills and flax manufactories.

That *ganàche* the deposed Duke of Brunswick was there, looking like an Italian bravo, his gloomy and forbidding countenance being in itself quite sufficient to justify his subjects in having

kicked him out. He is, I believe, not quite right in the head, a fact that could alone excuse the audacity of which, I am told, he was guilty some few weeks since, of writing to Wontner, the Governor of Newgate, to beg that an execution which was fixed for the next morning at eight a.m. might be put off to a later hour, as he wished to attend it, and feared that, being engaged at a ball overnight, he might not reach the *festive scene* in time!

There was an excellent concert last night, at which Malibran sang as she alone can sing; Clara Novello was also there, and they sang a duet together. There was an *encore* loudly called for, though Malibran seemed to be unwell, and held on by the piano apparently much exhausted. She looked charming, and it is difficult to persuade oneself that one so interesting in appearance, is perpetually consuming porter and mutton chops in the intervals of her performance. Lady ——, whom all the world knows is conspicuous for her *étourderie*, is said to have asked her whether it was true that she drank stout behind the scenes. She replied, with her usual sprightliness and vivacity, that she did so formerly, adding, with one of her bewitching smiles, 'Ma prendo half and half adesse' ('I now take half and half.')

September 26th.—We are all overwhelmed with grief at the almost sudden death of poor Malibran. She died yesterday, after an illness of only three days' duration, with which it appears she was attacked on the night of the concert. Who that heard her on that occasion dreamed that they

were listening to the last notes ever to be sung by this incomparable singer?

The public being beside themselves at the calamity, and grieved at the loss of one whom they so lately delighted to honour, and being, moreover, disappointed at the melancholy termination of their musical festivities, characteristically look about to see 'whom they can hang.' They find that she was attended by Dr. Belluomini (the celebrated Italian homœopathist), *ergo* she was killed by a quack doctor, and they are crying out for a coroner's inquest and a verdict of 'wilful murder' against the doctor, and against the poor afflicted husband as an accessory. Public opinion has already sentenced both of them, and seems very much inclined to wreak its vengeance on the latter, whom they consider to blame for his wife's death! Poor fellow! had he contributed by neglect or indifference to such a result, he would indeed be killing the goose with the golden eggs from whom he derived so much profit.

I shall forthwith return to London. I took a deep interest in poor Malibran. I heard the first note she sang in England, when she made her *débût* as Rosina in the 'Barber of Seville,' under the auspices of her father, old Garcia. I have now heard the last. Her appearance on both occasions has made a lasting impression,—on the first, when, blooming in youthful attractions, she appeared as the fascinating *débutante*, giving unmistakable promise of future triumphs; and on the latter when, having in the interval attained the

perfection of skill and achieved the *acme* of renown, she thrilled all around with the richness and beauty of a voice that is, alas! never to be heard more.

November.—'Tell it not in Gath.' One of England's noblest sons has kicked down his own banner. Lord —— has been caught cheating at cards at Graham's. *Proh Pudor!* I really hardly like to allude to the subject, although ere these lines see the light, the scandal of to-day will be matter of history. There are, however, some things so *very* humiliating, so deeply derogatory to the character and position of the English gentleman, that one shudders to think that those who dearly love to find a lord tripping, should have such good and sufficient ground for sneering at the aristocracy. It is not, God knows, from any sympathy with the offender that I would wish the matter passed over *sub silentio*, but because I feel that an isolated instance like the present, from its very rarity, excites double attention, and tends to weaken the feeling of respect which is felt by the lower towards the upper classes; for, whatever the Radicals may say, the lower orders have a traditional respect for the aristocracy. But of course, if we are to reckon among the ranks of the latter black-legs and card-sharpers, the *prestige* of birth and position will soon be lost. I do not believe in the democratic tendencies of the English middle or lower classes. Let the nobility, as a class, do their duty, and deserve respect, and

it will always be cheerfully accorded to them.

A story is going about which is very characteristic of London Society, which will always have its joke, even in reference to matters of a painful nature that are brought under its notice. Lord Alvanley, it is said, met a friend in the street, who, by way of chaffing him, said,

'Hullo, Alvanley! is this true what I hear of you, that you have left your card on D——?'

'Yes,' said Alvanley, with his inimitable *aplomb*, 'but I *marked* it, that he might know it was an *honor*.'

CHAPTER III.

1837—1839.

The Countess Guiccioli—Sam Lover—Editor of *Fraser's Magazine* assaulted by Mr. Grantley Berkeley—'An Irish Stew'—Death of William IV.—Disraeli in Parliament at Last—Changes at Court—Preparations for the Coronation—The Event—Almacks—Coronation Honours—All Wrong—New Year's Day—A Cruel Scandal—Lady Blessington—Louis Napoleon—The Queen's *Entourage*—Ascot—Eglinton Tournament.

1837. *May.*—I have long wished to see the Guiccioli, and last night I met her at Lady Blessington's. Great was my disappointment. I had pictured to myself one so fair, fragile, and fascinating, as to excuse the *entêtement* of Byron. In short, I imagined that the charms of her person and manners would account for her having turned the head of a man of whom it may be said, in his own words, that

> 'With pleasure cloyed he almost longed for woe,
> And e'en to change the scene, would seek the shades below.'

But what did I see? The very thing that he has placed on record as being the object of his hatred—'*a fubsy woman!*' She has now neither youth, striking beauty, nor grace, and it is difficult to believe that she ever could have been the

great poet's ideal. She is not tall, and is 'thick-set,' devoid of air or style, and, whatever she may have been, is no longer attractive. Her manners, too, are neither high-bred nor gracious, and altogether her appearance and bearing are most *désenchantant.* She sang several Italian airs to her own accompaniment, in a very pretentious manner, and her voice is loud and somewhat harsh. In fact, when you look at her, it is not difficult to believe the story which Jeykell tells of her, that she sat down to sing at some great house in London, and after preluding with much pretension, and when all around were on the *tiptoe* of expectation, she suddenly stopped, put her hands behind her in a convulsive effort to lessen some unseen, but apparently not unfelt pressure in the region of the waist, and exclaimed, with a laugh, 'Dio buono! ho troppo mangiato!' ('Good God! I've eaten too much.')

Last night she was seen at a disadvantage, as our hostess and her sister Madame San Marseau were both radiant, and their brilliant toilettes cast into the shade the somewhat dowdy costume of the countess. The fact is that Lady Blessington is conspicuous for her dress, which is always in excellent taste, and, though it may be sometimes more elaborate than is necessary in a circle generally composed exclusively of men, it is always adapted to set off the attractions, and soften the exuberance, of a figure where the only defect is the *embonpoint*, the effect of which, however, she knows how to mitigate with much skill.

May.—At dinner last night at Mrs. G——'s in Portman Street, I met among others Sam Lover. He is a man who shines much in a small circle. There is a brilliancy of thought and general versatility of talent about him that makes his society very charming. How seldom it is that a man achieves success in so many different walks of life. First, he is an admirable miniature-painter, his works being conspicuous for the beauty of their finish, and the grace which distinguishes them; secondly, he is an author of no mean capacity,—witness his play of 'Rory O'More,' and his sketches of Irish life; thirdly, he is by far the most successful song-writer of the day, having composed numerous ballads remarkable for the poetical feeling they display,—such as the 'Angel's Whisper,' the 'Silent Tear,' and many others that justify his being classed with the inspired author of the 'Irish Melodies;' and fourthly, as shown last night, he is one of the best *raconteurs* that ever kept an audience 'in a roar.' He told two Irish stories with the most racy humour. Everyone was charmed with him, and he deserves his popularity, for he is most unaffectedly obliging, and is always ready to do his best when asked to sing or relate. I am wrong in saying that *everyone* was pleased, for old Sir S. H—— sat without relaxing a muscle, or appearing to understand, still less appreciate, the *quid pro quos* of his witty narration. How odd it is that there are some people who never *can* see the point of a story, into whom, as Sidney Smith says of a Scotchman,

'it would require a pickaxe to get a joke.' Such people are regular dampers in Society, and should be kept at home by their unfortunate wives and much-to-be-pitied daughters, and not be allowed to *wet-blanket* the world with their stolid stare and solemn silence, when all others are joyous and amused.

Lover has another characteristic which is somewhat unusual, unfortunately. He is a liberal Irish Protestant. Though born and educated in Ireland, he has contrived to escape the taint of bigotry and intolerance which has gone so far to pollute and corrupt the Protestant society of the country, and of Dublin especially. It is melancholy to think what a *rara avis* is a Protestant in Ireland, who has any sympathy with her wrongs, or who is free from the most violent political predilections and sectarian prejudices.

Apropos to that,—and what *can* be more appropriate to the subject of narrow-minded bigotry than the name of Lord Roden?—let me record Moore's last clever epigram. It has reference to a manifestation on the part of a number of Protestant Irish peers, at the head of which Lord Roden's name appears:

'According to some learned opinions,
The Irish once were Carthaginians.
But, judging from some late descriptions,
I'd rather say they were Egyptians.
My reason's this: the Priests of Isis,
When forth they marched in proud array,
Employed, 'mong other strange devices,
A "*sacred Ass*" to lead the way;

And still the antiquarian traces
'Mong Irish lords this pagan plan,
For *still* in all religious cases
They place *Lord Roden* in the van!'

June.—A very unpleasant *esclandre* has just startled the *gobe-mouches* in London. Mr. Grantley Berkeley, having taken offence at a review of his novel called 'Berkeley Castle,' in *Fraser's Magazine*, and having failed in obtaining the name of the writer of the article, thought proper, in company with his brother, Captain Craven Berkeley, to enter Fraser's shop in Regent Street, and commit what the newspapers call a 'most cowardly attack' on Mr. Fraser with a hunting-whip. The latter was considerably damaged, as he is very inferior in stature to Grantley Berkeley, who, we all know, is tall and muscular. The matter, of course, is the subject of a criminal proceeding, and there has also been an exceedingly bellicose correspondence between Berkeley and Dr. Maginn ('Maginn and Water,' as he is playfully nicknamed by those who know him best), who it seems is the writer of the article, and whom (not content with thrashing the publisher) Grantley Berkeley is very anxious to induce to *stand at twelve paces.* Maginn does not, however, seem to 'see it in that light,' and, as he considers that the experiment has already been made *in corpore vili*, declines to indulge his cock-fighting adversary by changing the *venue* from Bow Street to Chalk Farm.

I cannot help thinking that these Berkeleys

show over-sensitiveness. They are to be pitied, of course, but, as whatever is said of them is borne out by a public decision of the House of Lords, there is neither scandal nor slander in accepting or describing that decision as authentic and historical. Of course, if the Earl of Berkeley does not choose to take up the title, *c'est son affaire*, but his abstaining from doing so does not alter the fact, and seems ridiculous.

If he does not marry, however, he will injure nobody's interests and compromise nobody's dignity but his own, whilst his younger brothers make no secret that they do not share his scruples, and will *not* follow his example, should he give them a chance.

June.—There was a 'Grand Ball' last night in Belgrave Square, given by a lady of high rank, 'whose name,' as the papers say, 'from motives of delicacy we suppress.' It was like all balls, and had little to take it out of the crowd, or entitle it to special commemoration, except the fact which transpired that her ladyship knew but few of her guests! She comes from the 'Emerald Isle,' and being imprudently anxious to *plunge* into high Society, instead of waiting quietly until, through the influence of her rank and position, she should find her footing and her level in the fashionable world, she had recourse to a well-known, but very undignified expedient of getting her guests invited for her by a lady of high fashion, who undertook to fill her rooms with all the 'best people' in town.

The consequence was that they came in shoals, and as there was, of course, also a large admixture of her own friends, delegates from Stevens Green and the Law Courts, besides many curious specimens of the Irish Peerage, the crowd was very great and the heat intense. Some wag christened it, before the evening was half over, *the Irish stew*, and the joke ran like wildfire through the rooms, and was in everyone's mouth, together with sundry playful allusions to the rich brogue of the hostess and her daughters.

'Why are people never content,' as Horace astutely asks, 'with their position in life?' Why should an Irish peeress, with education, rank, and wealth, not be satisfied to wait until such a favourable combination shall secure her the society of those who are never slow to admit the value and importance of such adjuncts? Had the lady in question, with the sterling advantages which she possesses, and a family of amiable daughters, been content to meet Society half-way, she would have found it easy to collect around her within a few months a much more attractive circle of acquaintance than that which drank her champagne and sneered at her manners last night—a circle in forming which she would have had the privilege of selection, and in the centre of which she would not have felt the isolation she must have experienced among a set of people, many of whom took but little notice of her, if any,—treating Lady L—— as their hostess, and believing that

they were conferring a favour and an honour by their supercilious presence on the occasion.

June 21*st*.—'Le Roi est mort—vive le Roi!' Our honest, straightforward, and kind-hearted old King died yesterday. I sincerely regret him, for, though he may not have invented gunpowder, he had a great deal of *gros bon sens* and much good feeling. He was, moreover, that *rara avis* among crowned heads, a respectable husband, and had the sincerest deference for his most excellent and amiable queen, whose influence over him was notorious, and invaluable in soothing his somewhat excitable nature.

There could not possibly be a greater contrast than that between him and the refined voluptuary to whom he succeeded. As regards the general public, in the reign of George IV. royalty was a myth. Like most *ci-devant élégants*, the 'first gentleman in Europe,' as the Court party delighted to call him, could not bear that the ravages of time should be discovered, and, except in his pony-carriage at Virginia Water, he was seldom exposed to the air or seen by daylight. William IV. commenced his reign by showing himself to his subjects, like Haroun Alraschid or Louis Philippe, and the day after his accession, I recollect meeting him in Pall Mall, walking in the centre of a mob, leaning on the arm of Mr. Watson Taylor, the well-known millionaire of that day. The people about the Court soon made him understand, however, that he must not make him-

self so cheap, and I do not think that he ever repeated the indiscretion. It seems *primâ facie* rather hard that a constitutional Sovereign, beloved by his people, should not be able to take a walk in his own capital without being mobbed; but it may fairly be doubted whether the clamorous and demonstrative loyalty which would infallibly have been exhibited in his regard, when taking his afternoon stroll, would have conduced to his comfort or enjoyment. Of course His Majesty soon confined himself to the groove within which etiquette requires all royal movements to glide, and became 'every inch a king,' which means that he was *fenced* round with *formulæ* that rendered it impossible for anyone to get speech of him, or communicate with him, except through the intervention of Sir Herbert Taylor or Sir Hilgrove Turner, and that he never was able to show himself in public, without being surrounded by a bevy of Court officials, all hopping about him, *à l'envi l'un de l'autre*, in the hopeless endeavour to avoid, even accidentally, turning their backs on their august Sovereign.

In his nature the King was most unaffected and amiable, and as little disposed to *exact* servility from his *entourage* as any king could be. As regards his career, there is little to be said. He commenced life by making a mistake, and entangling himself with Mrs. Jordan. Of course no one can defend such indiscretion, but he was a victim to the 'Royal Marriage Act,' and he said in the House of Lords, 'It has pleased your lordships in

your wisdom to force me into a mode of life that I should not have chosen.'

He was a good husband lost for many years, and, when State reasons compelled him to marry in his own sphere, he became a respectable member of Society, through the influence of his sensible and excellent wife. Byron said of George III. that he had *no virtues*,

> 'Except that household virtue most uncommon,
> Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.'

The analogy did not hold good, as far as the Queen is concerned, but I believe the domestic tendencies of William IV. were not inferior to his father's. He had one *specialité*. *He hated the Whigs.* This he unmistakably showed by his unceremonious dismissal of the Ministry in 1834. He was subsequently obliged to smother his dislike, and seemingly take them to his bosom, but it is well-known that it was only *force majeure* to which he yielded, and that he would have turned them out over and over again, if he could have done so *constitutionally.*

All through his reign it was well-known that his sympathies were with the Conservatives.

The scene is about to change now,—will the *dramatis personæ* also be changed?

July 28th.—At last Disraeli has got into Parliament, after sundry unsuccessful attempts, having been returned for Maidstone. He tried High Wycombe and Marylebone, and some other places that I cannot at the moment recall. The peculi-

arity of his case is, that he stood for both the above-named constituencies as a *Liberal*, but has now got in for Maidstone as a *Conservative!* This evidence of somewhat fickle principles will not, I should fear, much assist his *début* in the House. He is, however, a very clever fellow, and has won a reputation in literature, as well as in Society, that justifies the prognostics of his family and friends, that he will make his mark in the House, if he will bide his time; but he is a very conceited man, much spoiled by the flatterers that surround him, who cry, '*pulchre*, *bene*, *recte*,' to all he does or says, and the danger is that he may attempt to take the House by storm, and try to reach the front rank *per saltum*, a system that is seldom found successful, they say.

I am very glad for old acquaintance' sake that he has succeeded in obtaining the great object of his ambition. His family and mine were formerly on very intimate terms, and are still excellent friends, but of *him* we see little, as he is desirous, to all appearance, to take a line and form a coterie of his own.

When I was a little boy up to the age of ten or eleven, it was a great source of delight to me to go, at each returning Christmas, to the juvenile parties which his mother, Mrs. Disraeli, used to give at her house in Bloomsbury Square, and I used to meet Benjamin on those occasions. He was then in his teens, and at an age when a young fellow rising seventeen or eighteen has little in common with a youngster of my age. He

took little notice of the 'small fry' around him, but walked about and dawdled through the quadrilles, in tight pantaloons, with his hands in his pockets, looking very *pale*, *bored*, and *dissatisfied*, and evidently wishing that we were all in bed. He looked like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, suffering from chronic dyspepsia.

Apropos of such festivities as I have referred to, I must take this opportunity of recording an incident that was quite an event in my life.

Mrs. Murray, the wife of Mr. John Murray of Albemarle Street, the intimate friend of Lord Byron, was in the habit, like Mrs. Disraeli, of giving children's balls, to which I was invited each Christmas for many years. At one of these festivities, in the course of the evening, Mr. Murray came up to me and said, 'Shee, come along with me. I want to introduce you to a lady,' and I followed him with alacrity. He took me up to a lady dressed in black, of most charming exterior and manners, who received me most kindly and said, 'I wished to speak to you, because you are so wonderfully like what my dear brother Lord Byron was at your age.' At the same time she put her hand on my head and patted my cheek, which action slightly ruffled, I must confess, the manly instincts that were already beginning to develop themselves in my nature. She said, 'You have heard of Lord Byron, I daresay.' I replied, 'Oh, yes, and I am very proud of being like so great a man.' She laughed, as did her *entourage*, and I withdrew much elated. I think

it highly probable that she said to herself, (and perhaps to her friends,) 'What a little prig that boy is!' and if she did, I believe she was quite right.

She was the Honourable Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's only sister.

1838. *March.*—'New brooms sweep clean,' is, we all know, a vulgar saying, but certainly it is descriptive of the clearing out which has occurred at the Palace among all the old *habitués* since the accession of Her Most Gracious Majesty. What is the meaning of it? Who is the cause of it? It seems really as if Lord Melbourne was taking the opportunity of paying off his old grudges, for of course, during these early days of her reign, the Queen is entirely under his influence, and must lean on him for guidance in her novel and difficult position. First Sir John Conroy went by the board, then Madame de Letzen, and it is whispered that many others have received notice to quit. But it is remarkable, and notorious, that all the late King's particular favourites meet with scant courtesy. Sir Hilgrove Turner, Sir Henry Halford, Sir Mathew Tierney, and Sir Francis Chantrey, all find that they no longer 'bask in the sunshine' of royal favour. It is well-known also that an attempt was made to deprive my father, Sir Martin Archer Shee, of the privilege which, as President of the Royal Academy, he enjoys, of *direct* personal communication with the Sovereign. It was a special privilege accorded by George III. to the first president, Sir Joshua Rey-

nolds, and has always been looked on with some jealousy by the Minister of the day, through whom, as is well known, all matters of a public nature, as well as Ministerial, are invariably transacted. William IV., who honoured Sir Martin with his royal favour, gave him every facility, and throughout his reign invariably consulted him privately on all matters connected with the fine arts and the royal pictures.

On the accession of Her Majesty, Sir Martin claimed his privilege, which, like that of Lord Kingsale of wearing his hat in the royal presence, must be of course exercised to keep it alive, and a great effort was made to induce him to transact the academic business through Lord Melbourne or Lord John Russell. But Sir Martin refused to allow a special privilege, so highly prized by the Academy, and enjoyed by his predecessors, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence, to be lost without a struggle, and he fought the matter out stoutly, and insisted on having the question referred to Her Majesty herself for decision, who, with her usual tact and good feeling, at once accorded a privilege that had been conceded by her royal predecessors.

I confess I rather pity the Queen for having to lean so entirely on others, on matters on which their advice is fairly open to suspicion. Lord Melbourne is very clever, but knows as much about the fine arts as he does of the affairs of the *turf*, and his career and antecedents

have not peculiarly fitted him for the duties and responsibilities devolving on him as the 'guide, philosopher, and friend' of his youthful Queen. I think he must feel a good deal like a fish out of water. In his position the temptation to serve one's friends, and give a quiet kick to one's enemies, must be very great and difficult to resist.

There is one safeguard which the public has, however, and that is, that he is emphatically a *gentleman*.

June 26th.—All the town is alive with the preparations for the coronation, and London, they say, as they always *do* say on similar occasions, 'never was so full.' I begin to feel that I am no longer *dans ma première jeunesse*, when I reflect that this will be the third coronation I shall have witnessed. I cannot, to be sure, say that I witnessed that of George IV., for at the date of that event I was a 'little innocent.' Still I recall the public excitement, the crowded streets, the gorgeous illuminations, and all the accessories so sure to make an impression on a youngster not yet in his teens. Nay, more, I recollect the excitement produced by the pageant in Westminster Hall, when for the last time, it appears, the 'Champion of England' (young Dymoke) exhibited at the banquet on a milk-white charger, in a suit of polished brass armour, prepared to do battle to the death for his Sovereign, if anyone should be found indiscreet enough to pick up his glove. I also have a lively recollection of the fact that the then Duke of Norfolk, Hereditary

Earl Marshal of England, was not allowed to perform his functions on the occasion, because he was a Roman Catholic, and that he had to provide a substitute in the shape of a Protestant relative, —the Lord Howard of Effingham, who rode by the side of the champion up the Great Hall, with a third who, I think, was the Duke of Wellington. The three had then, as soon as the challenge was given and duly *not* accepted, to back their horses all down the hall.

The evolution was performed, it was said, admirably, each warrior sitting his noble charger with the ease and grace which in tournaments and such-like pageants always, we are told, distinguished the chivalry of the day and delighted the bright eyes of the surrounding fair. What a pity the fact was allowed to transpire, that the three noble gentlemen had been rehearsing the performance for six weeks before, and that the champing steeds were well-trained *habitués* of the Royal Circus!

I also remember that the *frondeurs* of the day grumbled much at the expense incurred for this pageant, as was to be expected, when the hero was so unpopular a Sovereign, and had such slender claims on the respect and loyalty of his subjects. Besides which, every *époque* has its *Hume*, and the parliamentary 'Skinflint' of that day was, I make no doubt, quite as zealous, and just as great a *bore*, as our own dear 'Joe.'

The next coronation, that of William IV., offered a sad contrast to its predecessor, being as con-

spicuous for its mean and *mesquin* character as the other was for its gorgeous extravagance. No procession, no banquet, no public display worthy of the occasion, marked the crowning of one of the honestest and most straightforward princes that ever sat on a throne. The Whigs were in office, and I need not say that an ill-judged economy was the order of the day, so the affair was got over in as frugal and parsimonious a manner as was compatible with the due performance of the rite. The wags of the day christened it the 'half-crown-ation,' and H. B. caricatured the street procession, representing the Royal Family and great officers of State in cabs and hackney-coaches, and picking their steps through the muddy streets on foot. The Londoners were very angry at the shabby turn-out, and small blame to them. There is no greater mistake than to view *all* liberal expenditure as extravagance, and to consider that money spent on what are not strictly necessaries is consequently squandered. A coronation is one of those events of periodical but unfrequent recurrence on which the national purse-strings ought to be loosened to meet an outlay which, being distributed among so many branches of trade, ceases to deserve the stigma of lavishness, in consideration of the many interests benefited and the many people employed.

This coronation, we are told, is to escape the defects of either of its predecessors, and describe a *juste milieu* between the magnificence of the one and the meanness of the other.

June 29th.—The event has come off, and the success is undeniable. Her Majesty, as has invariably been the case on all occasions on which she has made a public appearance since her accession, was favoured with the most splendid weather on this which, *sans calembour*, may be described as the crowning epoch of her reign. Everything was successful from first to last. I got a capital ticket for the Abbey, and found myself shaving at four o'clock a.m.

Sallying forth after a *toilette soignée*, I arrived at the Abbey gates before five o'clock, the hour at which they were to be open, and, after standing for some little time among a crowd whose many coloured costumes would have been very striking to anyone not selfishly intent on elbowing his way into a good place, I found myself in the gallery overlooking the throne and altar, surrounded by many friends and acquaintances.

The whole of the early morning was occupied in watching the arrivals down below, of the *illustrissimi* intended to fill the best places, consisting of members of the House of Peers, their ladies, and the members of the Corps Diplomatique. Conspicuous among the latter shone Prince Esterhazy, the Austrian ambassador. He excited much curiosity, owing to the world-wide *renommé* of his Hungarian uniform, which report says he never wears but at a cost of something like one thousand pounds! It is blue *gallonné* with pearls. The

effect is striking and elegant, but was somewhat disappointing, owing to the fact that the various costumes around, though much less costly, were far more gorgeous, and took the eye off the quiet colouring of the white and blue. The pearls, though priceless, are tame when in juxtaposition with scarlet uniforms and splendid gold embroidery. The heavy pecuniary loss entailed on the Prince by wearing the dress, is stated to arise from the fact that the very thin thread on which the rows of pearls are strung constantly breaks, and the countless little beads fall and are trodden underfoot or lost. Some fabulous sum is mentioned as the value of this dress, the amount of which I decline to put on paper, lest my grandchildren should doubt my veracity in years to come.

I think I shall be excused by those who in after-years read these jottings if I indulge myself by recording here the feelings of affection and loyalty which the ceremony of the day excited in everyone. Who could see that young and interesting lady, called at such an early age to preside over the destinies of the greatest and most powerful nation of the civilized world, and not feel the deepest interest in her *avenir*, and inwardly offer up a prayer for her happiness? The English are by nature a loyal people, and need but little to stimulate their enthusiasm in favour of their Sovereign, but he must indeed be a churl who could grudge her the heartfelt sympathy manifested by all when assuming, as she was in

that sacred temple, the responsibilities of her trust. Her youth, her inexperience, and her sex, all bespeak for her the interest and affection of her loyal subjects, and few Sovereigns have, under similar circumstances, received a more willing homage than that paid to her by the encircling nobles, or witnessed the display of a more heart-felt and exuberant loyalty, than was manifested by the thousands of her subjects of all classes both inside and outside the Abbey.

I often wonder what it is that makes our dear 'John Bull,' so phlegmatic and undemonstrative in many respects, so enthusiastic when his Sovereign is in question. The case of to-day is of course *sui generis*, and loyalty was a drug, but it is always so more or less. See at any theatre or public place where 'God save the Queen' is sung or played the effect of its performance on the heterogeneous mass around. Off go the hats as by the wand of an enchanter, and up rises to his legs, with an impulsive alacrity, everyone who can straighten his joints. Such demonstrations, I believe, are in a great measure involuntary, but they partly spring from the proud consciousness we all feel that Englishmen are ever loyal subjects, and from a desire to manifest, publicly and palpably, a feeling that finds such languid development and capricious manifestation in other countries.

July 2nd.—Last night was 'a great day' for 'Almacks,' and ought to have some influence in counteracting the gradually decaying vigour of

that 'institution.' Strauss—the inimitable Strauss—was there, with his full band. To do honour to the period of the coronation, the ladies patronesses have secured the services of the great Vienna Cappell-Meister. All that we have heard of the excellence of his band, and the charm of his music, is perfectly true, but it is not to be disputed that the performance is too loud for the room. The effect when they struck up was most startling, not to say overwhelming, for the noise utterly drowned all conversation. Instead of playing in the usual gallery, a special erection was made at the end of the room, opposite to the patronesses' bench, calculated to contain the whole band, numbering, it is said, upwards of thirty performers, many of whom play on brass instruments. The general opinion was that it was *much* too noisy. I do not say the universal opinion, because such a noise has its advantages, and the fact that no third person could possibly catch a word of a *tête-à-tête* conversation, was a satisfaction, no doubt, to some, while others considered it no grievance that the circumstances rendered compulsory the adoption of a close and confidential bearing to secure oneself from misapprehension. As *dance* music it is perfect. There is an accuracy and a precision in time and execution that our old friends Weippert and Collinet have not yet achieved.

The ball was very brilliant, but too crowded, as the balls often are now. The fact is that our dear old 'Almacks' is feeling the effects of that

'pressure from without' which we are told is gradually affecting the stability of our oldest and most cherished institutions. The feeling that has manifested itself against monopoly in trade, and intolerance in religion, is gradually developing itself inimically towards exclusiveness in fashion, and we shall be told next that we have no right to have balls to which the Ward of Cheap is not admitted bodily! Here we have the Reform Bill again, for I consider the decline of 'Almacks' as one of the most striking and not the least momentous changes worked in our system by that revolutionary inroad on the privileges of the aristocracy. The thing is patent to all. The Minister of the day, instead of being, as formerly, dependent for his majority on the influences which rank and family connections could bring to bear, has now to propitiate a crowd of the people's nominees, whose name is 'Legion,' and he cannot afford to neglect or offend those who have so much in their power.

The member for some large manufacturing town comes to London for the season, and, having established his portly wife and roseate daughters in Portland Place or Bryanston Square, immediately looks about for the best and most expeditious mode of introducing them to the fashionable world. The name of 'Almacks' has for them a charm such as unknown pleasures can alone possess. They were never there, and probably never spoke to anyone who had been, but through the medium of sundry trashy novels, in which the *arcana* of

the privileged class which frequents it are *supposed* to be laid bare to the public gaze, they have conceived a tremendous idea of its fashionable merits, and imagine that, admission once gained, they will be stamped with the seal of '*Ton*' and exclusiveness.

They go to the periodical *réunions* in Downing Street, where the wife of the Premier, or the Foreign Minister, receives them with the courtesy that becomes a lady in her own house,—they find themselves among 'lords, ladies, and Knights of the Garter,' and they fancy they have passed the rubicon—a pleasing delusion that they soon awake from, to their sorrow.

But still, they carry their point. The Minister assures his wife that he cannot afford to offend the members for Manchester, Sheffield, or Birmingham, *et hoc genus omne*, and that the coveted subscription to 'Almacks' *must be* accorded to them. The lady-patronesses yield with a wry face, but still they yield, and our once cherished haven of fashion and exclusiveness will shortly become little better than a 'free port.'

It is in vain that the 'seven champions' of exclusivism, the lady-patronesses, ignore them at the ball,—that Lady Londonderry looks at them with that peculiarly supercilious air that is, with her ladyship, a perfect gift,—that Lady Euston puts up her *lorgnon* as they pass, and seems as though she were examining some curious speci-

men of natural history of which she had only read in the pages of Mavor or Cuvier. There they are, and there they mean to be, and though mamma has nobody to talk to, and the young ladies nobody to dance with, the fact that they are at 'Almacks' will console them for every slight, real or imaginary.

'"Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true,' but the Reform Bill of 1832 sounded the death-knell of 'Almacks,' and each season but more strikingly and more surely evidences its gradual decadence.*

July.—As is usual on such occasions as the recurrence of a coronation, the fountain of honour has been playing pretty freely. Lord Mulgrave has been made Marquis of Normanby; William Ponsonby, Lord Besborough's second son and the husband of the rich heiress Lady Barbara Ashley Cooper, has been created Lord de Maulay; Lord King (the husband of Ada Byron) Earl of Lovelace; and sundry eldest sons have been 'called up.' Besides these, a large batch of 'illustrious obscure' have been created baronets, and the usual brevet has been accorded to the Army and Navy.

August.—At dinner yesterday, at Sir Martin Archer Shee's on Richmond Hill, there was a discussion which, from the position of those who took part in it, was as curious as it was amusing.

* The result fully justified my prophecy. 'Almacks' struggled under difficulties for some ten years or so, and then collapsed.

In the dining-room, over the fireplace, is a 'Carlo Dolce,' representing St. Cecilia with a large violin, like a 'tenor,' in her hand, and that rapt and inspired look that it is always sought to give her in her musical moments, whether she is represented playing the fiddle or the pianoforte, on both of which it is to be inferred that the saint was a proficient.

Sir Francis Chantrey was there, as also some other distinguished members of the Royal Academy, including Turner and Jones, and Lover, the author and painter, was likewise present. Among so many artists, the picture could not fail to be matter of observation and comment, and it was much discussed and criticised. Lover, with his ready wit, observed that St. Cecilia pursued 'the *silent tenor* of her way' regardless of their praise or censure. This caused a laugh, but provoked a remark from some one of the company that the joke would have been better if the word in Gray's 'Elegy' were not unfortunately 'even,' instead of 'silent.' Immediately arose a lively controversy, some denying the word 'even,' and others the word 'silent,' and so positive were the combatants on each side, that it was at last determined to refer to the 'Elegy' to decide the point, when a copy of Gray's poems was produced, and, to the intense amusement of the party, it was found the disputants were *all* wrong, and that the word in the text is 'noiseless'! The incident would have been nothing in an ordinary

and mixed society, as Gray and the English poets, though often *quoted*, are seldom *read* by the present generation. But on this occasion the company consisted mainly of men who are conspicuous for their literary attainments, and it was remarkable, therefore, that the correct quotation was not known to any of them.*

Some people have a very bad habit of quoting loosely, having in nine cases out of ten, perhaps, no knowledge of the author except through the medium of hackneyed quotations, which the public often disfigure most unpardonably.

1839. *January 1st.*—New Year's Day always, as the phrase runs, 'sets one thinking,' and the thoughts evoked are not always of the pleasantest. It comes round with incredible rapidity, and it is not everyone who can look back with satisfaction at the way in which the intervening twelve months have been passed, or who is sanguine enough to anticipate in the coming year the realization of his hopes, or the brightening of his prospects. For myself, I can say that the conventional wish of a 'happy new year to you,' offered up, as it is, alike by those who really desire your welfare, and those who would not care a straw if you passed the coming year in the 'Bench,' loses all its charm. In the one case I doubt its efficacy, in the latter I feel its insin-

* It is a curious fact that in his last work, 'Endymion,' Lord Beaconsfield also misquotes the line, and uses the word 'even' instead of 'noiseless.'

cerity. Your parents and relations no doubt sincerely wish you well, but what does any casual acquaintance or friend of the hour care for your happiness either in this world or the next? The aspirations of the congratulatory public for your future, are on a par with the blessing called down upon you by the street beggar to whom you give a sixpence, which blessing would just as readily have taken the shape of a curse, had you refused the solicited relief.

I feel down on my luck to-day. I cannot help thinking that my life is a little *manqué*, and I shall soon, I fear, begin to look on myself as a 'blighted being.' Up to this I have neither achieved celebrity nor notoriety. I have neither made a clever maiden speech in the House, nor have I made a fool of myself by climbing up to the top of 'Mont Blanc' or 'Monte Rosa.' Still, my friends, I believe, think me a clever fellow, and they must *surely* be the best judges!

Although I have up to this time reserved my fire and concealed my light 'under a bushel,' I get up every morning with the firm resolve to do something to bear out the prognostics of parental partiality. The favourable augury of friends is, on the whole, conducive to a man's success. Ambition, like personal bravery, is in no slight degree fostered by the opinion of others in one's regard, and even the pride of birth which is instilled into a lad's mind by a foolish father, who thinks more of the sixteen quarterings than he does of the Ten Commandments, though it may

be ridiculous, is not always injurious. It will sometimes come to the aid of weak principles, and the fear of entailing disgrace on a time-honoured name will often stand in lieu of a higher motive. I daresay many a man in a position of danger, whose impulse was to desert his post, has been saved from disgrace by the inward monitor which said, 'Qu' en dira t' on?' by a wholesome dread of the world and its contempt.

The air has for some days been filled with a frightful scandal, with which the name of Lady F. H—— has been mixed up. The British public in general dearly likes something to be shocked at,—something to repeat to one another with bated breath, and every show of mock sympathy and hypocritical regret. Of course you do not believe it yourself, and you only tell it as you heard it, and you beg your friend on no account to give you as his or her authority; and your friend, who is quite shocked at your thinking it necessary to make such a stipulation, goes off to his or *her* friend, and goes through the same process, telling the story with such *variantes* as a defective memory or a lively imagination may suggest. I am now an old stager, and so conversant with London Society in every phase, that nothing in the way of stories having reference to married life shocks or surprises me. I go through the world taking it for granted that all the wives of my acquaintance are everything they ought to be, until it is proved that they are *not*, and fully convinced that their husbands are wholly unworthy of the

fidelity which they exact, and are generally themselves mainly in fault, when it is not rigorously observed. The public is so accustomed to the details furnished by the papers daily of divorce cases in the House of Lords and *crim. con.* trials in the courts of law, that such peccadilloes as they reveal are looked upon as the necessary result of an artificial and meretricious state of Society,—as sad proofs of the weakness of poor human nature, very painful, of course, but, as that Society is constituted, unfortunately inevitable. Unless, therefore, the Lothario be a lord, or the victim, one who has delighted all eyes in Society, and been one of the chief ornaments of the Book of Beauty, our friend the public takes little heed, and allows the injured husband to seek his remedy, and his faithless spouse her retirement, without betraying much curiosity or evincing any sympathy in their regard.

The scandal of to-day has, however, characteristics that give it a deeper interest than generally attaches to the dirty stories that have the run of the clubs. It is an imputation on the chastity of a young unmarried lady of high family, filling a place in one of the royal households. After the story has been in everyone's mouth, with every sort of amplification and exaggeration, and middle-class morality has shrugged its shoulders, and turned up its eyes at the 'vices of the aristocracy,' it turns out to be nothing but a base and baseless calumny! There is nothing more to be said. The form which the filthy slander took, rendered a

searching inquiry indispensable at a Court at which so high a tone is taken to ensure its purity. The character of the charming and estimable young lady has been cleared to the satisfaction of *all*, but the wound inflicted on the feelings of the innocent victim of a cruel and unfounded charge, it is to be feared, will not easily be healed.

May.—Gore House last night was unusually brilliant. Lady Blessington has the art of collecting around her all that is best worth knowing in the *male* society of London. There were Cabinet Ministers, diplomats, poets, painters, and politicians, all assembled together.

One would think that such varied ingredients would not amalgamate well, but would counteract or neutralise each other, rather than form a mixture to the taste of all; but such is not the case. Under the judicious and graceful presidency of the attractive hostess, the society that meets in her *salons* has a charm that few *réunions* of the most learned or the most witty can offer.

She has the peculiar and most unusual talent of keeping the conversation in a numerous circle *general*, and of preventing her guests from dividing into little selfish *pelotons*. With a tact unsurpassed, she contrives to draw out even the most modest tyro from his shell of reserve, and, by appearing to take an interest in his opinion, gives him the courage to express it. All her visitors seem, by some hidden influence, to find their level, yet they leave her house satisfied with themselves. While drawing them out and afford-

ing to each of them an opportunity for riding, within moderation, his own particular 'hobby,' she seizes the right moment for diverting the conversation into a channel that will give somebody else a chance. The popular M.P. is made to feel that there are other interests worthy to be discussed besides those connected with politics and party; the garrulous leader of his circuit awakes to the conviction that he cannot here, as is his wont at the dinner-table, hold forth to the exclusion of every voice but his own; and the shallow man of fashion sees the rising painter or the budding poet, deferred to on matters with which *he* is little conversant. In fact, the bore, the coxcomb, and the cynic have each to confine himself within the bounds of good taste and good breeding; and though Hayward still continues to talk more than anyone else, though Warren displays the overweening vanity that has marred his social as well as his forensic success, and though Rogers is allowed to sneer at his dearest friends, still the society has a wonderful charm for those who, like myself, go more to listen than to talk.

Among the company last night was Prince Louis Napoleon. He was quiet, silent, and inoffensive, as, to do him justice, he generally is, but he does not impress one with the idea that he has inherited his uncle's talents any more than his fortunes. He went away before the circle quite broke up, leaving, like Sir Peter Teazle, 'his character behind him,' and the few remaining did not spare him, but discussed him in a tone that

was far from flattering. D'Orsay, however, who came in later with Lord Pembroke, stood up manfully for his friend, which was pleasant to see.

May 11*th.*—Surely there never was such a storm raised about nothing. Society is in a state of the most frightful commotion, because Sir Robert Peel, when forming his Government, declines to allow the wives and daughters of his most violent and vindictive political opponents, to continue to fill the most confidential appointments about Her Majesty's person. To hear the Whigs and Radicals descant on this is 'as good as a play.' It is declared to be '*unconstitutional*,' '*contemptible*,' a '*scandalous attempt to coerce the Queen*,' an '*insult to the noble ladies themselves*,' '*unheard-of*,' '*unexampled and unprecedented!*' That it is a state of affairs that has not existed in the memory of any living man is certainly true,—no Queen Regnant having wielded the sceptre in this country since Queen Anne; but in my opinion the stipulation is, on Sir R. Peel's part, not only natural, but highly proper, and due to himself and his party.

We all know the powerful and well-deserved influence possessed by the fair sex, as also the qualities and propensities *sometimes*, rightly or wrongly, attributed to them. Why should an incoming Minister suffer his political opponent and rival, who is going out of office, to leave behind him, in the very inmost *penetralia* of the palace, those whose sympathies he commands, and who have a personal interest in promoting the objects of the party?

There are among the *entourage* of the Queen at the present moment several wives of distinguished ex-Minsters, whose influence over Her Majesty may reasonably be supposed to be great, from their high character and the well-deserved favour extended to them by their royal mistress. No doubt the ladies in question would be above indulging in dirty 'backstair' cabals, but they have their weaknesses and their predilections, as well as other people, and you may be sure that the wife of an ex-Cabinet Minister much prefers her husband in office, and fully appreciates the advantages which would be secured by his return to Downing Street. Moreover, there are men in the world who are in the habit of making use of their wives, and who impart to them their hopes and fears, in and out of office, often relying on the sound views of a sensible and practical woman, to confirm, if not to guide, their judgment. Far be it from me to insinuate that the 'secrets of the prison house' are ever disclosed even by the most uxorious Cabinet Minister to his wife, but it is a *curious* fact, that the plans and intentions of the Government, and even the actual purport of the sittings of the Cabinet Council, occasionally leak out—*no one knows how!*

A story is told of the late Marquess Wellesley while he was Foreign Secretary, I think, under the Grenville or Liverpool Administration, that while sitting at dinner with his *first* wife, he received from the Prime Minister a letter which had been addressed to the latter by Lady Wellesley, in

which she warned the Minister that her husband was in the habit of speaking of State secrets. The Marquess, whose *aplomb* nothing could disturb, continued to eat his fish, simply handing the letter to the lady who had not always been his wife, and saying, 'That is what I get for making your ladyship a Marchioness.' *Au reste*, as regards the present crisis, I can say that I have never seen the public mind more excited, or party feeling run higher. The Whigs and their supporters are *rampant*, and think they have got a case against Peel, and are working it well. Of course, a charge of discourtesy to the ladies, is one that is enough to crush any man, and when in addition the clap-trap accusation of 'seeking to deprive his Queen of the comfort and consolation afforded by the society of her most cherished and trusted friends' is paraded in all the Liberal papers, and echoed by all the *gòbe mouches* of the party, it will be seen that Sir Robert has got a nice 'hornet's nest' about his ears.

June 19*th*.—Went to Ascot yesterday, as usual on the 'Cup Day,' but I must confess that I am getting tired of the trip. I went down on General Fraser's drag with seven or eight other fellows, and we 'tooled' down in very good style; but whether it is that I am getting old,—'rising 30 next grass,'—or that the attractions of the queen of race-courses are palling on me, I know not, but it is the fact that 'man delighteth me not, nor woman either,' on these occasions. There is no doubt that the main attraction of Ascot is yearly

diminishing. It consisted in the fact that the ladies (those dear creatures who have so much to answer for) used to promenade in the intervals of the races, and that one had the chance of a few minutes' talk and walk with the object of one's local and temporary attachment, without being crushed in the grand stand, or being under the disagreeable necessity of climbing up the carriage, and discoursing soft nothings, with one foot on the wheel, and the other on the axletree,—a very uncomfortable and undignified position.

The crowd and dust are now nearly as bad as at Epsom, and consequently the ladies do not walk about as they did in the good old days, and the difficulty of finding the sweet creature whom, ever since the last 'Ball,' you believe yourself to be quite prepared to endow with all your 'worldly goods,' is so great as to try your temper, and test your constancy. Consequently the well-known accessories of a race-course pall upon you. Roulette and rouge-et-noir know you not, 'Aunt Sally' has for you no charm, and you hear with stolid indifference the fact announced that the horse you drew in the club 'sweep' is scratched, and all this because you cannot find the 'angel of your fate,' 'the star that early lighted you to love.' *Pour comble de malheur*, when I returned to the drag, after losing several dozen Houbigant gloves, chiefly to Lady M. T——, who, while she betted with *me*, was evidently thinking *of*, and looking *for*, somebody else, I found that all the champagne was gone, having been absorbed by the

crowd of casuals who settle on a seemingly well-stored hamper on these occasions. I returned, therefore, thirsty and tired, dusty and disappointed, and for the future I think I shall confine my racing propensities within very restricted limits, as I can neither afford to bet nor to flirt.

September.—The much-talked-of 'Eglinton Tournament' has come off, and the weather, as was to be expected, was everything that was disagreeable and unpropitious. Having seen what may be described as the '*Dress Rehearsal*' in the Regent's Park, to which the entire London Society was admitted, I felt little desire to see the *performance.* The whole thing strikes me as a bit of tomfoolery out of place, and out of date. The jousts, which are of course the *specialité* of such a meeting, are unsuited to the physical power of the present generation, and the most muscular of the champions appeared unable to control their movements when suffering under the *impedimenta* of chivalry.

At the last rehearsal, Louis Napoleon, Captain Maynard of the Blues, and Lord Glenlyon, all of them men, if not of great stature, possessing much physical power, seemed crushed under the weight of their armour, and the latter, having experienced a bad fall, lay on the ground for more than a quarter-of-an-hour in a position neither graceful nor comfortable, while the principal members of the *corps dramatique* were engaged in what was long and for some time a fruitless endeavour to extricate him from the trappings of his steed, with

which his spur had got most hopelessly entangled. The whole thing at Eglinton was, I am told, more or less of a *fiasco*, devoid of reality, and in which the various performers lacked the spirit and verve necessary to give it *éclat*.

One thing alone was patent to *all*, and admitted of neither doubt nor denial,—viz., the *loveliness of the Queen of Beauty*. A more appropriate representative of the charms and attractions of the ideal queen than Lady Seymour offered,* might be sought for in vain far and wide.

There are fabulous stories afloat of the cost of this pageantry of the noble lord, and, now that they have had their fun, an ungrateful public is inquiring, *Cui bono?* Such is the world!

* Afterwards Duchess of Somerset.

CHAPTER IV.

1840—1841.

'Newport Riots'—Penny Postage—The Queen's Marriage—Paris—Dr. Copplestone—Sir Robert Harry Inglis—Blackmailing—Lady Morgan—Lady Blessington—Macaulay—Lord Cardigan's Trial—'Billy Duff'—Loss of the *President*—Theodore Hook—A Flower Show—Fête to the Opera People, Singers and Dancers—Birth of the Prince of Wales.

1840. *January 2nd.*—Those three Brummagem patriots and mischievous blackguards, Frost, Jones, and Williams, the heroes of the 'Newport Riots,' have been found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. It is said that the royal clemency of our young Queen will be displayed in their regard, and that their sentences will probably be commuted to penal servitude for life. Of course, no one would wish to interfere with the prerogative of mercy, and there may be valid, or, at least, specious reasons why the commencement of the reign of a young female Sovereign should not be marked by a bloody vengeance wreaked upon political offenders. But I confess to my own bloodthirstiness, and I am far from thinking that it would be either unwise or inhuman to let the law take its course.

There is, of course, a certain amount of public

sympathy always displayed by the better classes towards a man who is by way of being a 'gentleman.' I think that if Frost be so, in the sense that presupposes education and superior intellectual training, the fact aggravates his offence. Williams is, I believe, a publican, and Jones a watchmaker,—low fellows, for whom, of course, the aristocracy can have no fellow-feeling; but Frost is a magistrate, and is supposed to be a well-to-do individual, and, although he all the more merits to be hanged, in *my* opinion, for breeding a riot in which several people lost their lives, I have little doubt that he will get off, and, of course, the others must in that case share the royal clemency.

Life penal servitude sounds sufficiently dreadful to satisfy the vindictiveness of the law, but we all know that the sentence is seldom or never carried out in its integrity. The first Radical Government that wishes to curry favour with the mob will recommend a pardon, and before long, we are sure to see Messrs. Frost, Jones, and Williams back again among us, ready to display at once their disloyalty and their ingratitude. Such mistaken lenity will sound very well, and serve to draw the teeth of the Radical Press; but what becomes of the example which it is intended to deter?*

January 15th.—I am sure we are all of us ex-

* The writer correctly foretold what would happen. In 1856, a royal amnesty enabled the three delinquents to return home and recommence *de novo*.

ceedingly obliged to Mr. Rowland Hill for the energy, the perseverance, and the unanswerable logic with which he has forced his views on the Government, and has succeeded at last in establishing a 'Penny Postage' for the United Kingdom. It is one of those magnificent reforms that do not admit of a demur on the part of anyone, which confers such an *inestimable* benefit on the masses, that the individual, whatever his prejudices or his misgivings may be, must keep them to himself, and openly congratulate himself and his friends on the facilities thus afforded for an unrestricted interchange of the epistolary courtesies of life between them.

I, like everyone else, feel how delightful it is to be able to sit down and write to one's friend or absent relative all one's thoughts and opinions, covering in the process two or three sheets of paper, and all for 'one penny.' But in the enjoyment of the freedom thus given to the *cacoethes scribendi*, in which so many of us like to indulge, are we not perhaps unmindful of the possible drawback which may attend the concession? Will not much more be expected of us, now that no financial considerations can check the desire we feel to write to our dear friends? and shall we, in our turn, be content with the receipt, at stated intervals, of letters from those we love, who can henceforth show their thoughtful affection three or four times a week, if they like, for 'only a penny'? The main argument used by the promoter of the new system is one that is calculated

to make one ponder, and that must check a little the joyous feeling which its establishment is so calculated to excite.

If it be true that the correspondence will be increased 'a hundredfold,' will not that increase be distributed among the community in a form and in a proportion that will not be a blessing to all of us? Is it with unalloyed pleasure that we shall find a dozen letters on the breakfast-table, where formerly there was on an average but one, entailing on us the pleasure of replying to dear friends who, but for the facilities afforded them, would, as formerly, have limited their correspondence to the usual Christmas greetings? I do not like to think of it. It seems ungrateful to Providence and to Parliament, but I have sad misgivings, and feel the truth of the adage that 'there are thorns that lurk under the rose.' If, notwithstanding the reduction in the rate of postage, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to suffer 'no falling off in the Post Office returns,' it can only be that I am to receive and write a hundred times as many letters as heretofore. Not a pleasant prospect!*

February 11*th*.—As a general rule, I hate weddings, which, in point of joyousness and jollity, are, *au fond*, very little better than funerals.

The marriage, however, yesterday of our dear

* I must have had an inkling of the turn which public feeling would take. Who amongst us is there, that does not, when startled every two hours by the postman's knock in London, mentally anathematize 'postal reform'?

and gracious Queen does not come within the category of such dismal festivities. The ceremony at St. James's Palace was free from all the drawbacks that make such celebrations so deadly lively. There was no poor devil of a father trying to look jolly while 'giving away' a favourite daughter, the 'apple of his eye,' and the comfort of his declining years;—no pale and anxious mother, parting with a beloved and loving child to one of whose real qualities (as is often the case) mental or moral, she really knows nothing;—no sweet young sister, losing the playfellow of her childhood, and the confidante of her youth, and struggling through her tears to conceal her aching heart and the desolation that is there. Neither were there any of the conventional forms that make one wedding identical in boredom with another. We were spared the 'friend of the family' proposing the health of the 'happy pair,' and making playful allusions, *un peu hazardés*, to the contingencies of married life; also the bridegroom stuttering his ungrammatical assurances of his appreciation of the happiness in store for him; and the 'best man,' in halting periods, making himself the mouthpiece of the tittering bridesmaids, whom, unfortunately for them, and for himself, he is called upon to represent. These and all such hackneyed characteristics of your fashionable marriages were wanting yesterday, and there was nothing to mar the pleasure of those who looked on the wedding as justifying every reasonable hope of happiness for the royal pair.

The palace was gorgeous, the Archbishop the *beau ideal* of a Church dignitary, the bridesmaids one and all lovely types of the high-bred class from which they were chosen, the dresses and uniforms bright and splendid, and the whole *mise en scène* everything that could be wished for in the way of magnificence.

Like the coronation, the wedding necessitated, on the part of those who sought to attend it, that total abnegation of self which is shown by the sacrifice of the sleep so indispensable for one's health, one's comfort, and one's good looks. Such 'cock crow' proceedings have been felicitously described as 'getting up over-night,' but the figure hardly does justice to the sacrifice exacted, and penalties endured, by many of the softer sex, who, I know for a fact, had their heads dressed *before dinner the day before*, and were compelled to pass the few hours of rest reserved to them, sitting bolt upright in a chair, lest the mechanism or economy of the 'hairy fabric' should be endangered during the indulgence of a passing somnolency.

Unlike most weddings, there were no tears shed. Let us hope that its unusually cheerful character may be *de bon augure*.

February.—I should much like to go over to Paris for a week or two, but, unfortunately, my '*arduous official duties*' preclude my seeking, at present, that little *distraction* among our pleasant neighbours.

I should thereby escape some of the London fogs, and all the *demi-saison* parties that abound

in London between Christmas and Easter. Really, dancing-men are much to be pitied in London Society. In all other capitals, the season has its duties and its pleasures. You know when it commences, and when it ends. At Vienna, or Berlin, they would as soon think of dancing after Easter, as we should of hunting a fox in June. But with us, we begin at Christmas, and more or less continue our gyrations until August. We are the only civilized nation that has its season after Easter, but our reasons for doing so are unanswerable, though there is a certain class that never tires of braying about the horror of being in town during the most beautiful season of the year, when 'the little birds do sing,' and nature puts forth her sylvan attractions!

Our country gentlemen must attend to their country duties in the winter,—to say nothing of the obligation they are under to keep up the noble sports of the field,—*ergo*, the House cannot meet till the spring; but, what is to me a far more important consideration, the Opera House cannot open while our Paris neighbours monopolise all the best artistes, and, as they are never released until after the carnival, we must, and do, wait for them.

But there is a crowd of very good people in their way, who try to get up a sort of preliminary season, and give what are now called '*Thé-dansants*'—a sort of *mezzo termine* between a humdrum and a ball, which is not supposed to demand such a reckless expenditure as a ball after Lent.

I would gladly escape from such flabby festivities and the generally *sombre* attractions of London before Easter.

I am told, however, that in Paris there is not much in the ostensible results since 1830, justifying the bloodshed through which they were obtained, or the fuss made by the Parisians in the annual commemoration of their achievement. Charles Dix is in exile, and his line expelled, *et voilà tout.* The so-called Citizen King has stepped into his shoes, and, if you except the ridiculous war waged against '*Fleurs de Lys*' everywhere, there is little change. The same pomp and state, —the same display and expenditure, the trappings of royalty, the military escort, the lynx-eyed police, the lax loyalty (as far as the absence of all public enthusiasm can indicate it),—all remain, but then Louis Philippe is 'King of the French,' instead of 'King of France,' and the designation of 'Dauphin,' 'Monsieur,' and 'Madame' are abolished. Splendid results of three days' hard fighting!

I am wrong, however, in limiting thus the effects of the 'Revolution of 1830.' That the whole affair has resulted in a *fiasco*, as far as the political or public interests are concerned, is not a matter of opinion, but a fact patent to all; but the consequences, socially speaking, have been far more grave and important. It is no longer the Paris that gave a tone to the civilized world. The effect of the *second* Revolution may not be felt in her institutions, and in the disorganization

of her whole social system—the entire fabric of Government may not have been overturned and destroyed, as at the first, but all that remained of the refinement of the people, and of the *prestige* of the aristocracy, has been swept away by a shock too feeble to achieve the object of its promoters, but rude enough to efface what remained of the courtly characteristics through which 'vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.'

The old nobility that had hardly yet recovered from the fiery ordeal through which they had passed, in manifesting during long years their patience under privation, and their loyalty in exile, feeling frightened at a movement, the duration of which they could not estimate, and the futility of which they could not foresee, shrank from encountering again the trials which had tested and proved their fidelity to their Sovereign. They therefore withdrew not only from all participation in the events, but from all seeming acquiescence in the results. They were not prepared to share again the exile of the fallen house, which, by its folly, had done so much to shake the fealty of its supporters, but they could not countenance revolution, or recognise as their king one whom many of them view as a traitor and usurper. Many left Paris in 1830 never to return to the capital, and determined to evince at least their silent sympathy with the unfortunate family in its banishment. Those that remained withdrew into the aristocratic faubourg, where they formed among themselves a coterie, out of the

limits of which they never step, and within which none can obtain admission, whose sympathies are doubtful, or whose loyalty is not beyond proof. The consistency, or rather the pertinacity, with which they have kept themselves aloof from all connection with the Court of 'Louis Capet' is most remarkable, and is amply attested by the 'conspicuous absence from the Tuileries for years of many of the oldest and most illustrious families of France.'

Still, whatever its fortunes or vicissitudes may be, whatever party may be in the ascendant, or dynasty on the throne, Paris has always for an Englishman, who has the *entrée* of good society, attractions which give it a charm such as no other capital possesses. What is it in Paris that puts its 'come hither' on an educated Englishman? It is not, most assuredly, that we love the national character; for though, thank God, much of the stupid prejudice that embittered the feeling between the two countries for many years after the peace has disappeared, there is no question that the two nations do not *really* love each other. There is always, and must be,—partly from past associations, partly from the rivalry in arms, and in the arts of peace, and still more from the divergence of their personal characteristics,—a certain amount of jealousy and mistrust, which is incompatible with any strong feeling of mutual regard. We are still, and I fear shall ever remain, in the estimation of the French, '*ces fiers insulaires.*'

The great secret of our taste for Parisian life is that an Englishman finds in the best society of

the French capital that which is wanting in our own social system. Without seeking to undervalue the advantages attending on the boasted English 'fireside,' it may be conceded to the French, that they have the art of giving to a small circle a charm but little known in England, but which the lightness and versatility of their temperament, and the colloquial brilliancy of their language, are peculiarly calculated to promote. We often learn to admire and appreciate characteristics utterly opposed to those which form our own nature. In England we have dinners at which eighteen or twenty people are present, where every luxury that money can procure is to be found, but which are marked by a formality and monotony, rendering your banquet of to-day in Grosvenor Square identical with that of yesterday in Portland Place, in both of which your enjoyment is wholly dependent on the social qualities of your next neighbours. We have balls, displaying without variety the attributes of Gunter and Weippert, and the usual characteristics of flirting couples, and dozing dowagers, and we have our humdrums, marked by a solemn enjoyment, to which indifferent amateur music is sometimes supposed to add a zest, but the *salon*, as in Paris, is a thing unknown among us. It is, however, in the ever-varying circle which is there to be found, that the social and intellectual qualities of our neighbours come out. The very fact that you go there without being invited, at once deprives it of the formality that is fatal to conversation. The ingredients of the circle are matters

of chance and accident, and the lighter ones rise to the surface. Think of the solemn half-hour after a London dinner-party, before the carriage is announced, and contrast it with the pleasant hours spent in the *salon* of a Parisian lady whose house is open to her friends, if they choose to come. Assuredly it is not the intellectual qualities that fail us, but it is the *talent de Société* that is wanting, the *art de se faire valoir*, so conspicuous in even a second-rate Frenchman. To these Paris *salons*, the wit, the man of letters, the artist, and the politician all repair, and all who have ever frequented them know how brilliant is the conversation to which the *jeu d'esprit*, the sparkling *équivoque*, the well-turned sarcasm, the political *on dit*, and the last social scandal all add a charm.

The thing, however, is not to be done in England. It has been tried repeatedly, but has utterly failed. It is antipathetic to an Englishman's notion of the privacy of his 'fireside.' When not himself dining out, or repairing to some formal entertainment of which due notice has been given to him, or receiving his friends *en seigneur* at home, he expects to be in the enjoyment of his drawing-room, without fear of interruption from uninvited guests, who deprive him of his nap, disturb him in his perusal of the last new novel, and render the wearing of even a pair of embroidered slippers an indiscretion. He not only would think the frequent appearance, unsummoned, of even a friend at his tea-table as

irksome and intrusive, but he would be sure to see in the weekly recurrence of such visits on the part of his male acquaintance generally, a covert design on either his wife or his daughter. *Le pauvre bon homme* is, in fact, not made for society that is not fenced round with forms and observances, and he is neither by nature nor inclination fitted to make his social qualities available for the entertainment of his friends without sending, or receiving a card of invitation.

May 7th.—Yesterday at dinner at home, among a few others, were two men of mark and note in their respective walks of life, whom I was very glad to meet, so to say, *en petit comité*—viz., Dr. Copplestone, Bishop of Llandaff, and Sir Robert Harry Inglis, the member for Oxford University.

Lord Essex says (and he is a high authority on all matters connected with gastronomical arrangements) that no dinner-party should consist of more than *eight* persons, and that the table should always be a *round* one. The above conditions were not strictly observed last night, but the number was small, and admitted of general discussion after the ladies left us, and, as there was no lawyer present bent on monopolising the conversation, the 'flow of soul' did not rise exclusively from one source, nor run only in one channel.

Dr. Copplestone has the proud distinction, I believe, of having been Sir Robert Peel's tutor at college, and has also the *prestige* which deservedly attaches to a man who himself took the highest

honours at the University. He is not what is called a brilliant man in Society, and he has never taken a prominent position in the House of Lords, but he is noted for the sound and moderate tone of his opinions on politics and religion, and, if it cannot be said of him that he has gone on

> 'In moderation placing all his glory,
> While Tories call him Whig, and Whigs a Tory,'

it must be conceded that, though avowedly Conservative in his sympathies, he has steered his political and religious course in life, in a way to command the respect and regard alike of his party and his opponents. This is as it should be. A Church dignitary must of course have his convictions, and may be pardoned for having his prejudices, but his teaching should be enlightened and free from narrow tendencies. A bishop need not of necessity be a bigot, but the defect of the Right Reverend Bench appears to me to be that they seem to consider intolerance and orthodoxy as inseparable. The proof of this is, that the very few members of the Spiritual Peerage in the House of Lords who make themselves conspicuous for Liberal tendencies, are sure to be taunted with latitudinarian, and even unitarian, proclivities.

Dr. Copplestone is at once a sound Churchman, from an Anglican point of view, and an enlightened politician. In Society he is agreeable and genial, and parades neither his learning nor his religion.

Sir Robert Harry Inglis is in his way also a

highly interesting political specimen. He is recognized by all as the very type of a Tory. Since he ousted Peel from the Oxford University seat, at the period of Catholic emancipation, he has been looked on as the incarnation of anti-Catholic zeal, and cherished by his party as the main bulwark of the State against Popish encroachments. He is up, therefore, in the House at every moment, barking like a watch-dog at everything that seems, however remotely, to tend towards liberality, or tolerance in religious questions. But those who know him best say that in his heart he is far from being the narrow-minded bigot that a due regard for his own interests, and for the feelings and prejudices of those he professes to represent, forces him to appear. It is a great misfortune when a man finds himself hampered by his own antecedents, and obliged, by the accident of his position, to adhere to antiquated views and opinions, which his better judgment has taught him to feel are out of date. No one believes that Sir Robert Inglis really feels the alarm which he parades lest the interests of the State Church and true Protestantism should suffer by the grant of religious equality to Catholics and Dissenters. One may easily conceive that Colonel Sibthorpe, and men of *his* stamp, conscientiously believe the twaddle that they utter; but narrow prejudices seldom take root in cultivated minds, but yield infallibly sooner or later to the combined influence of reason and common-sense.

The change which has of late years been ef-

fected in the opinions of men like Wellington, Peel, and Lyndhurst, and many others on questions on which they formerly took a leading part in opposition to their present views, I consider satisfactorily establishes my theory.

May 12*th*.—Last night at Lady ——'s there was as usual a very considerable assemblage of 'the deaf, the blind, and the halt.' Her ladyship's *réunions*, whatever they may have been in days gone by, are not now remarkable for an array of the *élite*, as her company does not consist of *la crême de la crême*, but is, on the contrary, composed of a 'rummy lot.' A few people with handles to their names, or aristocratic pedigrees, are met in her *salons*, but the *ruck* is made up of outsiders, and of musical or theatrical nobodies and elderly spinsters, to whom the coronet of the countess is an attraction.

I do not wonder that people are shy of availing themselves of her hospitality (which *par parenthèse* is of a most frugal and abstemious character), as she has a habit of levying a species of 'blackmail' from her guests. She has always some touching tale of impecunious merit, or spiritual destitution, for your ear, and is sure, if you are betrayed into a *tête-à-tête* conversation, to bring from her pocket a subscription list, to which she desires to add your name. 'Forewarned is forearmed,' and since my first morning visit to her, when she got half-a-sovereign out of me, in aid of the conversion to Christianity of the heathen population of an island that I never could find on the map, I have never

trusted myself alone with her ladyship in the daytime, and when tackled by her at a soirée, I always discover, with a persistent fatality that I have, to my great mortification, *left my purse at home!*

The dear old countess's active philanthropy, and that of many other over-zealous Christians who go about *begging* in the interests of religion, under the idea that any amount of intrusive mendicancy is allowable in such a cause, always remind me of my friend D——, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, who told me that he always keeps a 'missionary box' on his chimney-piece, which, he says, 'just *keeps him in candles the whole year through!*'

May 20*th.*—Last night at Lady Morgan's we had a host of people. Her ladyship's *salons* are, however, not so brilliant, nor the society so *recherché*, as at the house of her great rival and favourite aversion, Lady Blessington. Of course, I am speaking of male society, as, with the exception of Lady Charlotte Bury, the Countess of Guiccioli, and her own sisters, Lady Canterbury and Madame San Marseau, one never meets any ladies at Gore House. I must not, however, omit her pretty and attractive niece, Miss Power, who adds much to the *agrément* of the society.

Lady Morgan was in great force. She certainly is a very clever and agreeable old lady, though very vain. She talks much and well, however, and, as what she says is always plentifully spiced with clever sarcasm, and ill-natured innuendo, her

soirées will always be well-attended. The best plan is to allude to Lady Blessington. It is like shaking a red flag in front of a bull. The moment the Countess's name is mentioned, it is sure to call forth some playful allusion or startling revelation, in reference to her early career. Lady Morgan hates Lady Blessington with a fervour and intensity only to be equalled by the detestation in which the latter holds *her*, which also shows itself in the shape of well-bred objurgation. It is really vastly amusing to hear these two ladies 'let out' in reference to each other, though it must be confessed that Lady Blessington has the worst of it, having a weak point, and, though she may brave and defy public censure, she cannot, unfortunately, ignore it. Whereas Lady Morgan, besides being undoubtedly the cleverest of the two, is wholly impeccable. The one cannot deny the beauty of her rival, but takes care to record the frailties which have been its consequences and its drawbacks. The other does not dispute the virtue of her antagonist, but ascribes its existence to the absence of temptation, from the fact of her always having been '*too ugly to have a lover!*' They are very different.

Lady Morgan, as her works show, is a person of singular talent, with a highly cultivated mind, conspicuous for the vigour and power of her intellect,—capable not only of weaving an entertaining story, and exciting one's sympathies with characters of fiction, but competent to discuss

matters seldom coming within the province of female writers. Her works have all, more or less, a political bearing, and generally a patriotic object. She is a good Irishwoman, and one of whom her country may well be proud, but she is vain and satirical.

Lady Blessington's talents are much more superficial. She has written some amusing books, and among the best is her 'Conversations with Lord Byron,' though many deny or dispute their authenticity. The book is, however, clever and '*se non è vero, è ben trovato*,' but the general character of her works is light, not to say trashy, and I very much doubt that any of her novels will pass into the realm of 'Standard Literature.' No library would be complete without Lady Morgan's best works, but I suspect that some years hence few will be found with any of Lady Blessington's on their shelves. At the same time, it must be admitted that the Countess shines in conversation, and those who deny her talents, because they do not like her books, show that they have never had the opportunity of enjoying her society.

By-the-by, I mustn't forget to record the sobriquet which she told us the other night at Gore House Lady Morgan was known by in Ireland. She said they call her '*old eighteenpenny*,' in playful allusion to the fact that her ladyship has one eye much smaller than the other, thereby reminding one of the relative sizes of a shilling and a sixpence. Too bad!

May 25th.—I met Macaulay yesterday, at dinner, at T——'s, the India Director.

I must confess to having been in a measure disappointed. He is undoubtedly the greatest luminary in our literary hemisphere, at present, and, more than any other writer in this country, commands the admiration of all who can appreciate genius. As a writer, *quoad* style, he is *facile princeps*, and the palm is conceded to him, it may be said, by common consent. Never did any author, I should think, meet with such a chorus of approval. There are many writers of different styles and types, who have each their followers and admirers, or detractors; but are there two opinions about Macaulay? Some people there are who, strange to say, abuse Dickens' writings, others again who rave about Carlyle's style, and they go about the world decrying their favourite aversion, or bepraising their literary pet, and meeting at every corner people who differ from them *toto cœlo*. But who has the moral courage to stand up in any society and disparage Macaulay as a writer? Yet if anything could possibly check the enthusiasm of those who know him only by his works, it would be meeting him at a small dinner-party. His appearance and manners are against him, for he is very unrefined in exterior, and heavy of aspect, and his bearing is so *prononcé*, not to say dictatorial, and his flow of conversation so incessant, that the feeling of those who previously admired the ideal, is one of regret at having seen him *in*

the flesh. After listening to him at a dinner-party, one can fully appreciate the witty sarcasm of Sydney Smith, who expressed to some mutual friend his opinion that Macaulay had been improved by his sojourn in India, for, he said, 'there are now occasional *flashes* of *silence* in his conversation.'

Macaulay offers a striking contrast to Hayward, another literary man, much sought for by dinner-givers. The literary reputation of the latter is not very wide spread, but it is as a *diner-out* and talker that he is known in a certain set. He has withdrawn from the legal profession, in which he was inadequately appreciated, and devotes himself to literature, mainly by contributing to reviews and magazines. His literary style is not particularly popular, but his style of conversation is eminently and deservedly so. He is a man of varied attainments, which a singularly retentive memory, and a remarkable talent as a *raconteur*, enable him to make available, and his *specialité* is well described by the French expression of having '*de l'esprit, argent comptant.*' The effect upon anyone casually meeting him at a dinner-party, would be the reverse of that produced by Macaulay on the same individual, who, having probably formed an exaggerated notion of the social qualities of the latter, would regret to find him over-talkative and pedantic, while possibly having heard but little of Hayward he would be agreeably surprised to find him conspicuous

for the sparkle of his conversation. *Au reste*, they have one characteristic in common: wherever you meet them, they do their best to monopolise the conversation.*

1841. *February.*—The recent proceedings in the trial of Lord Cardigan are curious, as showing the absurdity and anomaly of some of our laws, both the laws of the land and the laws of honour. *Prima facie* one would have thought that the colonel of a regiment might have been allowed to give the only satisfaction in his power to one of his officers whom he had bullied and insulted, without such a dreadful fuss being made about it,—without, in short, one of the parties being raised to the dignity of a hero, and the other to that of a martyr. How true is the adage that 'one man may steal a horse, and another dare not look over the hedge.' Lord Anybody-else might have settled his difference without the interference of the police, the public, or the parliament; but because Cardigan is well-known to be an overbearing and tyrannical man, whom everyone that serves under him hates, and has made himself conspicuous by more than one discreditable professional as well as social scandals, the matter is taken up in a way that gives to the affair, and to the chief actors in it, an importance that is quite out of place and

* Mr. Hayward is lately dead, and the above description of him held good to the last. Some one having remarked that he was getting old and prosy, and his stories tedious from want of novelty, Lord Beaconsfield is said to have accounted for it by the fact that he was 'getting into his anecdotage.'

undeserved. What would the House of Lords really care, if Lord Cardigan had been consigned to the family vault at Deene Park, with a bullet through his lungs? His whole career, social and military, has tended to cast discredit on his order, and he is looked on very shyly by all the most respectable members of the Upper House; while Captain Hervey Tuckett is wholly unknown to fame, except through this very transaction, and it is clear that his being in a 'crack' cavalry regiment at all was a mistake.

However strong and growing the feeling against duelling may be in England, public opinion has not yet succeeded in inducing the Legislature to affix a heavy penalty on those who engage in the practice, except in cases in which the consequences may bring the performers within the reach of the criminal law. To set the judicial machinery of the House of Lords in motion to try Lord Cardigan for a crime that, in practice, Society does not recognise as an offence at all, was, I consider, an absurdity, only to be equalled by that of quashing the proceedings, because his Christian names were incorrectly set out! He was charged with firing a pistol at Captain Tuckett 'with intent,' and that he did so was reasonably to be inferred from the circumstances out of which the duel arose, and from the fact that Captain Tuckett was wounded. But some blunder was made in the pleadings as regards Lord Cardigan's names, and so, supposing him to deserve punishment (which I by no means assume),

he gets off, on a ridiculous quibble, and the solemn farce comes to an end.

The case is one in which the laws and feelings of Society are diametrically in opposition. Which of us, however much we may dislike the idea of standing opposite a loaded pistol at twelve paces distant, would have the courage to submit to an insult because, forsooth, there is a 'strong feeling' against duelling? There are, in my opinion, many and stringent reasons why the practice should not be abolished, though I admit that it has many drawbacks. But Society has no right to tell a man he must not fight, and then cut him as a poltroon if he does not. I should much like to see the faces of my friends if I allowed myself to be horse-whipped in St. James's Street, and pocketed the affront, because I 'object to the practice of duelling!' The anomaly is even more striking as regards military men, as they are on the horns of a dilemma; being liable to be broken for cowardice if, after being insulted, they do not fight, or to be cashiered for a breach of the Articles of War if they do.

Abuse it as they may, duelling has its good points. It puts all men on a footing of equality, and prevents a big bully, whose courage only arises from his superior *physique*, from crushing a small antagonist, who may be as brave as a lion, and yet be no match for a brute.

May 5th.—The recent trial of Lord Waldegrave and 'Billy Duff'* for the assault on the police-

* Captain Duff, of the 10th Hussars, a very popular man of fashion of the day.

man, has excited a good deal of interest. I confess that I am not very sorry that an example is made of these gentlemen, who seem to me utterly to forget the axiom that '*Noblesse oblige.*'

We have had enough, and to spare, of the midnight revelries of the Marquis of Waterford, and the clique of 'choice spirits' with whom he consorts. The two 'convicts' (for they are both sentenced to fine and imprisonment) belong to Lord Waterford's set, and some of them are for ever before the public, attracting notoriety by their *post-prandial* eccentricities. In the present case, there seems to be some considerable doubt as to the identity of the individual who struck the blow which broke the policeman's head. But, as the jury has decided the point, the matter need not be further discussed. At the same time, it is but fair to Captain Duff to state that it is declared by many of his friends that, though avowedly a *particeps criminis*, he was not the *real* criminal, and that a chivalrous feeling has alone prevented his throwing the guilt on the real offender, a young baronet well known in the night haunts frequented by these aristocratic rioters.

What a pity it is that gentlemen, born and bred, should forget what is due to their position and their antecedents. If fashionable rumour is entitled to credit, two of the roystering party to which Lord Waldegrave and Captain Duff belong, are shortly to be married to young ladies well known, and much admired, in the higher circles.

Let us hope that the humanising influences to which they will be hereafter amenable, will have the effect of showing them the error of their ways, and will lead them to direct their talents and their energies in a manner that may show their appreciation of their good-fortune.

June.—Everybody is talking of the loss of the American steamer, the *President*, which, after weeks of uncertainty and anxiety, seems to be no longer matter of doubt. The period which has elapsed since the vessel left New York renders all hope of her safety now vain, as she has not been seen or heard of in the interval.

Like the rest of the public, I grieve at the supposed loss of one whose theatrical reputation is as wide-spread as it is well merited—poor Power, the inimitable delineator of Irish character and Irish humour. He has been for many months 'starring' it in America, and is known to have been returning home in the ship, with his well-earned gains, after a most successful professional campaign.

It is said, whether truly or not I cannot say, that, mistrusting the usual and less inconvenient mode of remittance, he was bringing with him a large sum in specie; which, of course, has sunk with him and all on board, if, as is believed, the vessel has foundered in open sea. It is much to be regretted, for the sake of his family, that he should have yielded to such a quaint and antiquated prejudice, fit only to be classed with the folly of those who think they are evincing sharp-

ness and cunning in keeping, hoarded in a stocking or up the chimney, hard-earned savings which, if invested in public securities, might increase and multiply.

Power was the best Irish actor of his day, and perhaps of any, and his impersonation of the impecunious gentleman 'on his last legs,' will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Much public sympathy is likewise felt for the family of the Duke of Richmond, Lord Fitzroy Lennox being also on board the *President*, on his return from Canada, where he had been serving with his regiment.

June 6th.—Dined with Sir George Quentin last night, to meet Theodore Hook. The company small, but *bien choisi.* Lady Quentin is always amiable and hospitable. Hook was said to be in great force, but the process by which his social qualities are developed is curious, if not edifying. He kept us waiting a full half-hour, and was the cause of an overdone turbot!

As usual lately, he was accompanied by Tom H——, who seems to have settled down into the somewhat undignified position of 'bear leader' to the worn-out old joker. This is the third or fourth time that I have met them together, and on each occasion T. H. has undertaken the duty of drawing out his companion for the amusement of the company. It seems that the wit's faculties have arrived at such a stage of intellectual deterioration, that he is not worth his salt, unless primed and loaded with alcohol, and he

must then have some one of the company present, specially employed on the duty of *firing him off*. On this occasion, for the first hour or so, to use a vulgar phrase, he had not 'a word to throw to a dog,' but sat looking the impersonation of sulky silence and moody melancholy, by Lady Q.'s side, until he had absorbed two or three tumblers of whisky-and-water. He then began gradually to '*pirk up*,' his eyes began to twinkle, and the veil of gloomy thought that had darkened his face seemed to be slowly rising. Then began a cross-fire of witty personalities between him and H., who entered into the jokes, it must be confessed, with spirit, and played his part with skill and judgment, making his own little 'bow-wow' subordinate to the roar of the lion. Hook favoured us with a good many jokes, some very comical, and many very poor.

We laughed a great deal, but, though not given to *moralising*, I could not help feeling that there was much that was no subject for laughter in seeing a highly talented man fallen to the level of a decayed punster, who cannot render available such social qualities as his habits have left to him until fortified and stimulated by alcohol, or 'Mountain Dew.'

June 8th.—'Show me a good-natured man, and I will show you a fool,' was a frequent saying of old George S——, and I really think the old cynic was not far wrong. I am an instance at once of the good nature and the folly.

Who could have thought that I, with my oft-

expressed and deeply-felt detestation of open-air fêtes, could have been cajoled into going yesterday to the Horticultural Show at Chiswick? I hate crowds and promenades of all sorts, I do not care a fig for flowers, and hardly know a cactus from a camelia. It is true that in the days of my youth I have often forestalled my allowance to get a bouquet for the reigning beauty of the hour, but I always left the selection to Lee and Kenedy, trusting to the language of the eyes, not of the flowers, to convey my meaning to the dear creature, whoever she might happen to be.

Poor S. G. came to me and begged me to drive with him to the Chiswick Flower-Show. I assured him I was not going, but he appeared so chapfallen, saying that he had lost his opportunity, and could get no conveyance except an omnibus, that I yielded, feeling sure that there was a lady in the case! *Corpo di Bacco!* what a day! Before we reached Holland House it began to rain, and continued till we returned at eight o'clock. It was a scene of the most exquisite well-bred misery and fashionably-attired wretchedness that can be imagined. Pulmonary consumption was 'in great demand,' and chronic rheumatism 'very lively.' It was dreadful to see so many nice girls catching their 'death of cold,' and to be able to do nothing for them. Luttrell called it the horticultural *fate*, and I fear the fatality will be widespread. I have not yet recovered my self-respect, and shall consider that I am rightly served if I am laid up for a week. When my servant asked me, on my

return, what I would take, I felt disposed to reply in the words of an Irish member at some equally damp party of pleasure, ' 'Pon my soul, I believe I'll take a big cowld.'

There is no excuse for me, for the night before at the Opera, in the round room, some one asked Lord Normanby if he was going to the fête, and he exclaimed, ' Oh, dear, no. I never go to young gardens, where there is neither shade nor shelter.' I thought at the time that he accurately described the rural beauties of the Chiswick Gardens, and happily expressed (as he generally does) his feeling, one in which I fully participated. But, nevertheless, I was a ' good-natured fool,' and went.

July.—I went yesterday to a fête at Brompton given by the impresario of Her Majesty's Theatre to the principal Opera people, singers and dancers, and generally to the friends and patrons of the theatre. It was partly *champêtre*, and partly urban in character. It was amusing, but at the same time it was *désenchantant*. Lablache, Rubini, and Tambourini look pretty much *en particulier* as they do on the stage, and, moreover, one is so habituated to seeing them dawdling down Regent Street together, that their appearance in a *salon* does not show them in any new light. But the dancers present so very different an aspect, *en bourgeois*, to what they do when dressed—or *undressed*—for performance, that it is hardly possible to recognise them.

I recollect the first time I went to one of those reunions (for they are annual at the close of the

Season, like the Ministerial fish-dinner) I could hardly bring myself to believe that the pale and stout young lady, with a waist anything but *svelte*, a foot which O'Gorman Mahon would describe as having a 'mighty good hould of the floor,' and whose movements in the dance are anything but active and graceful, was the same that, in a 'pair of stays and a vallance,' had delighted me, the evening before, by her suppleness and agility.

I found myself dancing in a quadrille *vis-à-vis* to Cerito, and next to Plunkett. The former was dressed very dowdily, and wore a large, lace shawl, which she did not take off when dancing, and her appearance was far from being light, airy, or elegant. I am told that in a private drawing-room, when *décolletée*, she is a splendid creature, but she is more fully developed than is, at her age, becoming. Taglioni has no such defect, or rather, I should say, is in the other extreme.

Seen from the stalls, or even behind the scenes, these charming creatures lose whatever heaviness or want of refinement they may appear to have, when seen in juxtaposition with the more refined members of the sex generally. On the stage the 'get-up' and other accessories give them every advantage, while they have not the disadvantage of comparison.

After perambulating the gardens, we adjourned to the house, where, in a hot and ill-lighted room, dancing commenced and I daresay was continued until a late hour; but of that I knew nothing, having left early.

During my stay there was no singing, which disappointed me much. A singer in private has no difficulties or *convenances* obstructing the efficient display of her professional powers, while a *danseuse* has the *incommoda* of long petticoats to hamper her movements, and has moreover the consciousness that what, before the lights, excites the admiration and secures the applause of the public, would, in a friend's drawing-room or on his lawn, be looked on as the grossest indecency, calling for the intervention of the police.

This seems an anomaly—*mais que voulez vous?*

November 9th.—To-day Her Majesty was 'graciously pleased to present her loyal subjects with a Prince of Wales.' The young gentleman may surely be appropriately described as 'born with a silver spoon in his mouth.' A more brilliant position to be born to can hardly be imagined than his. To be the heir-apparent to the throne of the richest, the most prosperous, and altogether the most respectable nation in Europe, is no small privilege. This sounds conceited and bumptious, no doubt, but I am prepared to prove my case.

What other country is there in the civilised world whose position is as prominent,—whose influence is as great,—whose theory of government is as sound,—and whose people are as contented? It is true we have our Humes, and our Cobbetts, and our O'Connells, but they are necessary for the good working of our system. If nobody tells us that we have 'done those things that we should

not have done,' and 'left undone those things that we *should* have done,' we shall infallibly be betrayed by our self-sufficiency into endless sins of omission and commission.

The Government in England, whether Whig or Tory, generally means well, but the reminders that they get from members like the above triumvirate and their followers, are salutary and conducive to the maintenance of a sound and impartial executive. Look around, and see the position of our neighbours. France is hardly yet recovered from the effects of her last Revolution, and some say is slowly, but *surely*, drifting towards another. Austria has a running sore in the shape of Hungary, which saps her strength, and renders all hope of peace and comfort at home vain. Germany and Italy are cut up into a host of little, unimportant states, uniting in their systems the defects of a limited monarchy, and the evils of a despotism. Spain, effete and priest-ridden, is beneath contempt, and as to Portugal, '*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*' Q.E.D.

I consider that I have proved my case, and therefore it is unnecessary to refer to Russia or America, from whose respective forms of government, and social systems, '*libera nos domine.*'

CHAPTER V.

1842—1846.

Dinner in a Scientific Atmosphere—Death of the Duke of Norfolk—The Duke of Cambridge—Another Attack on the Queen—Turks in Society—A Mess Dinner—'Artist'—Death of the Duke of Sussex—Visit of the Emperor of Russia to England—Gladstone's Defection from the Peel Cabinet—The Pas-de-Quatre, Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and Lucille Grahn—In the House—Public Monuments—Repeal of the Corn Laws.

1842. *February.*—In Literature and Art I am, of course, a critic and a connoisseur—who is not?—but in Science, I feel that I am, and, what is more, acknowledge myself to be, an utter ignoramus.

I dined last night, however, in an atmosphere of science so dense, that I feared really that my respiratory organs would have been too feeble to carry me through the ordeal to which I was exposed. The Amphitryon was Dr. Arnott, the talented inventor of the stove which bears his name, and of the hydrostatic bed which has proved such a blessing in our hospitals, as well as to all who are compelled, by illness or accident, to remain long in a recumbent position.

On my right was Wheatstone, the discoverer (?) of the electric telegraph, and on my left, Brand,

the Professor of God knows what, at the Royal Institution. An Arctic discoverer glared at me through his spectacles from the other side of the table, and a number of smaller celebrities, —some mathematical, some chemical, and some geological,—formed the majority of the company. Being so decidedly overweighted, I felt that humility was my game, and I therefore came out as the 'wise man that knoweth himself to be a fool.' The consequence was that I had an agreeable evening, under circumstances that may be described as 'Science made easy.' There was, of course, a good deal of 'shop' talked, but the savants present were all gentlemen, who knew how to adapt themselves and their conversation to a company where there were several of the guests, like myself, ready to acknowledge their ignorance. I listened with ready ears and an open mouth to much that fell from those around me. It was, however, it seemed to me, Professor Wheatstone whom our host was especially anxious to draw out. His appearance is far from striking, and his manner most unassuming. He displays, however, a regrettable disregard of the conventional niceties of toilette, an observance of which need not be incompatible with excellence in Art, Science, or Literature, but is seldom conspicuous among the class of savants to which he belongs, whose minds and thoughts are running habitually on higher matters, and who think more of the chemical affinities of soap and water than of their practical and vulgar application to domestic purposes.

I came away pleased with my host and with his guests, and, on the whole, not displeased with myself. I think I held my own among the 'big wigs,' for, though I could not show my knowledge, I contrived to conceal my ignorance. I felt all the force of an Irishman's advice to an indiscreet and garrulous friend, 'Shut your mouth, man, or you'll put your foot in it;' and, when I had nothing pertinent to say, I preserved a masterly silence.

March.—I see the announcement of the death of the Duke of Norfolk. There is nothing in the event itself of much interest to the public, as he was not in any sense a man of mark or note, and owed whatever *éclat* attached to his name to the fortuitous circumstance of his illustrious birth, and high social status as England's premier duke.

In early life he met with much sympathy, owing to his wife having left him, and to the fact that, being a Roman Catholic, though he was divorced, he could not marry again. An unpleasant position for the head of the English aristocracy to be placed in. Later on, in my memory, he suffered from another disability that must also have been very galling—viz., not being able to take his seat in the House of Lords, or discharge the duties of the hereditary office held by him of 'Earl Marshal of England.'

The Catholic Relief Bill of 1829 put an end to such a disgraceful state of things, and he was enabled to take his place in the Upper House, and stand at the side of his Sovereign in all State

ceremonies. I do not believe, however, that he has ever opened his lips in Parliament, and I think even the most rabid and narrow-minded of the Anti-popery party, who foresaw such danger to Church and State from the admission of Catholics to the Legislature, must have come to the conclusion that a more innocuous and uninfluential body of gentlemen than the Catholic peers could not easily be found.

It is now thirteen years since they were admitted to the unfettered exercise of the parliamentary privileges which they seem, now they possess them, so little to appreciate. Which of them all (and their roll comprises some of the most ancient and honourable of English names) has let his voice be heard, or taken any part in the politics of his country? Howards, Talbots, Cliffords, Stourtons, Petres, Jerninghams, etc., seem one and all bent on proving how absurd were the laws that deprived of their rights a body of gentlemen who, from indolence or incapacity, seem wholly unable to exercise them.

It is a French saying that there is no more valuable talent than *un talent pour le silence*,—in other words, that it is a gift to be able to hold your tongue, if you have nothing to say that is worth hearing. From this point of view, perhaps, the Catholic peers may be considered to have exercised a sound discretion. Not only have the long years of exclusion from the privileges of their 'order' exercised a depressing and demoralizing influence upon them, and checked the impulses which, if

they had been allowed full play in early life, might have led them to attempt, and perhaps achieve, distinction; but the fact that they were, so to say, a proscribed class, has led to a persistent exclusiveness and cliqueism amongst them, in the formation of their matrimonial connections, which have, no doubt, not been without effect on the intellect and energies of a small community, the members of which have been for years intermarrying in a circle.*

April.—A very good story is told of Viscount T——, a well-known *fanatico per la musica*, and *habitué* of Her Majesty's Theatre, and a gentleman of the old school, noted for his courteous bearing and high-bred manners. He was sitting in his stall at the opera, the story goes, thoroughly enjoying some *chef d'œuvre* of Rossini or Bellini, in which Rubini was filling the part of the tenor, and delighting everyone by his execution of some *morçeau*, when, to his intense disgust, some stranger immediately behind him commenced showing his thorough appreciation of the performance, by indulging in a vocal accompaniment,

* With reference to the above somewhat harsh view taken of the supineness or incapacity of the Catholic peers, it is a fact worthy of remark that Lord Beaumont, the only one amongst them who showed any debating powers or any desire to exercise his parliamentary functions, subsequently deserted his colours. and, as the Irish newspaper said, 'renounced the *errors* of Popery and embraced *those* of the Established Church.'

The present Duke of Norfolk has set a good example, both of talent and energy, which might with advantage be followed by the illustrious body of which His Grace is the head.

and blending with the voice of the singer his own reading of the delicacies and difficulties of the melody. At last, bored beyond endurance, Lord T——, ever the polished gentleman, turned round and said in the blandest manner,

'I really am very sorry, sir, but that fellow on the stage is making such a noise, that I hear you very imperfectly!'

I was forcibly reminded of this story last night, being at a party at Lady ——'s in Cumberland Place, where there was some excellent amateur music, her ladyship having one of the musical receptions for which she is noted. The good-natured and unaffected Duke of Cambridge was there, and, as usual, listened most attentively to the performance, but, like Lord T——'s friend, His Royal Highness appeared to think that he showed his appreciation of it best by joining in it. The S—— family, well-known in amateur circles for the precision and *ensemble* with which they execute the best opera music of the day, were singing a quartet out of 'Mose in Egitto,' and His Royal Highness stood at the pianoforte and joined so vociferously in the performance as *primo basso assoluto*, that the applause with which he greeted the performance at the conclusion, might be said to partake not a little of the character of self-praise. It was very laughable, and to some performers would, I daresay, have been disagreeable; but His Royal Highness is so unaffected and jovial on the occasions on which

he honours his friends with his presence, that any eccentricity is excused in one who is so deservedly popular.

May 31*st.*—There has been another attack on the Queen. A ruffian, or a maniac, of the name of Francis, fired at her without effect yesterday as she drove across Constitution Hill, with Prince Albert. There is a report, which I can hardly believe, that Her Majesty had received some notice of an attack on her, and in consequence dispensed with the attendance of any of her ladies during the drive.

I hope this is not true, for though it would be a noble instance of the well-known courage which marks the Queen's character, and of the thoughtful kindness she displays to those about her, no term would be strong enough to convey the indignation which we should all feel that Her Majesty should have been allowed to expose herself to a danger which those about her knew to be imminent.

I know nothing of the motives of the miscreant as yet; probably they will be traced, as in the case of the other similar attempts, to a morbid desire for notoriety, or to 'mental aberration.' There can be no doubt that the attempt is mainly attributable to the misplaced leniency which led us on a former occasion to treat, as harmless eccentricity, the desperate ruffianism of a would-be murderer. It is all very well to act tenderly to those who are supposed not to be responsible beings, but madness has its method, and has no

more striking characteristic than its cunning. Such ebullitions of frenzy should be treated, where the offender is not ostensibly or notoriously an idiot, as a crime. Madness would then, perhaps, not so often take the form of a mania to shoot the Queen, and, if an example were made, the rising youth of London would seek some less perilous if less enduring fame than that of a regicide.

June 15th.—Some one has well observed that, in abandoning the national costume, the Turks have abandoned the only claim they had on the respect of the civilized world,—their picturesque dress.

I felt this fully, and concurred in the sentiment, last night, at a concert given by Mrs. ——, in Grosvenor Street, where I met the entire *personel* of the Turkish Embassy. Really the appearance they make is something quite absurd, and they are neither 'fish, flesh, nor red-herring.' The blue frock is just like the undress-coat of a Line regiment, and the inverted flower-pot, called a 'fez,' which they wear on their heads (the last relic of the once picturesque turban), besides being hideous, affords a striking and melancholy illustration of the barbarism of the wearers, in remaining covered in a drawing-room in the presence of ladies.

I gave a wide berth to them, having been warned by a friend whom I met on the stairs to keep to windward of the entire embassy. By-the-by, a similar hint would have been acceptable in

reference to the Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Catholic Majesty, General ——. I have not the honour of His Excellency's acquaintance, but I found myself *vis-à-vis* with him in a doorway, and, having exchanged a few words of conversation, I found his words were so impregnated with garlic and stale smoke, that the effect on me might have been disastrous, but that I always carry with me an antidote in the shape of a handkerchief redolent of a *recherché* perfume. I soon recovered sufficiently to change the air. This is another diplomate who is decidedly *de trop* in Society. I confess I do not like the Corps Diplomatique, and can appreciate the force of J——'s words, who the other day, when I met him sauntering up St. James's Street with the air of *ennui* and mental depression *qu'on lui connait*, and asked him if he was going to the Russian Embassy that evening, exclaimed, with a shudder,

'Oh, no; one meets such a lot of d——d diplomatic fellows.'

I understand the feeling; they are a stuck-up set all over the world, and great humbugs withal, and one is always afraid of treading on their toes and wounding their susceptibility in some way. I must, however, except the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Esterhazy, who is one of the most unaffected men living. Chandos House is by far the pleasantest of all the Hotels d'Ambassade in London.

Apropos of diplomacy and humbug (are not the terms synonymous?) I was much amused the

other night, at Lady Blessington's, to see that antiquated beau, and obsolete diplomatist, Lord Strangford, come into the room. We were only a very few worshippers at the shrine, and were discussing, as usual, the topics and people of the day with that *piquance* which gives such a charm to the little coterie, when the door opened slowly, no servant appeared, but through the aperture, hardly wide enough for the purpose, in glided silently the noble Viscount, with his finger on his lip to check the coming greeting of some one who caught his eye. He crept round the room behind the chairs, giving or wishing to give an air of the most silent mystery and intense secresy to his advent, until he reached the chair of the fair Countess, over the back of which he whispered his salutations. His lordship is really not a bad parody on the distinguished French diplomate, whose love of secresy and mystery was well satirized the day after his death, by the announcement that '*il est mort, mais il ne veut pas qu'on le sache.*'

The concert last night was excellent. We had the 'quadruple alliance'—Grisi, Lablache, Rubini, and Tambourini—all in great force. I much prefer them, however, on the stage. They never sing with judgment in private, but bellow out with the same energy as they do across the lights, utterly forgetting the close proximity of the audience, and the comparative smallness of the locale.

October 10*th.* Brighton.—Last night was to me

a night of profligacy. In my morning ramble, I met M——, of the —th Dragoons, who asked me to dine at the mess; and accordingly, at seven o'clock, I drove out to the barracks, where I had a very good, but of course very noisy, dinner. It was like all mess dinners. There was a good deal of fun, and a good deal of wine drunk. There was the major commanding—courteous and affable—at one end of the table, and the junior cornet at whom, in spite of his blushes, they were all poking their fun, at the other end. There was the doctor, sententious and professional,—the adjutant and the riding-master, of doubtful pedigree, judging by their defective aspirates,—and the 'ruck' made up of captains and subalterns, whose conversation left the lovers of the chase nothing to wish for, in the way of graphic details regarding their personal experiences with horses, dogs, and guns. *Au reste*, the —th are a gentlemanly set of fellows, and, intellectually speaking, superior to the average of plungers.

Old Lady W—— caught me on the Chain Pier in the morning, and begged me to go to her dance in the evening, which I half promised to do, without, however, having the slightest intention of so doing. But, finding that all the fellows around me were going, I was persuaded, under the influence of their champagne, to accompany them —an indiscretion I now deeply deplore. The heat was intense, the women were ugly, the music indifferent, and the wine infamous; and,

pour comble de malheur, the old Countess made me dance with her! It is really incredible, but this old lady, whose age no one knows, has a rage for dancing, and pounces on every unlucky wight that she sees unengaged.

'Oh, Mr. Archer Shee,' exclaimed the antiquated Terpsichore, '*you* not dancing? that is too bad! Rather than that you should stand out I'll take a turn with you myself.'

What could I do? Whatever my disgust was, the courtly breeding for which all my race is, I trust, conspicuous, prevailed over my selfish impulses, and I whisked her round the room four or five times, inwardly anathematising such octogenarian vagaries—outwardly smiling blandly, and determined to give the old lady a benefit. I landed her eventually on a settee, suffering from such dreadful plethoric symptoms and so utterly prostrate that, fearing the consequences and not caring to be the chief witness at a coroner's inquest, I rushed away, nor drew breath till I found myself ensconced in my room at the 'Albion.'

It is a great pity when people will persist in ignoring the lapse of years, and the wholesome moral that 'there is a time for all things.'

Old Sir A. M—— is also a great bore in Society in the same way, and, despite his three-score-and-ten *bien sonnés*, is always to be seen inflicting himself on the nicest girls in the room, whom he hustles round and round, knocking over everyone within his radius, and tearing the dress

and kicking the shins of his unfortunate partner, in whose eyes not even the honours of the Bath and the glories of 'Matagorda,' can compensate for the dilapidated millinery to which she is obliged to submit.

1843. *January.*—As I strolled down Regent Street to-day,—'*nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis*,'—I read the announcement over Farrar's shop of 'Artiste en Cheveux,' and I could not help thinking what use and abuse of the word 'artist' is sanctioned now-a-days. I wonder the members of the Royal Academy of Arts do not rise up *en masse* to resent it as an affront.

Formerly, the term 'artist' was supposed to describe one who devoted himself to the study or practice of one or other of the fine arts. If an 'artist' did not mean a modern Raffaelle or a Salvator Rosa, it described one who, if he had not the genius or inspiration of his great models, was, however humble his claims, entitled to exclaim with pride, '*ed io son pittore.*'

Down to a comparatively recent date, if you said of a man that he was an 'artist,' nobody supposed for a moment that he was either a fiddler or a rope-dancer, nor yet an *artiste en cheveux.* It was taken for granted that he was either a painter, a sculptor, or an architect; but now the designation is claimed by everyone whose occupation is not purely mechanical. The decadence of the term was of course gradual. Its extension to those filling the lower grades of the several professions of Art was not easy of correction, nor

even of dispute. The man who emblazons with beautiful accuracy and precision the arms upon your carriage may not be entitled to academic honours, but he is a painter in his line of no mean ability, and cannot be denied the possession of a certain amount of artistic talent. The same may be said, perhaps in a higher degree, of the designer of the various patterns which decorate our china, our floors, and our walls, and even our friend in the paper cap, whom we see giving the last flourish over a shop-door to the glories of 'Howell and James,' or 'Redmayne's,' may also put in his claim to be considered an artist. It is no more disparagement of the fame of Michael Angelo or Guido Reni to say that such men as the latter are 'artists,' than it is insulting to Hadyn or Mozart to describe facetiously the writers of the music of the various cockney ballads, with which the modern English *repertoire* abounds, as 'musical composers.'

I am willing, *pro hac vice*, to include in the generic term 'artist' all in any way practising the arts in whatever grade of the profession they may be,—armorial-painters, scene-painters, house-decorators, or stone-cutters,—and will admit that some future Reynolds, some possible Inigo Jones, or some dormant Canova, may lie perdu among the ranks of the journeymen of Art. But I protest against the use of the term 'artist' as applied to those whose calling degrades it. Not only does every musical performer, from the primo violino at Her Majesty's Opera, to the

kettle-drummer at Astley's, claim the designation, but there is not one of the talented choristers at a shilling a head, who nightly charm us with their harmonious rendering of the choruses of Bellini and Verdi, who does not insist on a title that places him or her on a level with the greatest painter of the age.

What is still more aggravating, the disciples of Terpsichore put in their claim to artistic fame, and, from the day of Taglioni's *début*, the designation of 'artiste' has not only been arrogated to themselves by those who have succeeded her as 'pets of the ballet,' but there is not one of those winsome young ladies we nightly see on the stage, who

> '. . . . . dance round the Prophet,
> In very thin clothing, and but little of it,'

and whose chief claim on the admiration of the public consists in the thickness of their legs and the shortness of their petticoats, but believes, in her heart, that she has as much right to be called an 'artist' as Sir Martin Archer Shee or Sir Edwin Landseer.

I should, I suppose, be told, if I ventured to ventilate such opinions in Society, that my ideas are obsolete, and that I am a Conservative in Art as well as in politics. If I am, I am at least consistent, and carry out the principle also with reference to Science and Literature, as well as Art, in all of which I should like to see the British public take a little more trouble to discriminate between the professor and the charlatan.

April 22*nd*.—The Duke of Sussex has 'shuffled off this mortal coil.' De mortuis, etc. His Royal Highness leaves behind him only a negative sort of reputation. He was not remarkable for talent. He was not conspicuous for vice. He was not eminent in any line—political, literary, or scientific,—and he has not made a name for himself that will cause him to be distinguished among the crowd of former junior royalties of his House, whose chief distinction consisted in the accident of their birth.

From some family motive (for the part played in politics by the junior members of a dynasty is always matter of State arrangement), the Duke adopted Liberalism as his 'Cheval de Bataille.' Hence he was always put forward by the reformers, in whose view his name was a tower of strength; but from lack of talent, or want of zeal, he never gave any effective aid to the cause with which he was supposed to be identified. With a prince of the blood, a little talent goes a long way, and the flunkeyism and toadyism by which he is sure to be surrounded can always get up a certain amount of adulation, that stands in lieu of a well-founded and deserved popularity.

His greatest achievement, and the one by which he will be best known hereafter, was the pertinacious way in which he snapped his fingers at the Royal Marriage Act. His two left-handed marriages showed an independence of feeling which, if censurable from a dynastic point of view, was creditable to his good sense, as showing that he

preferred the indulgence of his personal tastes and his domestic affections to the State considerations which would have condemned him to the trammels of the 'matrimony under difficulties' which are generally the lot of the junior princes of a royal House.

The smattering he possessed of science would probably not have caused him to be singled out from the crowd of would-be savants of the day, had his birth been obscure; but, backed by his royal rank, it led to his election to the presidency of the Royal Society, to the exclusion of men like Herschell, Faraday, and Brand, compared with whose claims his were as nothing.

When it is added that he professed a Liberalism little short of Radicalism, and that he was to be had for the asking as president of every public dinner that was in want of a chairman, and that he is said to have bequeathed his body to the hospitals for dissection (a bequest of which, of course, no notice will be taken), his claims on the respect of posterity will have been accurately and justly summed up.

1844. *June 5th.*—The visit of the Emperor of Russia to this country attracts but little attention among the general public, if I except a certain amount of curiosity to see the 'Russian bear' 'in his habit as he lives.' People go to stare at a man who rules over a greater extent of country (colonies apart) than any other European power, with a system of tyranny, cruelty, and extortion unknown elsewhere in modern days, and such as

no civilised people, conscious of their strength, would submit to.

Politically, he is only known to us as one supposed to be as devoid of humanity towards his unfortunate subjects, as he is wanting in the good faith, truthfulness, and straightforwardness which, in some degree at all events, guide the policy of other continental states.

Personally, he is a gentleman of polished manners and prepossessing exterior.

It is said that, however refined and courteous may be the outward bearing of a Russian, if you scratch him you find the Tartar underneath. Let us hope that the figure may hold good when differently applied, and that, however despotic and tyrannical may be the instincts and the acts of the Emperor, if he is scratched, it may be found that the Individual is not hopelessly lost to every sense of honour, honesty, or humanity.

If he has his eyes open he will, I think, see that the system under which we live offers better guarantees for security of life and property, as well as for the safety of the throne, than are to be found in his own ill-governed dominions.

1845. *February.*—A good deal of gossip is pervading Society in reference to Gladstone's defection from the Peel Government. It is 'all along' of the Maynooth Grant. I am sorry for it, I confess, for though I do not like Gladstone, and think him sadly deficient in ballast, he is a very clever fellow, and neither Peel nor his measure will gain by the withdrawal of one of

the most rising men of the party. As regards endowment itself, I cannot comprehend how any sensible man, and sound politician, can fail to see the policy as well as the justice of the measure.

We are always hearing the Irish priesthood abused. We are told by the *Times* that they come from the 'dregs of the people,' that they have neither the education nor the instincts of 'gentlemen,' and that hence the origin of the low-bred and revolutionary impulses that guide their action, and mark their influence over their flocks. But how can it be otherwise? In the last generation they were always educated in a foreign land, and now that the progress of liberal ideas has assured them free admission to the ranks of the priesthood, without the necessity for exile or banishment as a preliminary, they find themselves looked down upon, because, forsooth, they are not M.A.'s of Oxford or Cambridge, or A.M.'s of Trinity College, Dublin.

Peel, with his usual astuteness, has not only watched the cause and effect of the evil, but has hit on the remedy. If the Catholic Church in Ireland offers no inducement to the Catholic gentry to take orders, owing to the impossibility of securing for the working clergy the means of living like 'gentlemen,' in the vulgar sense of the word,—the ranks must be recruited from the class to whom the position of a priest, with all its privations and austerities, is still a promotion and an object of ambition.

The peasantry in Ireland are proud of their

pastors, who they feel are not only with them, but of them, and as the latter find themselves looked down upon by the Protestant gentry, and playfully described in the Protestant prints as 'Firebrands' and 'Surpliced Ruffians,' who can wonder that they identify themselves with the congregations from whom they have sprung, and make common cause with that humbug, the 'hereditary bondsman'?

Surely there cannot be, or ought not to be, two opinions as to the far-seeing policy which tries, by well-timed liberality, to discourage the narrow-minded bigotry that professes to see in an Irish priest only a cross between an idolator and a traitor. We deny him the opportunities that might raise him, morally and socially, to a higher level, and condemn him for being below the intellectual standard which he has no means of attaining. Educate the Irish Catholic priest, and you will find perhaps that much which is now the necessary result of his low sphere of action, joined to his inferior birth, will yield to the refining influence of learning and study. Gladstone knows this perfectly well, but it appears that, though he is prepared to support the Bill by his vote, he does not like to be a member of the Ministry that carries it, as he has in his writings taken a tone entirely opposed to such a measure. This shilly-shallying is nothing new with him, as he never seems to be able to make up his mind on any great question, and you never know from his speeches exactly what his real opinions are.

The other day at dinner somewhere, I forget where, they were discussing a speech of his a few nights before in the House of Commons, and Rogers said, in his usual cynical manner, 'Of course, having spoken strongly one way, Mr. Gladstone, as usual, voted the other.' There was a laugh all down the table, not very flattering to Peel's quondam lieutenant.*

June.—Who was it advertised for a new excitement? I am like the old lady who, being asked after her husband, replied that he was in the 'arms of Beelzebub,'—but corrected herself, saying, 'I mean "Abraham's bosom," but I never can recollect people's names.'

I never can recollect people's names, but, whoever the individual was who lived a 'long time ago,' had he lived in the present day, he would have exclaimed 'Eureka.' Talk of excitement,—gracious goodness!—let those who need it go to the Haymarket, and see the 'Pas de Quatre.'

Truly, Lumley is a great man, and the best caterer 'out' for the public that ever leased Her Majesty's Theatre. *Manger comme quatre*, we have all heard often enough, but *danser comme quatre*, that is a new idea. Such a *tableau!* such a

* The roseate hue given by the foregoing remarks to the possible, and hoped-for, effect of the Maynooth Grant, and of the commendable policy which induced it, has, alas! long since been dispelled, and the utter hopelessness of any attempt to humanize and loyalize the Catholic clergy in Ireland is but too patent. What can be expected of the inferior clergy who have before them the example of Archbishop Walsh, and are exposed to the threats of the Reverend Dr. Nulty!

tour de force, never before was presented to the admiring eyes of the frequenters of the Opera House. Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and Lucille Grahn! What a four-in-hand! How on earth Lumley got such a 'team' to work together is a mystery. We all know the jealousies among professionals, and how one performer will not cede the pas to another. In this instance, they have done it literally as well as metaphorically. Of course Taglioni is the first. She has no compeer, and even the three rivals, I am told, give in to her so far as to permit her to be the centre of the display. But how the other three, among whom there is a certain equality, and a known rivalry, have been induced to pull together, I am at a loss to imagine. It is certainly the finest Terpsichorean treat ever provided. So equally are the claims of Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and Grahn balanced, that the 'judgment of Paris' was but an off-hand decision, compared with the difficulty attending the awarding the palm to any one of the three goddesses in question.

Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of the British public, and well they may applaud, for not only is the idea a grand one, but it has been well carried out. Even Charlie P——, the finest of the fine, is seen to tap his spotless gloves together, an effort he never makes, he says, but 'leaves such manifestations to the public.'

June 23*rd*.—I went to the gallery of the House of Commons last night, believing that there was to be a good Irish debate; I was disappointed, how-

ever, as it was only what might be described as a skirmish. I heard, nevertheless, O'Connell, Peel, and Disraeli, three men to whom it is always pleasant to listen, and who are certainly, in their different styles, fair specimens of the eloquence of the present House of Commons. Each in his way is admirable, but no one of them is, in my judgment, an orator. If it be true, as Demosthenes says, that action is the greatest *desideratum* in oratory, it is clear that the above three Parliamentary speakers would none of them have come up to his standard.

As regards ease of position when addressing the House, and vigour of declamation, Dan 'has it hollow.' There is no studied action, no artificial energy, no pre-arranged clap-trap, but he speaks unaffectedly, and with admirable fluency. He puts his points in plain straightforward language, and supports them with cogent argument, and it cannot be said that he speaks for effect, or listens to himself. He has emphatically the 'gift of the gab,' and the easy flow of his utterances precludes all idea of previous study or preparation.

I recollect many years since hearing his friend and rival, 'Jack Lawless,' say of him, that his versatility was boundless. He said, 'Dan O'Connell on the hustings, or addressing a monster meeting on Stephen's Green, is as different from Dan O'Connell in the Four-Courts, as the latter is from O'Connell in the House of Commons.'

As the demagogue haranguing a mob, we all

see how little he measures his words, sacrificing all the amenities and courtesies of life, in his endeavour to rouse the enthusiasm and stir up the patriotism of his auditory.

Tried by a standard of high breeding, his language is open to a charge of bad taste and vulgarity, but it must not be forgotten that he is addressing those whose coarser feelings and uneducated natures require forcible invective and exaggerated assertion to reach their comprehension, and command their sympathy.

In the Law Courts, I am told that he is the type of an astute lawyer, possessing all the qualities required to assure pre-eminence at the Bar, where he was gathering a large harvest of professional success, when he abandoned the career for the stormy field of politics. In the House we see him only as an Irish gentleman, fulfilling his duties as a member of Parliament, in a way that even his political opponents cannot condemn. Occasionally, with the impulsiveness of his country, he exceeds the limits of the temperate discussion, with which our more phlegmatic natures in England enable us to conduct our debates, but whether the fact is due to his own tact and judgment, or to the influence upon him of the social atmosphere of the House of Commons, it is certain that there is nothing of the hustings brawler about the member for Dublin in the House; for, though he may occasionally 'call a spade a spade,' he does not outrage *les bienséances.*

How different in every way is Sir Robert Peel.

The measured, calm, passionless tone in which, in unexceptionable language, he expounds his views, and clothes his arguments, is inconsistent with what are supposed to be the characteristics of eloquence. With faultless logic he states his case, and refutes his opponent, and in addition to the advantage he possesses of being always thoroughly master of his subject, he has the enviable power of conveying his meaning in a form at once terse, clear, and forcible. But there is a want of life and warmth about him.

As he stands at the table, with one hand under his coat resting on his hip, and with the other emphasises his assertions by thumping the despatch box in front of him, you feel that the vigour of what he says is conveyed more by his blows than his words. Fluent he is, most undoubtedly, but though he may convert you by his reasoning, he will never carry you away by his enthusiasm. He never indulges in figure of speech, nor do his most brilliant sallies ever sparkle with epigram. Still, in his own line he has few rivals and no equal, for though he may not be the first orator in the House, he is admitted on all hands to be the first debater of the day.

Disraeli, the last of the three, is by no means the least. He is unquestionably the most rising man in the House, and though he had to get over the difficulty which always attends on a failure at starting, he has already, in the few years he has been in the House, justified the apparently

arrogant prophecy with which he met the House when they coughed him down, that the time would come when 'they would listen to him.' He has the ear of the House, and rises daily in public estimation as a powerful debater. He has not the ease of manner of O'Connell, nor the power of carrying with him the feelings of a large auditory which is the speciality of the latter. He lacks the dignity of Peel, and seldom rises to the lofty tone and stately bearing which often mark the studied perorations of Sir Robert, in his greatest efforts; but in brilliancy, in epigram, in force of sarcasm, in felicity of illustration, and in readiness of retort, he has no equal in the House.

1846. *January.*—What a pity it is that every public work in England is invariably a job, and that whatever precautions are apparently, or at least nominally, taken, whenever a monument is to be erected, to secure its being entrusted to skilful hands, the intrigues of would-be connoisseurs, or of the powerful personal friends of third-rate artists, are sure to triumph, and mediocrity carries the day.

Was there ever such a wretched tribute of a great nation to its greatest warrior as the 'Guy Fawkes' which towers over Hyde Park Corner from the top of the arch? It is true that at such a height, all the finer delineations of a work of sculpture would be thrown away, but at least the grace and dignity of the figure might strike the observer from below, if either were characteristics of the work. There are, I am aware, objec-

tions to the habit of representing modern chivalry in a Roman toga and placing a hero of the nineteenth century on a horse without saddle, bridle, or stirrups; but admitting the practice to be an anachronism, it is covered by the Horatian precept which accords to poets, and painters, and, by implication, sculptors, the privilege to do what they like with impunity, and at all events the costume of our forefathers B.C. is one less likely to excite the derision of our descendants, than will be, in future ages, the effigy of the 'Hero of Waterloo,' in a staff cocked hat and a mackintosh. No one laughs in the present day, as they look at the noble statue of Marcus Aurelius in front of the Capitol at Rome; but who can look at the 'Iron Duke' and his sorry steed without smiling at the miserable failure of what should have been a great national monument, and mentally deploring that such a memento should be left to record the artistic genius of England A.D. 1846!

June 27th.—What will be thought of me in future years, by those who have the laying out of my literary remains, if it is found that I leave no note behind me of my views and opinions on the great question which is now agitating the country, the 'Repeal of the Corn Laws.' The Bill received the Royal Assent yesterday.

It is a question which has been the pest of Society for years, for there has been little else talked of in political or private circles. Few people have discussed it *more*, or understood it *less* than myself. One cannot get away from the

subject, however. A man like myself, occupying a neutral ground, has the pleasure of hearing the opinion of all, from the ranting protectionist, bawling out his denunciations against 'that traitor Peel,' to the foolish young Whigling, retailing at second-hand the free-trade platitudes and clap-traps which we have all heard any time these twenty years, *ad nauseam*.

What a 'sell' it is for Lord John! but it serves him right. Had the Whigs been in power, Charles Villiers would have been allowed, year after year, to go on making his prosy speech and useless motion, but we should never have had any *bonâ fide* attempt to carry the repeal of the Corn Laws from the leaders of the party, and Lord John's letter would never have been written, had he not had an inkling of what was brewing in the Conservative camp. Then he comes forward in the *Times*, hoping to steal the thunder of his great political adversary. It is pleasant to see such shabby tactics defeated.

It is not a little remarkable that the greatest political changes of our day—viz., the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act, the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, and the abolition of the Corn Laws, should have been effected by those who had been their greatest opponents. This fact *primâ facie*, would imply much inconsistency in the men who have recanted, but of the two great parties bidding for power, the one which yields when resistance would be folly, or candidly avows its conversion to theories with the opposition to

which it had been previously identified, will hold a higher place in history than the other, which, having out of office loudly advocated measures that it was unable to promote, shrunk, when in power, from the responsibility of carrying out principles, the persistent advocacy of which had so long been the *specialité* of its traditional policy.

The main feature of the recent discussion is not, however, as in most parliamentary contests, the antagonism of the two great parties. There is nothing of the 'faction fight' about it, it is more of a general 'scrimmage,' in which are to be seen those, till now foes, fighting side by side, and brother against brother. The great Conservative party is scattered to the winds, and that portion of it which has preserved any semblance of union or combination is concentrating all its force against Sir Robert Peel, rather than against the great measure, the progress of which they well know they have no chance of stemming.

There is something, to me, very painful in the nightly scenes in the House. For my own part, 'I believe in Peel,' and though I can make every allowance for the irritation of those who have for years followed him implicitly as a leader, at finding him renouncing the principles which he has hitherto advocated, and coming forward to promote a measure that they conscientiously believe to be nationally destructive, yet I feel such entire confidence in his sincerity and integrity, and am so thoroughly convinced that he has only yielded to the deepest and fullest conviction of the neces-

sity of the course he is following, that it grieves me to see him assailed with such scurrility and venom. It was to be expected that the leading members of the Conservative party would disburden their minds pretty freely, but the whole 'pack' is at his heels, and there is not a little Conservative puppy but thinks himself fully entitled to bark at his illustrious quondam leader.

Sir Robert Peel can afford to disregard this latter class, but he has his hands full, notwithstanding.

His two greatest antagonists are Lord George Bentinck and Disraeli. Night after night is he exposed to an amount of virulent vituperation, and undissembled execration, from those two worthies, that it must require the temper of Job to bear with equanimity, and yet he never disregards the laws of courtesy, or the rules of legitimate debate. This *par nobile fratrum* outvie each other in the temerity of their taunts, and the vigour of their denunciations, and, when we remember their previous careers, one cannot but smile at the caprices of fortune, that have thus raised them to the dignity of formidable opponents to the greatest statesman that the century has produced.

Lord George is worthy of all respect, however, as he is sincere, and is following the instincts and promoting the policy of his party. With his coadjutor it is different. Disraeli's talents and acquirements render it no matter of surprise that he has known how to profit by the emergency, and has felt (to paraphrase a well-known cant)

that ' Peel's difficulty is Disraeli's opportunity.' But, though he brings to bear on the discussion the habits of a parliamentary tactician, and the powers of a finished debater, he lacks the weight of Lord George, because men mistrust his motives, and cannot forget his antecedents.

CHAPTER VI.

1847—1849.

Two Italian Operas—Jenny Lind—Death of Dan O'Connell—Murder of the Duchesse de Choiseul Praslin—Revolution in Paris—The 'Chartists'—Death of Lord George Bentinck—Sentence on the 'Irish Patriots'—Louis Napoleon President—Break-up at Gore House—Alfred Tennyson—John Arthur Roebuck—Death of Catalini—Encumbered Estates Court in Ireland—Baron Rothschild, M.P. for City—Death of Queen Adelaide.

1847. *April 7th.*—Here we are with two first-rate Italian Operas! Covent Garden opened last night, under the designation of the 'Royal Italian Opera,' in open rivalry with the old house in the Haymarket.

I cannot bring myself to wish it success, for I hate a cabal, and this second opera has sprung from no higher motive than the desire to ruin the direction of Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Costa and the 'quadruple alliance,' Grisi, Mario, Tambourini, and Lablache, have had it their own way a great deal too long, and they presume on their favour with the public so far as to imagine that that individual will follow them wherever they go, and that, united, they may defy opposition. I must, however, except from my censure La-

blache, who has dissociated himself from the other conspirators, and stands by Lumley, like an honest, straightforward man, as he is.

It needs no prophet to foretell that one or other of the rival houses, if not both, must go to the wall. For my own part, I devoutly hope it will be the new one. I hate a dirty intrigue, and the whole process by which Covent Garden Theatre has been converted into a second gigantic Opera House deserves no other designation.

The object is to ruin Lumley, and I very much fear that the attempt will succeed. It is quite impossible that London can support two Italian Operas in 'full-blow,' even supposing that the Corps d'Opéra should be equally good at both houses—a most improbable contingency. The opera-going public, or that portion that can afford to pay the exorbitant prices, is not numerous enough to fill two houses. The *habitués* will get divided into two factions neither strong enough to support a house alone. For the first year novelty will carry the day, and as the new house has, of course, been constructed so as to offer all the advantages of space and accommodation in which the old one is deficient, many will be taken by such attractions, even were not all the old opera favourites to be found there. *Ils ont beau faire.* They never can give the peculiar acoustic properties of Her Majesty's Theatre to the new house, for no one can find out whence arises the fact, that there is no theatre in Europe like the former, for sound. Moreover, the Haymarket is

the *locus in quo* all our early operatic associations have their origin, and, as a situation, is far superior to Covent Garden. I think, if I know my friends and contemporaries, unless the old house is much mismanaged, we shall stick to it. What will become of the Hon. Henry Stanhope, or Lord Templetown, or Sir Henry Webb? They never can forsake their old haunts, and desert the temple in which all their musical devotions have been performed during the last quarter of a century. I am sure they all feel like myself, that they prefer the dear old house, with all its faults, to the rival which has sprung up with so discreditable a pedigree,—'Got by "Intrigue" out of "Conspiracy"—*Dam* the "Conductor."' They tell me that we shall have twice as much room for our legs in the new house, but I am quite content with my 'stall,' and do not want a 'loose box,' and as to the superior dimensions of the crush-room of which so much is said,—give me the familiar old 'round room' where no one can escape you, if you know where to stand, where you meet all your friends, as in a ring fence, and where if you do catch cold occasionally, from the open doors at each end,—so did your fathers and mothers before you.

I think the 'conspirators' rely too much on the constancy of the public to its old favourites. Though discriminating and impartial, it has the feelings of human nature, and likes a little change now and then. The '*Diva*' is still very good, but the A.D. begins to tell, and is gradually les-

sening her attractions and her powers. She is becoming somewhat matronly in her exterior, and the contour of her once beautiful face and neck is not improved by the obesity that is creeping on her, nor is her C natural reached without just enough of facial contortion to prove, that what was formerly done with ease, is now achieved with effort. These little *désagréments* are all indications that should prevent her from relying too confidently on public favour. It is all very well as long as a younger and prettier rival does not come *en scéne*, but once compel her fading charms and failing powers to compete with superior youth and beauty, and she will find that popularity is but a name.

May 10*th*.—I have waited with patience and composure well simulated, until I could go and hear the 'Swedish Nightingale' without fear of having my ribs 'stove' in, or of passing through a preliminary ordeal, in reaching my seat, destructive of my personal comfort, and inconsistent with my personal dignity.

If there is a thing I hate it is a crowd, and of all crowds a crowd of ladies and gentlemen is the worst. In a street mob you are pushed about without mercy or ceremony, and you know that if you do not shove as well as your neighbour, you will infallibly go to the wall, and you may find yourself trampled under foot. 'Everyone for himself and God for us all,' is the war cry, and you have but one object in view, to get out of it and get away from the *aroma* which distinguishes

the British public *en masse*. You feel that you are among people that are not 'restrained by false delicacy,' who will assuredly tread on your toes, if you do not stamp on theirs, and will in addition pick your pockets if they have a chance. Shoulders and elbows are used in self-defence, and if success is not always to the brave,—the battle *is* to the strong in a London mob. But in a well-dressed crowd you are on your p's and q's, and, although somebody is pushing frightfully behind you, you are prevented from entering into the general rush with any sort of *entrain*, lest you should incommode the lady before you, and, while not the slightest consideration is ever shown to you by *anybody*, you find your exertions doubled by your desire to treat others with becoming courtesy. No crowd is worse than that of a birthday drawing-room, where ladies and gentlemen push and squeeze without the slightest sympathy with the troubles of others, heedless at once of the lace they are tearing, and the manners they are outraging.

They say the crowd the first night of Jenny's performance was beyond anything ever seen in the way of pressure and viciousness. Last night matters were somewhat better, and I reached my stall without losing the tail of my coat.

I was delighted; and, in the present state of the public mind, had I not been, I should not dare to say so. The singing and acting are equally good, and leave nothing to be wished for. I never heard the music of the part (Amina in

the 'Somnambula') more perfectly executed, nor has any actress ever given a more touching interpretation of the feelings evoked by the remarkably disagreeable and compromising situation in which the heroine is placed.

In short, the expectations raised by the unmeasured commendations in which London bodily indulges, are not disappointed, and I cheerfully endorse the favourable criticisms of all the musical authorities to the full. But there I stop, and not even the fear of being stoned to death as an unbeliever will induce me to say that she is superior to Malibran in the part which the dear departed made her own while she was among us. I have never heard or seen the equal to Malibran. It is no disparagement to Jenny Lind to say that she is not superior to one who, in my opinion, was unequalled. I believe there are people walking about still, with a pig-tail hanging behind, and a watch seal dangling in front, who say the same of their contemporary, Catalani. Of course I am not in a position to contradict them, neither are those who never heard Malibran entitled to pooh-pooh me. But to all those who bear the same date that I do, I fearlessly appeal not to be carried away by what Braham used to call the 'entusimusy' of the moment into doing injustice to the claims of her who, when alive, turned the heads of us all. 'Take her for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon her like again.'

May 18*th*.—Dan O'Connell is dead. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Had he died seventeen years ago

it would have been better for his fame. Still, however much one may differ from him, and deplore the course which he has followed since the passing of the great Act of Emancipation, of which he was mainly the cause, no one will venture to dispute his talents, his energy, or his patriotism, or to deny that he has earned the lasting gratitude of the Catholics in England as well as of Ireland.

When we look back at the earlier history of Ireland, and at the course adopted by her patriots, as they successively stood forward to advocate the rights of some six millions of Irish Catholics to enjoy the same civil and religious liberty as their Protestant fellow-subjects, one is struck with the contrast which the agitation of those days offers to the excitement which O'Connell knew so well how to produce, and how to keep within bounds.

The parliamentary advocacy of Burke, of Grattan, and of Curran, seldom overstepped the licensed energy of the political partizan, while the rebellious, though bootless efforts of Emmett, of Wolfe Tone, and of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, tended rather to obstruct than advance the cause they had at heart, by affording a pretext for the further measures of repression, which unsuccessful rebellion calls for, and even justifies.

The history of Ireland's many abortive attempts at insurrection, is little more than a record of the bickerings and private jealousies of those who failed to see that unanimity and mutual con-

fidence are essential to the successful conduct of any national movement.

O'Connell was the first who knew how to guide and control the impulses of the populace, and to regulate his own language and their action, within the limits of what may be described as legal sedition. He was the only one of Ireland's leaders who was able to give to the party the cohesion without which the haranguing and ranting of all the demagogues of the day would be of no avail. Under his guidance, the 'hereditary bondsmen' were really 'united Irishmen,' and they reaped their reward for the unswerving fidelity with which they followed his orders, and believed in himself. Unfortunately, the success which attended his efforts to get rid of the Catholic disabilities, led him to think that he could mould public opinion in Ireland as he wished, and he entered into the repeal agitation rashly and, as he lived to find, unsuccessfully.

The caution and judgment which had been the guide of his conduct when his cause was one that almost justified imprudence and violence, seemed to desert him, and after disgusting alike his friends and his foes by his vituperation and bad taste, he finished his ill-advised repeal agitation by placing himself within the fangs of the law. The trial to which he was subjected by the vindictive folly of the Government, though it ended in a miserable *fiasco*, most damaging to the Ministry, had still the effect, in a great measure, of silencing him, and of much lessening his

political weight and authority. He saw Smith, O'Brien, and others, his inferiors in every way, struggling to push him off his pedestal, and openly competing with him for the national leadership, by bidding higher and more recklessly for popular support.

Depressed as he was by the consciousness of decaying vigour, diminished influence, and waning popularity, his health has gradually given way under the mortification which he has experienced, and before his death he no doubt learned to appreciate to the full, the real value of a 'nation's gratitude to a nation's liberator!'

October.—The recent horrid murder in Paris of the Duchesse de Choiseul Praslin, has been supplemented by the suicide of the murderer, her husband.

This is so far satisfactory, as it has the double advantage of establishing the guilt of the party suspected, and (though it robs the gallows of its prey) of saving the world in general, and France in particular, from the scandal attending the public execution of one of the highest of the nobility. Not that I think it otherwise than salutary for an example to be made occasionally of a 'swell.' As Captain MacHeath sings,

> 'Since laws were made for every degree,
> To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
> I wonder we've not better company,
> Upon Tyburn Tree.'

The justice of the sarcasm is undeniable, and when murder or robbery, or any other trifling

peccadillo that exceeds the limits imposed by the Decalogue, is, in these levelling days, brought home to members of what are playfully designated as the privileged classes, it is as well that those of whom Captain MacHeath was the type, should see how impartially even-handed justice is meted out to high and low, rich and poor, alike. *Noblesse oblige*, and if people, born in the purple, forget the Commandments, or publicly outrage them, they must be reminded that it is their interest, as well as their duty, to set an example to those below them.

These remarks apply only to crimes of the blackest dye. The smaller offences in the calendar are, *of course*, incompatible with illustrious descent, and it needs not to be shown that, when one whose social position places him above suspicion, can descend to pilfering, or cheating at cards, he is in the one case suffering from that distressing complaint, known only to the better classes, of 'Kleptomania,' or has, in the other, developed an amount of mental aberration which *clearly* relieves him from all moral responsibility.

1848. *February 23rd.*—The devil to pay again in Paris! Really, those lively neighbours of ours are *impayable*. Louis Philippe and his whole kith and kin are turned out 'neck and crop.' 'Serves them right,' some will say, and I am quite disposed to endorse the sentiment.

The *émeute* began as usual, in consequence of some attack on the liberty of the Press. It requires but little in Paris to convert a riot into a

revolution, and the necessary result of the latter is, of course, a change of dynasty. It may indeed be said to be generally the motive, as the French do not rise to resent an attack on their liberties until they are tired of existing institutions, and wish to try a change.

The friends of order all say that matters were much mismanaged; Louis Capet knocked under without striking a blow, it may be said. Some attribute this to fear, some to the promptings of the 'still small voice' which disinclined him to shed more blood in an endeavour to retain by force what he had acquired by intrigue and treachery. *Chi sa?* So it is, however, that—after spending millions in fortifying Paris, and after concentrating in the capital, and around it, an amount of force sufficient, it is reasonably supposed, if well handled, to put down any revolutionary movement—he refused to issue the necessary orders to the troops until too late, and cut, bag and baggage, despite the remonstrances of his ministers, and the tears and entreaties of his family. 'Conscience doth make cowards of us all.' Had Louis Philippe thought proper to employ all the resources at hand for the purpose of putting down the insurrection, and coercing the population into submission, I doubt much if any reasonable man would have blamed him, whatever opinions he might entertain as to the means taken eighteen years before, for the purpose of subverting the then reigning dynasty. The Orleans branch, no matter how they came

there, were in possession; affairs had proceeded during nearly two decades quietly and peacably; France was not otherwise than prosperous; even the antipathies of the 'old stock' were partially dying out, and some few from the Faubourg St. Germain were gradually beginning to reappear at the Tuileries. Now the Citizen King has kicked himself downstairs, leaving 'La Belle France' to be fought and scrambled for among those whose sole object is to get something in the *mêlée*. A crowd of 'patriots' will come to the front, with the 'Public Good' on their lips, and their private interests in their thoughts, and for some little time we shall have a model Republic, to be succeeded in due course by a military despotism, or give way, it may be, to Henri Cinq! Meanwhile, I suppose we shall be surfeited with republican and revolutionary rant. *Liberté—égalité—fraternité* will once more be the *mot d'ordre*—a cant wittily interpreted in 1830 by Talleyrand as '*Liberté, de faire du mal*; *Egalité, de Misère*; *Fraternité, de Cain et Abel.*' The worst of these lively ebullitions is, that the confusion which arises is sure to spread. Insurrection is very catching.

There is one chance, one ray of hope for France, viz., that Louis Napoleon has, with a degree of promptitude and public spirit that does him honour, gone over to Paris to offer his services, in the handsomest manner, in any way that they may be made available! Doubtless, the French will duly appreciate such self-sacrifice, and

eagerly catch at the chance of settling their differences, by selecting one possessing in so high a degree the confidence of all parties! Poor fellow —*il va perdre son latin*, but he will at least bear out the assertion of his friend D'Orsay,—that he believes his opportunity will come, and will not therefore throw away a chance.*

April 11*th.*—We have had our 'Revolution!' and we may all settle down again to follow our commercial pursuits,—perform our professional or official duties, or indulge our domestic affections, according to the habits, the necessities, or the tastes of the different members of the community.

That mountebank, Fergus O'Connor, has done his worst, and, as might be expected, his intended demonstration has been a miserable *fiasco*. Thanks to the preparations made by the 'Iron Duke,' and to the spontaneous and unanimous co-operation of all the respectable portion of the male population of London as 'special constables,' we were quite ready for the *canaille*, had they thought proper to come in any numbers. As it was, the whole thing, viewed as an attempt on the part of the London roughs to emulate their continental brothers in an endeavour to upset the existing order of things, was quite beneath contempt. The crowd which collected, I believe, at Clerkenwell Green, in number much fewer than was expected,

* The writer little thought, as he penned the foregoing sneers at Louis Napoleon, how little *prévoyance* he was showing, and how soon Napoleon the Third's superstitious belief in his own star was to be justified.

gradually tailed off, as they approached the City, and really made no demonstration at all. The truth of the adage, '*Si vis pacem-para bellum*' never was more strikingly demonstrated. The Duke of Wellington quietly, but *not* secretly, made ample preparation to give the rioters a warm reception. The Bank of England was really fortified, and all the Government offices were put in a position to stand a siege.

No doubt the fact that these preparations had been made, and the splendid example afforded by the sudden jumping into existence of a hundred thousand special constables, had the effect of making the mischievous blackguards who organized the movement, think twice before they faced the dangers before them.

I believe they would few of them be able to tell you what they want, and the crowd at their backs had neither object nor motive, but to get up a row, and secure something in the confusion and scramble.

As for Fergus O'Connor, he is no doubt mad. He comes of a family, some members of which were notoriously insane, and whose rebellious tendencies are matter of history, so that a taste for such demonstrations and vagaries may be said to be, with him, hereditary. But whereas his uncle, Roger O'Connor, and his father, Arthur O'Connor, were rebels in Ireland, at a time that rebellion, if not justifiable, was excusable,—he is seeking to produce confusion, and cause disturbance in England, without a shadow of excuse.

The Chartists are, as a body, a set of contemptible humbugs, leagued together without a plan, and moving without a compass, and are led by this crackbrained booby, who will, I hope, be allowed to cool his heels in Bridewell, till he comes to his senses.

I think the position of England, in this European crisis, is a very proud one. She may be said to have felt nothing but the wind of the storm that is sweeping over the civilized world. Every other country has been shaken to its centre. France, as usual, has led the van, and set the example of internal disorganization, kicking out the king and the entire royal family, and overturning the existing system, both political and social.

Austria got into such a commotion, that the Emperor has found it prudent to abdicate, and his brother and successor declines the honour of attempting to govern so heterogeneous a crowd of dissatisfied and disorganized nationalities, as together compose the Empire,—transferring the unenviable responsibility to his young son, a boy of eighteen. God help him!

Meternich, the Minister who has done so much harm by his attempt to govern the country with an iron rule, despite the signs of the times, is travelling for his health, and may be seen any day disporting himself on the cliff at Brighton, until the storm shall blow over.

The King of Prussia has coquetted with his disconcerted subjects, and *promises* much, if they

will only keep quiet, but the heir presumptive—the Prince of Prussia,—has also 'for a rason he has,' as they say in Dublin, determined to indulge a taste for foreign travel, and was to be seen last night at Her Majesty's Theatre, apparently enjoying Persiani's singing, and ignoring the fact that there is, at the present moment, a revolution at Berlin.

In Russia, also, there has been as much excitement as the tyrannical system obtaining in that detestable despotism, will allow to appear, but the iron heel on the necks of the miserable semi-barbarous hordes, has checked the display of feelings that it cannot suppress, and the day of retribution is (let us hope only temporarily) postponed.

The people of the smaller kingdoms and dukeries of Germany and Italy are all showing their teeth, and adding to the general confusion, but will no doubt be whipped into obedience and submission by one or other of the great Continental Powers, as soon as they have settled their own affairs at home, and stamped out the threatened conflagrations.

England alone remains calm and collected. Of course, we have unruly and discontented people among us, but their numbers are few, and, fortunately, their grievances are trivial. An Englishman has quite as much liberty as is good for him. What is there that he cannot do, as long as he does not rob or stab his neighbour? The little attempt which has just so signally failed has abundantly shown how little we have to complain

of, for no single person of position or respectability has been mixed up with the movement, and the way in which all classes have rallied round the Throne, and come forward prepared to maintain order and punish the disturbers of our peace and comfort, sets an example to all other nations, and is a noble tribute to the justice of our rulers, and the equity of our laws.

September 22nd.—The town—or rather, I should say, the nation—has been startled and shocked by the sad and sudden death of Lord George Bentinck. He was found lying dead in the park at Welbeck Abbey.

This is a melancholy end of one who had barely reached middle life, and whose appearance and demeanour afforded every indication of manly vigour, as well as mental energy.

He so lately filled the important position of leader of the Protectionists in the House of Commons, and his name, owing to recent political events, is such a household word among us, that the blow comes with additional severity, and the distressing suddenness of his death excites the sympathy of all alike, be they private friends or political foes. Lord George's career has been as remarkable as the circumstances which have placed him *per saltum* in the front rank of English statesmen have been exceptional. He may be said to have studied politics only for a year or two, ere he reached the height of parliamentary ambition,—viz., the leadership of a great political party in the State.

A junior member of a noble house of well-

known Conservative convictions, he contented himself up to the age of forty-five with a tacit parliamentary acquiescence in the opinions of his family, and the tactics of his party,—his youth shared between 'Alma Mater' and the Life Guards, his manhood devoted to the training-stable and the betting-stand. Never conspicuous for the display of great talents, nor remarkable for his attainments, he would have run his career, like so many of his class, unsung and unknown beyond the circles of 'Tattersall's' and 'Almacks,' had he not, at a moment of unusual political excitement, been induced from some inward prompting of his own, or some outward pressure of his friends, to apply himself to the study and mastery of questions hitherto foreign to his tastes and habits. He rose with the occasion, however, and, having had the energy to seek distinction as a politician, he showed that he had ability to achieve it.

The man who at so short a notice could throw behind him all the associations and attractions of a previously frivolous and useless career, and qualify himself by labour and research in a few months for even the temporary leadership of a great party, must have been a man of no ordinary parts, and the country may well deplore the loss of one who gave such promise of future usefulness.*

October.—The so-called 'Irish Patriots,' Smith-

* In this notice I in a measure did injustice to the early career of Lord George, which was not so entirely and exclusively devoted to frivolity and fashion, as the above remarks might lead one to infer. He was, for some brief space of time, private secretary to the late Mr. Canning, and though, through the early and untoward death of the

O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, and O'Donoghue, have been found guilty, I rejoice to say, and sentenced to penal servitude.

However strong may be the feeling of the Irish party, however just they may believe the complaints of the 'Young Irelanders' to be, and however unjust they may think the policy of the Government, there are, I should imagine, few men of any party in Ireland, with a grain of common-sense, who do not rejoice at the ruin that the attempt to excite a rebellion, that could only end in disaster, has entailed, on those who recklessly embarked in it.

Admitting (which I do not) that the so-called grievances of Ireland justify the agitation which is continually kept alive, the foolish, badly-planned, and worse executed rising that has excited so much ridicule, and is now so severely punished, had no one element of success. Rebellion against notorious tyranny is no crime, though it may be an offence and an indiscretion, but when, as in Ireland, it has no *raison d'être*, its promoters degenerate from patriots into traitors.

'Go ask of History what is treason?
'Tis public virtue out of season,
'Tis rash resistance, at a time
When tyranny makes truth a crime.
If it succeed, 'tis honour, glory,
'Tis wealth in life, and fame in story.'

There may be, and there no doubt are, many

latter, he lost the opportunity of developing his political tastes and his official capabilities, he may fairly be supposed to have learned under such auspices the rudiments of State-craft, and laid the foundation of his subsequent parliamentary success.

weak points in the Irish system of government, but the course of legislation for the last twenty years has been eminently impartial, and whatever Government has been in power, has manifested a wish to hold the scales of justice equally, and to discountenance the preponderance of either of the two great parties, who render all legislation impracticable, by their insane persistence in their mutual hatreds and jealousies. It is as impossible for the Government to propitiate the rabid Orangeism of the North, as it is to satisfy the Catholic claims to preponderance. Neither party will recognize as justice to them, any system that does not involve injustice to their opponents. The miserable men who have just made such fools of themselves, and the faction they represent, would have been content with nothing that any government could grant, but they neither represented the respectability nor the intelligence of the country. With the exception of Smith-O'Brien, (and he is not a Catholic,) they are men of an inferior stamp, with nothing to lose in the way of character or position. Their failure will only have the effect of injuring their cause, by justifying measures of severity, till now neither merited nor needed; and as for themselves, instead of living in after years in the history of their country as patriots, they will only be remembered as convicts.

December 22*nd*.—Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic!

But a few weeks since the news that he had

gone off post-haste to Paris, to offer his services to his country in her hour of tribulation, was received in London with a shout of derision, and the rapidity of his return from the scene of action to his furnished lodgings in King Street, St. James', led irresistibly to the inference that his pretensions had not been more readily admitted, nor his services more highly prized by the Parisians than by the Londoners. And yet *there he is*, and if he plays his cards well, there he will probably remain for a decade or so, for his name is, and will ever be in France, a tower of strength. This is proved by the fact that *that* name, and *that alone*, has placed him where he is, in spite of the claims of his opponent, General Cavagnac, a man who, in addition to a long and creditable military career, could boast of the efficient aid which, during her recent troubles, he had afforded to his country. But for the fact that Louis Napoleon is the representative of a name, as well as of a system and a dynasty, he would never have stood a chance; personal claims he has none. He has never distinguished himself, though he has achieved an unenviable notoriety, by the miserable failure of his attempts at Strasbourg and Boulogne, to raise himself to the dignity of a pretender.

It must, in justice, however, be conceded, that his present success goes far to excuse his apparently ridiculous *escapades*. If he is thought worthy to be the chief of the Republic, by a majority of the French people, at this moment of

difficulty and danger, his own belief that he had partizans and followers who would rally to his standard if it were once raised, ceases to be the proof of folly and audacity which it was generally in England considered to be. It is undeniable that the supposed absurdity of his two attempts tended greatly to damage him in public estimation with us, and though the people with whom he associated in London treated him with the courtesy due to a French gentleman, he met nowhere with the respect and deference which, had it been believed that he stood well among his own countrymen, would infallibly have been shown to him. There is nothing in his appearance or manners, indicating talent or brilliant social qualities. He is silent, and even reserved with strangers, and has nothing of that *specialité* for which his countrymen of the upper class are generally conspicuous, and which make the society of an educated Frenchman so attractive. His character for talent has not been at all strengthened by his book, '*Des Idées Napoléoniennes*,' which those who have read it (and I must confess that I am *not* one of the number) declare to be shallow, bumptious, and ineffective.

I fear he will not carry back with him a very lively sense of the courtesies and attentions of the English aristocracy to him, in his days of exile. He enjoyed, of course, the hospitality which we always extend to 'foreigners in distress,' but no sort of acquiescence was ever given to the claims of birth and blood which, it appears,

the French are willing to recognize. His *name*, with *us*, failed to carry much weight. There are so many members of the Buonaparte family spread over Europe, most of whom are to a certain extent looked upon as adventurers and charlatans, that he was classed and confounded with them. D'Orsay stood by him, and he was a welcome guest at Gore House, but, though he danced about a great deal in semi-fashionable circles, he visited but little in our great houses, and Buckingham Palace knew him not.

Still, there he is, 'President of the French Republic,' and, if there is really anything in him, I suppose it will come out. Assuredly the world, both of Paris and London, will discover in him many qualities and claims to public sympathy, till now ignored, and which only his accession to power will bring to light. Nothing 'succeeds like success.'

1849. The break-up at Gore House is a very sad affair. Poor Lady Blessington has gone, and to many, like myself, her departure is a source of unfeigned regret.

For some time it has been known among her *entourage*, that her affairs were in a very unsatisfactory state, and the extent of her difficulties, and the probability of her being able, or not, to overcome them, were matters of speculation among her friends. Count D'Orsay, we all know, has been long living without any ostensible means, except such as he may have derived from the nature of the *liaison* which has caused so much

scandal. His departure, therefore, surprised no one. *Abiit-evasit-erupit.* He has latterly been seldom visible to the outer world except on Sundays, and the difficulties around him were not a matter of surmise, but of notoriety. He will leave a void in Society, however, and 'we could have better spared a better man.'

Now that one of the most attractive houses of London is closed, it would be unbecoming in such as profited by the hospitality which it offered them, to judge harshly, or condemn lightly, those whose talents, tact, and many social attractions, gave such a charm to their receptions.

Whether or not the relations between Lady Blessington and the '*Cupidon déchainé*,' as Byron called him, exceeded the limits imposed upon platonic regard, or sanctioned by family connection, is a question now of little moment. It is much to be regretted that such disregard of appearances should have justified the unfavourable inferences drawn by the public,—and the isolation in which the Countess lived, deprived of the friendship and countenance of all those of her own sex who had characters to lose, must have been very painful to anyone who had any remains of the feelings which Nature implants in the heart of every woman. Those who know her best, find it difficult to believe her to be utterly devoid of all the better instincts of her sex, and recognise much in her character, as it appeared to them in their social moments under her roof, that marked

the woman of generous impulses, and refined tastes and feelings.

The *habitués* of Seymour Place and Gore House will always look back on the evenings spent there, with grateful remembrance of her who knew how to attract to her *salons* all that was most conspicuous in London male society, whether in Art, Science, Literature, the Senate, or the Forum. No one was more competent than she, to appreciate the talents of those she gathered round her, who, on their part, one and all did full justice to her own brilliant qualities.

A very general impression exists among those who only knew D'Orsay as they saw him in the Park, and wondered at his elaborate 'get up,' that he is an *élégant*, and nothing more. Such an idea is quite erroneous. He is a man of varied talents and attainments, and a most accomplished and agreeable companion. None can know him without lamenting his wasted life, and neglected opportunities.

January.—I dined last night at H——'s, among a set of people who think they represent the literary taste of the day. They were all glorifying the 'Poet Laureate,' whom they declare to be the greatest poet of the age. I let them talk, taking refuge myself in the silence which is the most courteous, if not the most courageous, way of indicating dissent.

There is no denying the popularity of this gentleman as a 'poet' among the present gener-

ation. Rising young barristers, prigs of undergraduates, and gushing young ladies, to use *their* characteristic language, 'worship him,' and 'adore him.' I wonder how many among them could declare honestly that they thoroughly comprehend his meaning? Who is there, among his many admirers, that can *scan* his poems, or reduce them to any degree of metrical euphony? I feel morally certain that the author himself would often be puzzled to reduce the 'beautiful poetical ideas,' with which his poems teem, into readable or rational prose. If appealed to, to interpret many of his own rhymeless inspirations, he would be obliged to say, like the Baronne de Vieuxbois in Déstouche's comedy of 'La Fausse Agnes,'—'Cet endroit ci n'est pas clair, mais c'est ce qui en fait la beauté.'

If the admirers of Mr. Tennyson would be reasonable, and not court opposition by their raids against the poets who are England's glory, I would bow my head, and submit in silence to opinions that I do not share; but when I find them calling him an inspired poet, and denying the title to many of England's greatest bards, I rise at once to opposition.

If the opinion of Oxford and Cambridge at the present day were sought, I believe that Mr. Tennyson would carry all before him, but I would fearlessly wager, of the majority who would enthrone him on Mount Parnassus, that four-fifths of them had never read Pope and Dryden's works, and but superficially those of Moore, Byron, Scott, and Rogers.

However, as long as 'Young England' backs him up, and he is at once the *enfant gâté* of the Universities, and the idol of the girls' schools at Brighton and Tooting, he may laugh to scorn the shrugs of those of his contemporaries, who, like myself, do not believe in him!

May.—I am rejoiced to see that Roebuck has got into the House again,—Sheffield having shown its appreciation of talents and services which the electors of Bath, to their shame, have ungratefully ignored.

No two men, perhaps, are more diametrically opposed in opinion than Roebuck and myself, but he is a man for whom I feel the most intense respect. He commenced life as a Radical and something more, being *faufillé* with the Young England party of that day, among which were Molesworth, John Mill, C. Buller and others, to most of whom the term democrat would have been more appropriately applied than that of Liberal.

To the views he then held, he has adhered with a consistency and constancy rare indeed. He has been through life an advanced Liberal of the true type, and he has allowed neither party interests nor political friendships to deter him from advocating measures which he approved, on whichever side of the House they might originate. He has spared neither friend nor foe, but all alike have come under the lash of the sarcasm which he applies so effectively and so unsparingly. He realises in a striking manner the character of an independent member, for to Whig and Tory alike

he has always been most formidable, from the habit which he has of judging of measures on the abstract principle of right and wrong, instead of allowing himself to be influenced by the exigencies of party, or biassed by considerations of expediency. An *independent* member has been happily described as a member on whom neither party can depend.

Though he sits on the Opposition side of the House, he never backs up his own friends in a policy of which he disapproves, nor refuses his support to his political opponents, if, in his opinion, they deserve it.

Of course a man with a mind so constituted must be prepared to forego the reward of his talents, and over and over again has he let the chance of advancement pass by, because he would not sacrifice principle to place. This sort of chivalrous consistency in adhering to, and promoting the opinions of his early life, makes a man often unpopular. His friends call him 'obstinate and quixotic,' and his opponents say he is 'impracticable.' But even those who think him mistaken, admire his independence, and though he practically acknowledges no 'leader,' and has himself no 'followers,' few men are really more respected inside the House or out of it than John Arthur Roebuck.

June 13*th.*—The announcement just made from Paris that 'Catalani is dead' comes o'er the ear like an intimation that George the Third had departed this life. She seems to belong to the last

century, and, for myself, I can truly say that I was under the impression she had died thirty years ago. I never heard her, or saw her, and I have heard her praises sung by so many 'elderly parties' belonging to a former generation, that I have learned to look on her as one of those creations, half-historical, half-mythical, on whose merits the grandfathers of the rising generation are never tired of descanting with enthusiasm, and whose superiority to all competitors at the time at which she flourished, and all imitators that have since appeared, it is expected will be accepted as a matter of faith.

As to her being so immeasurably superior to all the greatest singers of the last thirty years, I do not believe a word of it. Our dear fathers and mothers are all '*laudatores temporis acti*,' but we too must be allowed to appreciate the genius of *our* day.

I begin, I confess, to look back at my own era, and to question much whether the opera-goers of the present day are as fortunate as we are who listened, night after night, to the enchanting strains of Pasta, Malibran, and Sontag. But I suppose I shall be told by some beardless Guardsman, or fledgling from the Foreign Office, that the present *prime donne* of Her Majesty's and Covent Garden Theatres are in every way superior to the three divinities above named. So it is!

> 'We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
> Our wiser sons, perhaps, will think *us* so.'

Probably I am only experiencing the fate

which invariably attends those who claim for *their* day a superiority over all subsequent eras, and that the supercilious smile with which that coxcomb, the rising generation, listens to my rhapsodies about Pasta and Sontag, is sent to chasten me, for the grin of incredulity with which, in former days, I irreverently met my respected parent's assurances of the super-excellence ot Mrs. Salmon, and Mrs. Billington, and Catalani.

July.—The measure which has just passed the Legislature establishing the Encumbered Estates Court in Ireland, is another and striking proof of the statesmanlike views of Sir Robert Peel.

One can fully appreciate the howl of execration with which it is hailed by those whom it will affect, and whose anomalous position has been the cause of and is the justification for a step that has long been called for, but which no Minister has, till now, had the wisdom or the pluck to originate. It is undoubtedly a strong measure for the law to step in and deprive a man of his property and his birth-right, even though the legal encumbrances on it may be so great as virtually to disentitle him to claim ownership. But the evil was a crying one, and demanded an uncompromising remedy.

The system is flagrantly rotten and immoral, which allows a man to exercise the rights of proprietorship over an estate that virtually he no longer possesses. It is notorious that many, not to say a majority, of the finest properties in Ireland ought to have changed hands long ago, and

however painful the wrench may be which will deprive the so-called proprietor of his title to ownership, and relegate a quondam territorial magnate to the ranks of poverty and insignificance, no man of sense, and no honest man, can deny the justice of the Act of which so many will think themselves the victims.

I can well understand how the nominal possessor of broad acres, and an equally nominal rent-roll, will view the application of the new law in his own case, when he finds himself dispossessed of a property that has been perhaps for centuries in his family, and which has been handed down to him through generations of mismanagement and 'impecuniosity.' The more than princely hospitality which in many cases has marked the ownership for many long years, and which is so characteristic of the frank and open-handed nature of the Irish gentry, has, until now, been allowed to display itself to the ruin alike of the landlords themselves, and the tenantry under their sway. But the evil has reached a point calling loudly for authoritative intervention. What hope is there for the pauper tenantry of a beggared landlord? And what right has a man to an estate that is mortgaged, as in many cases, greatly beyond its value?

The soundness of the view which has led Peel to bring in this wise and equitable measure, was too patent to admit of any real opposition, and even the most rampart Irish members have felt that, though bound, by their calling as 'patriots'

and opponents of the Government, to rail at and denounce such a revolutionary change, they could not hope effectually to resist a measure, as conspicuous for its justice as its wisdom.

July.—Baron Rothschild has been returned for the City by a large majority over his opponent, Lord John Manners. This is a 'coup de théâtre,' and nothing more. I should be very glad if he were allowed to sit, but that of course is impossible, until the Legislature adopt a general measure abolishing the Jewish disabilities.

The idea is not a new one, but is of course an imitation of O'Connell's tactics in getting himself elected for Clare in 1828, before the Emancipation Act was passed. That was, however, a move of the greatest political significance, and one fraught with great consequences to Ireland, and to the Catholic body generally in the United Kingdom. The state of Ireland at the time—the excitement existing all over the country—O'Connell's extraordinary influence over seven millions of Catholics—the rumours of disaffection among the Catholic soldiers in the army—all combined to give to the election an importance which no prudent Government could ignore,—and we all know the result. Now the case is very different. The Rothschilds represent a very small community, with little or no influence but what their supposed wealth may give them, and if the country is led to open the doors of Parliament to them, it will not be because Baron Rothschild has been returned for a seat which he cannot take, but be-

cause the measure is called for in the interests of religious liberty, and because the time has come for removing distinctions and abolishing disabilities that are a disgrace to the Statute Book.

The Prince de Ligne said, '*L'on croit detester les juifs à cause de leur religion,—on se trompe, c'est à cause de leur figure.*' If the witty Belgian is right, it does not alter the case, and neither ground for personal dislike is a valid plea for political persecution.

I sincerely hope that the day is not far distant that will see Baron Rothschild in Parliament, and any other Jewish gentleman with a long purse, that has a taste for bad air and late hours.

December 3rd.—The excellent and estimable Queen Adelaide is dead. The event will not cause much excitement, except in Her Majesty's immediate *entourage*, and among those who benefited by her kindness and her private charities.

The rank of 'dowager' must be very trying even to royalty, as the fall from the reigning dignity is not only often sudden, but is of a nature to tax the philosophy and good sense of those who find themselves at once *nobody* after being *somebody*. In the present case, the income secured to Her Majesty was so liberal in amount, that all the forms and accessories of a Court could be preserved, but still the *prestige* was gone, and the position retained but little of its splendour, and next to nothing of its influence.

In most cases, among the higher aristocracy, the widowed mother of the reigning peer finds

the small Dower House, in some quiet country neighbourhood, but a sorry substitute for the hereditary Castle, over which she has perhaps presided for years with queenly dignity, and the modest income secured to her, and thrifty establishment to which she is reduced, seem to leave her, comparatively, but one remove from abject poverty. When, in addition, a *ci-devant* beauty, perhaps not long passed middle life, finds herself branded as a 'dowager,'—a designation that proclaims her connection with a past generation,—the struggles of departing youth and fading charms, against the rude advance of the arch enemy, become often as spasmodic as they are useless.

Some few of the noble ladies who find themselves in the false position in which their widowhood places them, have, I perceive, adopted, like the late Queen, the expedient of substituting their Christian name for the word 'dowager,' and call themselves 'Emily' Marchioness of *this*, and 'Louisa' Countess of *that*, to distinguish them from the ladies to whose claims they have been obliged to defer, but it will not do, and the ingenious expedient neither delays the progress of the relentless A.D. nor obviates the necessity of wearing a 'front,' and they would show more sense by accepting their position with a good grace.

By the death of the Queen, the Honourable W. Ashley and a host of others are unshipped, and lose their nice little palace snuggeries.

CHAPTER VII.

1850—1852.

Palmerston's impeachment and triumph—Death of Sir Robert Peel—Attack on General Heynau—Papal Agression—The Great Exhibition —Antwerp—Brussels—Frankfort—Homburg—Paris —Palmerston out of office—Death of Tom Moore—Niel's legacy of £250,000 to the Queen—Death of the Duke of Wellington.

1850. *June.*—Hurrah! Palmerston has passed most victoriously through the ordeal that a combination of personal jealousy and party spite prepared for him. After four nights' debate in the Commons, Roebuck's counter motion to the vote of censure passed in the House of Lords, has been carried by a majority of *forty-six.*

I confess, despite all my predilections, and my prejudices, if you will, I heartily rejoice that the miserable attempt to run him down has signally failed, and it will ever be a source of regret to me, that one whom I so revere, as I do Sir Robert Peel, should have lent himself to the dirty move. It is true that Peel's opposition to him has been, if uncompromising, straightforward and gentlemanlike. He said, 'I am proud of him—we are *all* proud of him,' and, even when he condemned his policy, he acknowledged and admired his

patriotism. It is the fashion to sneer at Palmerston, because he has held office in so many Ministries of different shades, but it is the parties that have modified their views, and not he who has turned his coat.

In early life, as 'Secretary at War,' he filled what was *then* only a comparatively unimportant office in a Tory Government, and the duties which he performed committed him to no extreme views or opinions. He has since risen to the higher offices of the State, and has now filled for many years the appointment, the duties of which call for the most unswerving patriotism, as well as the soundest judgment, for their discharge. I am a Conservative, Palmerston is a Liberal—at least, he holds office under a so-called Liberal Government, but I maintain that the very crimes laid at his door, if they be offences, are such as any *real* Conservative should condone. He is accused of meddling in the affairs of other countries, and of endangering our 'amicable relations' with other States by the haughty and overbearing tone of his correspondence.

Such charges are but the clap-traps of party declamation. What is it that makes him hated and feared by every European State? It is his fearless and uncompromising tone,—his bold and unmistakable assertion of England's wishes and resolves. We are assured that his flippant treatment of other Powers, and his arrogant interference, are for ever bringing us to the verge of war.

What of that? He knows well that in such matters the only sound theory of Government is, '*si vis pacem parabellum*,' and he is not to be frightened into a sneaking and pusillanimous policy by the fear of offending those whose views and schemes he believes to be opposed to England's best interests, and he relies on the spirit and patriotism of his countrymen to back him up in his determination to make England feared and respected, and, please God, he will not be disappointed. He may point triumphantly to the influence we exercise in every European question, and to the jealousy and dislike we inspire all over the Continent. They afford convincing proof of the soundness and patriotic tendency of his foreign policy.

I confess I pity Sir Robert Peel. Party obligations left him no alternative but to give his vote against the motion, but, in his heart of hearts, I feel convinced that he admires and approves of Palmerston, and recognises the fact that English interests and English dignity have never suffered in his hands.

Alick Cockburn made a splendid speech for the 'plaintiff,' and all that could be said against Palmerston was said with an eloquence and vivacity that were loudly and deservedly cheered by the Whigs, and at once established his claim upon the party when the cards are next shuffled.

July 3rd.—Death of Sir Robert Peel! I do not think public sympathy has ever been more deeply

or more feelingly manifested than on the occasion of the frightfully sudden and melancholy termination of his brilliant career.

He has been taken from us, if not in the plenitude of his power, in the vigour of his intellect, and at a moment when much was to be expected from the maturity of those views which, in his mind, had been gradually displacing the more narrow sympathies of his earlier years.

As far as a man's inward promptings can be estimated by his outward manifestations, he commenced life in religion a bigot, and in politics the advocate of all the antiquated abuses of the effete and obsolete Tory rule. His mind, however, was not one to shut out progress and ignore reason. I recollect, years ago, when I was young in years and younger still in knowledge and experience, hearing those who, as they thought, understood his character and appreciated his talents, lament the destiny which had made one possessing such claims on the admiration and confidence of his party, lead the van in intolerance, and set the example of that narrow-minded policy which he has of late years done so much to subvert and counteract. Few men have made such sacrifices as Peel,—few but himself would have had the pluck to stand forward, in spite of party predilections and personal antecedents, and avow their conversion to the principles against which all their energies and efforts had been for years directed. His timely concession in reference to the Catholic aims, and his more recent recantation of his

opinions on Free Trade, mark epochs in his career that, in spite of the clamour of the hour, which in both cases would have overwhelmed a weaker man, will render his name famous in history, as well for the judgment he evinced as for the courage he displayed in braving the taunts of his friends as well as his enemies.

History and posterity will do him justice, for every day will but more clearly confirm the policy with which his name will be inseparably identified. The man who was the main instrument in passing the Emancipation Act, who opened our ports and freed our commerce, and who originated that statesmanlike cure for Ireland's rottenness, the Encumbered Estates Court Bill, will have justice done him hereafter, despite the records of anti-popery revilings, the ravings of the bankrupt landlords of Ireland, and the anathemas of his own disappointed followers. *Requiescat in pace.*

September 6th.—It is the fashion amongst us in England to speak with much self-laudation of the right-minded and generous impulses which are supposed to guide the 'British public' in its manifestations, whether of enthusiasm or indignation. We hear it often remarked that mobs may be noisy, but that they are generally discriminating, and that they usually take the side of the weak and the injured, and show their horror of injustice and oppression.

I think the melancholy and discreditable exhibition which has just been made at the brewery of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins and Co., by those who

sought to brain the unfortunate Austrian, General Heynau, should stop the mouths of the self-satisfied Britons, who go about the world boasting of English good feeling and sense of justice. I cannot imagine a more dastardly proceeding than the cowardly attack by a crowd of London draymen on a foreigner who appeared among them unarmed and unprotected,—an attack as opposed to the laws of hospitality as it was to the English love of fair-play.

Of course, if among the many civilising customs and refined habits, for which we are indebted to our transatlantic friends, the practice of 'Lynch Law' is to be introduced among us, there is nothing to be said; but up to this time the *English* rule has been to condemn no man unheard, and not to allow one man to be set upon by numbers, against whom he can have no chance. All our established rules have been in this case disregarded, and all our better feelings ignored. General Heynau had been charged by the Hungarian rebels with conduct that, if proved, merits the most condign punishment. The charge is, however, emphatically denied, not only by himself, but by his countrymen generally, and by the Austrian Government.

Who is to judge between accuser and accused? Most assuredly not Messrs. Barclay's draymen. Had they, acting with creditable motive, contented themselves with manifesting their disapproval audibly, though the good taste of the proceeding towards a foreign visitor might have been ques-

tioned by some, the generous and right-minded impulse would have been their excuse. But a band of ruffians proceeded to acts of outrageous personal violence, against an unarmed stranger, whose guilt they *assumed*, and he was only rescued from their brutality with the greatest difficulty, and after experiencing personal injury at their hands. Such conduct will have left a stain on the character of the London public in the eyes of the entire civilized world.

November 1st.—How sick one is of the 'Papal aggression.' Nothing else talked of—nothing else thought of. If the object of Lord John in writing the now famed 'Durham letter,' was to rouse again all the bigotry and intolerance of the former days, against which, when in his vigour, he used to inveigh,—he has succeeded to admiration. I should think, like Frankenstein, he must feel a little frightened at the hideous monster he has raised.

After striving all his life to be considered not only the apostle of civil and religious liberty, but the firm friend of the Catholics, he comes forward to throw his stone at the Pope, and to lead the van in a manifestation that bids fair to throw back the country a century in its feelings and prejudices.* His motives none can divine, unless

* In confirmation of the above, I may mention a fact which at the time I omitted to record. I heard the late Lord Denman state at my father's table that the commotion produced by His Holiness had the effect of retarding the well-deserved promotion of my distinguished kinsman, Mr. Serjeant Shee, to the *Bench*. He was at the time well-known to have the first claim to the advancement which he

it be a restless desire to be doing something which will bring him once more before the public, and give his failing popularity a lift. To do this he has not hesitated to stir up all the bad passions which a hundred years ago would have found vent in massacres and persecutions, but which in the present day, fortunately, only assume the mitigated form of religious animosity and sectarian hate. But for him and his mock indignation, the foolish manifestation in which, at the instigation of Cardinal Wiseman, the Pope had indulged in, would have passed unnoticed. What does it matter what the Catholic bishops call themselves in England, being, as they are, as devoid of all ecclesiastical authority (except the Catholics under their sway) as they are of revenues? The English Catholics were perfectly content, up to the present time, with their episcopate, and whether their cardinal was a bishop 'in partibus' or described himself as the diocesan of a non-existent see, did not matter to them. The authority of the Catholic Church is not to be trifled with, and does not depend on names, and the 'pastorals' of the various 'vicars apostolic,' countersigned with the jaw-breaking designations under which they exercised previously their episcopal functions, were quite as effective in securing the respect and obedience of 'the faithful,' as if they had borne

subsequently received, but which the excitement got up by Lord John Russell rendered his obtaining (being a Roman Catholic) *impossible*. When his claims were later conceded, he became the *first Catholic judge since the Reformation!*

the signatures of 'Cantuar,' 'Ebor,' or 'London.'

The step was very ill-advised on the part of His Holiness, but he, doubtless, only acted on the suggestion of those who should have known better than to excite the fears and sensibilities of the English nation, ever easily roused in matters of religion, and especially in reference to the much-dreaded encroachments of 'Popery.'

The whole affair will, however, be a nine days' wonder, and will die out as soon as it is seen what a 'brutum fulmen' the Pope has hurled—of no avail in advancing Catholic interest, and utterly innocuous as against the Established Church! Had Lord John kept quiet, no harm would have been done. Such *ganaches* as Drummond and Sibthorpe, *et hoc genus omne*, would have had their fling in the House against the Pope and Jesuits, and their maundering would have had its usual effect of exciting laughter,—but when a man like 'the great apostle of religious liberty' comes forward to head a crusade against Catholicity, and frighten the isle 'out of its propriety,' many who would otherwise have looked at the matter, in its true light, think it necessary to join in the ridiculous clamour.

June 20*th*, 1851.—A man who keeps a journal must recollect that he is writing, in a measure, for posterity, as he cannot be sure that his jottings may not some day see the light. It consequently behoves him to be careful not to compromise himself by saying, or admitting, anything calculated to damage him in the estimation of those who

come after him. It is therefore with some little hesitation that I venture to put on record, at this period of excitement, that I am heartily sick of the 'Great Exhibition.' Granted, it was a splendid idea that does great credit to the Prince, but it is yet to be proved that it will have the effect desired or contemplated, that of giving a stimulus to manufactures throughout the world, and of so promoting the arts of civilization, and of exciting rivalry in regard to them among the nations of the earth, as to produce a feeling of 'peace and fraternity,'—a sort of 'all hands round,' which shall avert the possibility of people cutting each other's throats and calling it 'war.' The three scourges of the earth are to be reduced henceforth to two, and even pestilence and famine cannot fail to be much mitigated, if the idea of the 'Great Exhibition' is only carried out in its integrity. Let us hope so; but meanwhile Hyde Park is very much cut up, and London is unbearable. Cousins and uncles and aunts, and other collaterals, who were content to potter away their lives at Torquay, or bask in the sunshine of Grand Ducal favour in some German town, consider that their loyalty and patriotism would be questioned if they did not visit London to see the great show, and, as a necessary consequence, they seek, for their own convenience, to revive all the obsolete sympathies of their childhood, and recall all the memories of nearly forgotten relationship, till family affection has become a 'drug,' and one is in danger of being hugged by an aunt or

embraced by a sister-in-law at every corner.

I am not going, like Sir Charles Coldstream in the clever farce of 'Used Up,' to pooh-pooh the building, and declare there is 'nothing in it;' but still, even there, I am less carried away by my enthusiasm than my friend the public. It is a very beautiful and very elegant structure, undoubtedly, but, as a whole, it is too much like a bazaar. I do not mean to say that its glories pale before those of 'Soho' or the 'Pantheon,' but those establishments have the merit of being the originals. It is brilliant, and exciting, and bewildering, and you see all sorts of things that you never saw before, and a great many things you do not care to see again. The mirrors are splendid, and reflect one in every possible point of view. The jewelry department is Hancock, Howell and James, and Storr and Mortimer, doubled up together, and makes your mouth water. The furniture display—offering, as it does, every possible facility for luxurious ease, and temptation to elaborate repose—sends you home discontented with your own arm-chair. The scientific inventions excite your wonder, on the principle that '*omne ignotum pro magnifico est*,' and the fountains disappoint your expectations, because you have seen Versailles!

In short, give me back the Hyde Park of my youth, free from the Goths and Vandals; send back the country cousins to the rural districts, or the banks of the Rhine; restrict the foreign element once more within the limits of Leicester

Square and the Quadrant; and leave me my quiet canter on the turf, and my potter down the 'Row.'

I must not, however, forget in my excitement that he who is the originator of all the turmoil and confusion, and whose 'bright idea' has done so much to ruin the season of 1851 and embitter the lives of the upper classes, is the husband of my Sovereign!

August 20th. Antwerp.—I took a sudden resolve to cross the Channel. It was a toss-up whether I came to Antwerp or went to the Rhine; but the desire to see again the Rubens collection brought me here.

The voyage was much as usual. I held my own pretty well among a crowd of miserable wretches, who, having embarked in search of pleasure and amusement, found 'there are thorns that lurk under the rose.'

I made an attempt yesterday to see the 'Descent from the Cross,' but it is undergoing some process of cleansing, or varnishing, or lining, which has caused it to be removed from its usual place of repose. I have been three times here, and only once have I been able to see the picture. The authorities connected with the cathedral, and entrusted with the safe guardianship of the great *chef d'œuvre* of Rubens, are more fortunate than the trustees of our National Gallery, and evidently have not the fear of any pseudo connoisseur before their eyes, but can have the pictures cleaned when required, without

being liable to parliamentary interference, or being bothered by the braying of bad painters and gentlemen of taste, who like to see their names in print.

September 8th. Brussels.—Once again I find myself in this dear little Brummagem Paris, but as I know every stone in the place I shall not stay long.

I went last night *faute de mieux* to St. Gudule, to hear a celebrated preacher, one Père Delcour, a Jesuit. The church was crowded to suffocation, and the reverend preacher is said to have surpassed himself. He contrived to delight and edify his hearers to such a degree, that he fixed their attention for an hour and twenty minutes! The effect on myself was such as to make me oblivious of the strong antipathy I have to long sermons, and especially to *extempore* appeals. As regards the former, whenever they exceed the conventional half-hour, I long for the practice adopted at one of the churches at Lisbon (that of the 'Conception,' I think,) where, General Olliviera tells me, when the hand of the clock reaches the point which completes the period recognised as the proper limit of the discourse, the organ and choir strike up the 'Credo,' in total disregard of the reverend lecturer, whose voice is soon drowned in the music of one of Mozart's masses.

As to my objections to *extempore* preaching, they are shared, I believe, by the bench of Bishops. The fact is, that to preach without a

book, a man must have either a wonderful memory, or a still more wonderful power of expressing himself on the inspiration of the moment. In the one case, the address loses much of its fervency in the effort to control the memory; in the other, it is seldom or never satisfactory as regards grammatical precision or logical accuracy. I cannot help listening critically to a sermon, and when I find a man with no notes before him, indulging in high-flown metaphors, flowers of rhetoric, or long-winded sentences, I sit on thorns till he is safely landed, with his parts of speech in their integrity, and his relatives and antecedents beyond suspicion.

Père Delcour, however, did not justify any anxiety on his account, for he delivered himself with an eloquence that left nothing to be wished. Whether he spoke from the heart or the head, I know not.

There is nothing particular to be done at Brussels by a man staying only a few days. After 'doing the civil' to Her Majesty's Minister, which of course is *de rigueur*, and dining with him, *if he asks you*,—a contingency somewhat problematical, owing to the well-known frugal and abstemious character of his lordship's hospitalities,—one has only to buy some lace and be off. I have not invested any capital in lace, however, and shall therefore be able to look Her Majesty's custom-house officers in the face when I land at Dover. The morality of the public in such matters is, it appears to me, a little inconsistent. A man who, in private life, would scorn a lie, and shrink from

an evasion, and who is the 'soul of honour' in every social transaction, will break the laws, and *do* the Revenue, with perfect *sang-froid*, and chuckle at his success.

When asked at Dover if he has 'anything to declare,' he says 'no,' with matchless effrontery, while conscious that his pockets are stuffed with Brussels lace, segars, and French gloves, and that he has a Tauchnitz edition of Dickens' last, in his hat. I am sorry to say that this crime of petty smuggling does not, as far as it appears, entail remorse, nor is it followed by restitution to the plundered exchequer. Not so with taxes. Who does not daily read the Chancellor of the Exchequer's acknowledgment of the *half* of a five-pound note, which some poor wretch with a fit of the gout, or dyspepsia, is continually sending to make up for short returns of Income Tax? Who does not think, as he reads the announcement, what a splendid specimen of a conscientious Christian and repentant sinner A. B., or C. D. must be? But when does one see the receipt acknowledged of unpaid duty on smuggled finery? I am aware that the gentleman whose penitence is advertised in the *Times*, is looked on by the general public as a *lusus naturæ*, or is supposed to be suffering, for reasons of his own, from a dreadful smell of brimstone, but he is no worse than his neighbours. Whether you cheat the Commissioners of Income Tax, of Customs, or of Excise, matters not, except in the degree, it is still a fraud, and the *élégant* who

walks on shore at Folkestone with his pockets full of contraband *articles de luxe*, is, in law, just as great a rascal, as the poor devil who, under the shadow of night, 'runs' a keg of brandy off Shoreham, and who, as he is incurring not only heavy penalties, but great personal danger, is by far the finest fellow of the two.

September 12th. Frankfort.—The route from Brussels hither, has not afforded much scope either for passing comment, or intelligent disquisition. What I saw on the way, everyone travelling the same route (and their name is legion) also has seen. Most of them have, no doubt, taken notes of their daily experiences, and each night, before going to bed, have jotted down their thoughts, feelings, and opinions,—some for the edification of wives or mothers on their return —others in the hope of tempting the energetic Colburn, or the enterprising Bentley, to assist them in affording the British public the opportunity of appreciating their keen powers of observation, or their racy style of narration. It will not do, however. The astute Henry, and the far-seeing Richard, know full well that journals of cockney experiences in a beaten track will not pay. Who cares what Mr. Jones or his fat wife thinks of the Munich or Dresden galleries, or feels any interest in the first impressions of continental travel received by a member of a highly respectable banking firm, during his six weeks' release from his Lombard Street labours? Thanks to the pattern bibliopolist of Albemarle Street, all

the small fry of travellers are regularly 'snuffed out,' and nobody need attempt now to write a book of travels, unless he has been where nobody ever was before, or has been disporting himself in latitudes, the fact of his having returned alive from which, is alone sufficient to constitute him a *lion.*

Doctors Livingstone and Wolff, and Mr. Davidson, have it all their own way, and the hero of a six weeks' tour within the haunts of civilization, or of an autumn spent in any locality to which the ordinary facilities of locomotion enable a man to penetrate, may just as well send his MSS. at once to the butterman or the trunk-maker, for he may rest assured that anything he has got to tell has been long since anticipated, and much better told, in his 'Murray.'

The worst characteristics of the ordinary book of travel, are the conceit in which they originate, and the errors they promulgate.

We find a gentleman, imbued—like all Englishmen—with the conviction of the superiority of everything English over everything to be met with abroad, start on his continental rambles. He allows himself a certain number of weeks, or months, to *do* each of the capitals he visits, and, having brought to bear on his inquiries and researches, (as he thinks) much discernment and knowledge of the world, he does not hesitate to form his judgment on the superficial *data* which he has been able to collect.

If it be true, sometimes, that 'he who runs may

read,' it is *not* true that 'he who runs may write,' for more injustice has been done, more prejudice fostered, and more nonsense written, by these rapid and flippant tourists, than by any other class of scribblers. The desire to see themselves in print, leads them to publish their ill-digested chronicles, and the too-confiding public is the sufferer. With an audacity that is really incredible, you find a man, who has tarried only a few months in a foreign land, attempting to depict the character of the nation, and discussing the life, manners, and behaviour of those whom the limited duration of his stay, and the restricted nature of his opportunities, preclude the possibility of his really knowing or appreciating. Much bad feeling has been engendered abroad by these 'intelligent travellers,' and the misrepresentation which, either their prejudice or their ignorance, or both, have led them to make.

Not a few also have been made the victims of an excusable inclination on the part of the natives to *cram* those whom they see open-mouthed to swallow, and eager to bring up again, anything that may appear improbable or discreditable. We, ourselves, have before now been calumniated by flippant impertinence, and should hesitate ere we encourage this class of writers, for I will not call them 'authors.' Prince Puckler Musqua, after a few months' residence among us, in the veracious book which he wrote on his return to his country, described 'cock-fighting' as the chief pastime of the younger members of our aristocracy, and

another high-born recipient of our hospitality has lately gravely assured his countrymen in France, that English ladies have always a 'bottle of rum' secreted in their bed-rooms for private consumption. Both these worthies would be properly rewarded by a ducking at the nearest pump, should they re-appear among those whom they calumniate; and many of our own countrymen have exhibited equal credulity, and no less mendacity, in reference to those among whom they sojourned.

As I have seen the 'Ariadne' and the 'Jews' Quarter,' the only lions of Frankfort, I am off again.

September 15*th.* Homburg.—I could not be so near this Pandemonium, without looking in to see how His Satanic Majesty gets on. Of all the continental 'hells,' this is, I believe, the most *infernal.* It is the only one *qui fait rouler ménage*, the whole year. Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, and Aix la Chapelle, are all season places, and the gaming-tables are frequented only from May 1st to October 30th, but in this favoured spot the same innocent pastime is continued throughout the year. Hence the society in winter, I am told, is not particularly select, as all the blackguards and blacklegs, spread over the continent in the summer, collect here, as the only field for the indulgence of their little weakness. I do not play, so I walk about the rooms, studying human nature,—that is, watching the various phases, and faces, in which the passions display themselves,—taking the form of greed, suspense, hope, despair, and all the

other little manifestations of excitement into which the interest of the game betrays those sitting at the 'board of green cloth!' There is the same collection of eager, sickly faces that one sees at all these places, interspersed here and there with that of the regular business-like votary of the gaming-table, who sits always in one spot, with a face so immovable, that he hardly seems to wink, pricking his card, and putting down his rouleaux with *sang-froid* and indifference, whatever he may feel. There is also some fat Russian Princess, who is said to win or lose largely, regarding whose social position and antecedents, as well as her gains and losses, some fabulous stories are generally current in the rooms; and there is a host of the ordinary run of frequenters, whose bright eyes and flushed cheeks attest the interest they take in the game, and foreshadow the inevitable fate which awaits them. Amongst the most assiduous of the throng here is a young English Earl, who, I am told, the other night lost five thousand pounds. I wonder where he got it to stake, for his lordship is well-known, at home, to have no ready cash to spare for such 'sporting risks.' Not being a *mauvaise langue*, I will not record his name. I hope his lordship will, as he gets older, get wiser.

I saw a little incident that struck me, as it evidenced the fact that even croupiers at a gaming-table,—individuals whom, in the abstract, one sets down as the most debased and degraded of their species,—are not always devoid of creditable feelings.

A young English lad, not apparently more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, having the attributes of gentle birth, approached the table with the look of modesty and nervousness which attested how utterly unused he was to find himself in such a scene. He stood for some few minutes behind the croupier's chair, twirling in his fingers a thaler, and apparently screwing up his courage to stake it, until at last, with a desperate effort, he leaned over, and placed the money, with a trembling hand, upon the cloth. There was nothing in the action to attract attention, but the practised eye of the croupier, as he cried out: 'Faites votre jeu, messieurs,—le jeu est fait,' detected something unusual about the slender and tremulous fingers, as they deposited the coin, and he turned round to see what the player was like. As soon as he saw the almost infantine appearance of the precocious young gamester, he took up the thaler and returned it to him, saying: 'Reprenez votre argent, monsieur, vous êtes trop jeune.' The young fellow blushed up to the roots of his hair at such a public denial of his responsibility, and exposure of the little financial speculation in which he proposed to invest his pocket-money, and withdrew with every appearance of discomfiture and mortification. Poor lad! it may have been a useful lesson, if it led him to defer, for a year or two, his *coup d'essai* at the gaming-table.

September 30th. Paris.—Once more in dear, delightful, dissipated Paris. How refreshing it

is to breathe its atmosphere, when coming from Belgian or German towns.

The lightness of the French character makes itself at once felt, and shows itself in every trifle. The greater *légereté* of the populace is displayed in everything, and one rejoices at one's escape from the heavy 'flamant' and the stolid 'Deutcher,' and at being once more among those, who, if they have not the steadiness of the former, or the stolidity of the latter, are much better company than either. The very '*cré mon de Dieu*' of the *cocher de fiacre* which greets you as you drive along, contrasts favourably with the less pious blasphemy of the driver of a vigilante, or a droschke.

This is the season at which Paris has for me few attractions. It is full of travelling English, and but few of the *habitués* are to be found. You, therefore, do *not* meet any of your own set, and you very likely *do* meet your tailor or your bootmaker as you lounge along the Boulevards,—a meeting that may be pleasant or otherwise, according to circumstances!

December 6th.—The '*coup d'état*' has taken us all by surprise, and Louis Napoleon has astonished his friends, and defeated his enemies, in a way that says a great deal for his talent and very little for his good faith.

Well may they say in France that '*il n'y a de certain que l'inprévu*,' for assuredly one ought never to be surprised at anything that occurs among our pleasant and volatile neighbours. At

the same time, I think that the march of events during the last three years has surely presaged what was likely to follow.

The nation placed Louis Napoleon at their head, and in so doing should have been prepared for what has ensued. He is the representative of Napoleonic ideas *only*. If he be not *that*, he is nothing, and 'jolly green' must that man have been that believed for a moment, that he would father the Republic, or promote, as the Chief of the State, the formation or consolidation of a constitutional form of Government. It is true he took an oath as President of the Republic, but (to paraphrase Benedick's logic) he 'did not then expect to live to be the Chief of a Despotism.' He considered, I suppose, that there are two parties to a bargain, and as he had good reason to know, that those whom he swore to serve with fidelity were bent on his ruin, and plotting his downfall, he considered that he was justified in doing what was not only necessary for his personal safety, but what would protect the country from a long course of anarchy and confusion. The plea, if not justifiable, is plausible, and the best excuse for the step he took is, its success.

If the French, as a nation, had really wished for the continuance of the Republican farce, the '*coup d'état*' *would* not, and *could* not have succeeded. Of course, the measures he took were strong, and to us, who live under a constitutional Government, they seem inexcusable; but, if one can only get over the trifle of perjury involved

in his subversion of a system of Government which he had sworn to maintain, I think it is quite a question whether he did not take the course which was best for the interests of the country. A Republic composed of Legitimists, Orleanists, Buonapartists, and Democrats, was simply an impossibility, and the result has shown that, in believing that the majority of the population was with him, he read aright the feeling of the masses. What he has done, he has done with matchless audacity, and he has achieved his object in a manner denoting as much courage as genius.

But it is idle to suppose that he could maintain himself in the position which he has seized for a week, unless he had with him the sympathies of the populace. A man may, like Masaniello, jump into power by a combination of audacity and fortuitous circumstances, but his tenure of that power would not continue long after the public mind was aroused, unless he represented the wishes and opinions of those who in number and influence were sufficient to support him.

Those who detest him, and disapprove alike his acts and his objects may, as they do, abuse him 'up hill and down dale,' but he is not the less the despotic head of the French nation, 'by the Grace of God and the will of the people!'

December.—Much excitement. Lord Palmerston has got the 'sack,' and is out of office! There is nothing as yet but rumour, as to the cause of his sudden resignation, or rather his dismissal. It

is supposed to be the fact of his having demi-officially recognised the success of the '*coup d'état*' in France. Some go so far as to say that he wrote a letter to Louis Napoleon, congratulating him on his success. However that may be, there is no doubt that Lord John has summarily dismissed him, and that he is no longer Foreign Secretary. I suppose the real version of the story will come out in Parliament, and we shall know what the crime is, which accounts for, and will excuse, such sharp practice on the part of the Prime Minister.

Palmerston is not a man likely to be guilty of any act of which he would not be able to give a specious and plausible explanation. I would willingly back him against all the Lord Johns in the world, and I suspect the Premier will find that the public will demand a very full and satisfactory history of the circumstances justifying the removal of so able and popular a statesman from the office of Secretary for Foreign Affairs, which he has held so long, to the satisfaction of the country, and the discomfiture of foreign Governments.

Au reste, I suspect that Lord Palmerston will feel very queer '*out in the cold*,' and, though he is one of the pleasantest and best-tempered men in the world, I should be sorry to be in Lord John's position, and exposed to the reprisals which his discourteous conduct will infallibly provoke. We all know Palmerston *in* office—*out* of office, and with a grievance, I rather think

he will be an 'ugly customer' to a tottering Ministry.

1852. *February 26th.*—Tom Moore is gone from among us, and England may well weep the loss of one of her greatest sons. I say England, although Moore was an Irishman, because, though an Irishman myself, I consider that no one portion of the British dominions should monopolise the credit which the nation at large derives from his name and his talents, or be entitled, exclusively, to pride itself on his origin or his career. Wellington and Palmerston are Irishmen, and as the former will go down to posterity as the greatest British general that ever lived, and the latter as one of the most popular and successful of England's statesmen, so the name of Moore will live as that of one of the greatest of England's poets of the nineteenth century.

Moore's early career is somewhat shaded by the literary indiscretions of his youth, and his name is unfortunately associated with publications that did him no credit. He early saw the error of his way, however, and the poems which subsequently made his reputation, and those which sustained it, must for ever place him high among the poets of his country and his age.

I know there has been growing up in England a sect, or clique, who decry his claims, and would prefer to his, the maudlin minstrelsy of the day so popular with 'Young England,' male and female; but as these modern critics place Tennyson *before* Pope, and Browning *before* Byron, the

admirers of Moore may be content to disregard an unfavourable judgment which he shares with England's most illustrious bards.

The versatility of Moore's genius was unprecedented. Whether in the lofty vein of an epic poem —the tender tone of a love-story—or the sparkling epigram of a political satire, the same brilliancy of thought pervades all he wrote, and there is no temperament that may not, in his writings, find scope for its feelings and its sympathies. Born at an epoch when, in England, to be an Irishman was an obstacle to *any* career, and in Ireland to be a Roman Catholic was a *blight*, he passed through his youth and manhood without truckling to authority, or swerving from the principles and the faith in which he was educated.

All his political writings attest the zeal with which he adhered to the party which had his sympathies, and, though he never took an active part in politics (considering such a course, as he often said, foreign to his pursuits), he was ever a thorn in the side of the Tory and Anti-Catholic party, by employing against them the shafts of ridicule, which he wielded with such power and effect.

His fealty to the great Liberal party was fostered by the friendship displayed towards him by some of its most distinguished members. He was ever a welcome guest at Holland House, and the generous sympathy of the Marquis of Lansdowne, shown to him in a dark hour, when suffering from his misplaced confidence in another, was ever readily and gratefully acknowledged by the poet.

September.—An eccentric individual by the name of Nield has just died, and left all his property, amounting to about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to the Queen!

This *sterling* proof of loyalty is no doubt very gratifying to Her Majesty, but it excites little admiration on the part of the general public, who think the donor a ridiculous old sycophant, craving for posthumous notoriety. For my own part, I confess that such instances of foolish ostentation neither excite my admiration nor my sympathy. I have very little doubt that, as is frequently found to be the case with the pious and charitable testators whose names we constantly read in the papers as benefactors to a long list of hospitals and Church Extension Societies, it would be discovered by anyone taking the trouble to inquire, that the old booby has left some near relations in needy circumstances, who would have hailed the reversion of his wealth as a blessing, and a means of securing for them happiness and comfort. But people like the testator think only of the *post-mortem* glory with which they hope to surround their unknown names, and kith and kin may pine in poverty, so that the charity paraded before the world when they are gone, may secure for them in death a degree of respect which, in life, they failed by any act or deed to command or deserve.

It appears to me that such people put a somewhat too literal and £ *s. d.* interpretation on the comforting scripture assurance of the efficacy of 'Charity,'—one that differs widely from the defi-

nition given by St. Paul, who probably had not in his mind donations to the 'Bible Society,' or the 'Protestant Alliance,' when urging on us the exercise of the charity which 'covereth a multitude of sins.'

September 15th.—The death of the 'Iron Duke' is an event that cannot be passed over *sub silentio.* At the same time, no passing comment on the career of such a man can be of any value, as the present generation are fully conversant with all the main incidents of his public life, and those who may read my rambling comments hereafter will have had no lack of chronicles setting forth his character and behaviour, in the many histories and annals of which he will during the next dozen years be the subject.

He is emphatically and literally the 'hero of a hundred fights,' but the battle of Assaye in 1803, the battle of Waterloo in 1815, and his equally great moral victory over his own intolerance and religious animosities in 1829, when he advocated and succeeded as Prime Minister in carrying the Catholic Relief Bill, will alone secure him an undying fame.

The lesser triumphs and successes which fill up the measure of his unequalled career, whether military or political, afford a record of services unsurpassed by those of any man of ancient or modern times as a warrior and a statesman.

He has been nicknamed the 'Iron Duke,'—why, I never could clearly comprehend. If it be from the firmness with which he imposed his iron rule

on the Army, and enforced that discipline on service which he well knew is the *sine quâ non* of military success, then the designation is anything but disparaging. But if it was conferred as typical of harshness or want of feeling in his relations with those under his command, its injustice is amply proved by the dispatches which Colonel Gurwood has published, in which there is abundant evidence that, however rigid and unbending may have been the Commander-in-Chief, the *man* was not wanting in kindness and consideration, when individual instances of incapacity and even misconduct were brought to his notice, but which the successes gained might give him an excuse for overlooking.

CHAPTER VIII.

1853—1855.

General Sir Charles Napier—Review of the Baltic Fleet at Spithead by the Queen—Declaration of War with Russia—'Day of Humiliation'—Inkermann—Defeat of the Government over Mr. Roebuck's Motion—Death of 'Joe Hume'—My Birthday—Death of Samuel Rogers.

1853. *August* 31*st.*—Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, is dead. His character is much open to discussion, and has been variously judged and estimated. He was a compound of talent, courage, military skill, impetuosity, and bumptiousness. He belonged to a very clever and distinguished family, all the members of which are soldiers or sailors, all successful in their profession, and all conspicuous for the very high opinion they entertain of themselves, and each other.

Sir Charles's career in India will be memorable for his having been the main instrument in carrying out the very questionable policy which led to the annexation of Scinde. I must, however, take care what I say, or I shall have Sir William Napier down on me, if he should get an inkling of my having presumed, even in the

privacy of my own journal, to question his brother's acts or his judgment.

He published what he intended to be a defence of Sir Charles's proceedings in Scinde, but what is really a coarse and ill-judged attack on the East India Company,—violent, vituperative, and in very bad taste. He had reason to regret his over-zeal, and so had his brother, for when the Government thought proper to appoint Sir Charles, in 1849, Commander-in-Chief in India, against the wish of the Court of Directors, who disliked the man, disapproved of his acts, and mistrusted his judgment, the latter refused to nominate him to the seat in council which the Commander-in-Chief generally fills, the emoluments of which constitute the larger proportion of the pecuniary allowances of the appointment. He did not hold the office long, and resigned in 1850, and came home in dudgeon. It is said that he was much disgusted that he was not made a peer.

The clever and impetuous historian of the Peninsular War would have done much better to let his gallant brother fight his own battles, not only on the field, but in the council; but by his ill-advised and arrogant onslaught on the East India Company, who had much in their power, he turned the Court of Directors into personal enemies, and utterly marred the subsequent career of one whose interests he had so much at heart, and of whom he felt so justly proud.

'Save me from my *friends*, and I'll take care of my *enemies*.'

1854. *March* 12*th*.—I think we 'Britishers' have good reason to be proud of yesterday's display. The Queen reviewed the Baltic fleet, under Admiral Napier's command, at Spithead. It must have been a splendid sight, and I can imagine the feelings of pride and consciousness of power, with which Her Majesty must have led those noble ships out to sea, as she did in her yacht the *Fairy*.

Old Napier* talked very big the other day at the farewell dinner given to him; but I confess I have my misgivings regarding him. Not that I doubt his courage or his skill. Both are long since proved, and are above suspicion. But he has passed the age at which *dash* and *daring* are the characteristics of a man's career, and he has, it is well known, during the 'piping time of peace,' contracted habits little calculated to brace either his frame or his nerves to meet the hardships and dangers in store for him.

My friend P——, R.N., who has nothing but kind and cordial feeling towards the admiral, with whom he served in the Portuguese War of Succession (when both were for a time removed from the Royal Navy), tells me that, when Napier commanded at Portsmouth a short time ago, he was *generally carried on board the flag-ship*, when he had been the object of any exceptional amount of hospitality on shore. Such being the case, I doubt whether a younger man would not have

Admiral Sir Charles.

been better calculated to maintain the honour and secure the successes of the British Navy than an 'old salt' with splendid antecedents and traditions, but lacking the *élan* of youth, and in a measure dilapidated by a long career of public services and private indiscretions. But, nevertheless, the brave old boy is pretty sure neither to compromise the honour of his country nor his own professional character, and will, I daresay, fully justify his selection.

March 29th.—At last war has been declared against Russia. No reasonable man can rejoice at such a circumstance, when the consequences which war brings in its train are considered. I do not speak of the enhanced prices, or the increased taxation, which loom in the distance, but of the private misery which it entails,—the sufferings and privations of our troops, and the anxieties and griefs of those at home, whose dearest relatives leave them, too often, never to return.

Such thoughts at such a moment are, however, selfish, and English feeling is made subservient to English pride and sense of duty. There are few countries, I venture to think, where the ties of near relationship are closer or firmer than in England, or where, generally speaking, the members of a domestic circle are more affectionately united; yet fond fathers and doting mothers, one and all, waive their claims on those whose duty it is to respond to the call of their country in the hour of difficulty.

Mr. Bright may descant, in eloquent periods,

on the iniquity and impolicy of war; Mr. Pease may urge its immorality; Mr. Sturge, and his Quaker friends, may strive to 'talk over' the Emperor of Russia, but no considerations—political, financial, religious, or social—will weigh with the great body of Englishmen—ay, or Englishwomen either,—against the notion that the national interests, and the national honour, demand that we should draw the sword.

The 'peace at any price' party may 'shut up.' The idea pervades all classes that we must punish the arrogance and check the encroachments of Russia, and hence the declaration of war. Poor Lord Aberdeen seems crushed by the weight of his responsibility, but if he lacks the firmness and decision required of a great Minister at such a crisis, he will have to make way for some one more competent to guide our councils, and direct our actions. War is at our door, and hesitation or indecision is no longer excusable. Fight we must, and 'May God defend the right.'

April 27th.—Day of Humiliation! Sackcloth and ashes are the order of the day, and we are all supposed to have propitiated a merciful Providence, by our attenuated luncheons and dinners yesterday.

I have no desire to laugh at religious feeling, or pooh-pooh the efficacy of prayer and humiliation, but I like consistency. It is the habit of all good English Protestants to ridicule the Roman Catholic practice of fasting and abstaining. If

you meet in Society a Roman Catholic on a Friday, who refuses to eat meat, you shrug your shoulders, and think what a poor goose he is for his pains; and, with the exception of a small clique of extreme High Churchmen, you will seldom find anyone, among the clergy even, who ever thinks of modifying his enjoyment of the good things of this life on a Friday in Advent or Lent, although enjoined to do so in his Prayer-Book. And yet on Good Friday all are supposed to fast, by the ordinance of the Church,—which injunction, be it said, is generally interpreted to mean that you should have an extra *entrée* of salt fish at your *meat* dinner. Now, when one finds a point of Church discipline so glaringly evaded, or so systematically ignored, it is fair to suppose that the efficacy of such mortification and humiliation, judged from a Protestant point of view, is disputed, if not actually denied. And yet the practice we jeer at in others is invariably adopted by us in England, at any moment of public misfortune or disaster. If it is good to humiliate ourselves by prayer and fasting when war, pestilence, or famine oppresses the land, *â fortiori*, those who habitually employ the same rigorous mode of mortifying the flesh, and humbling themselves for their personal and private shortcomings, are certainly not deserving of ribald jests at their supposed parade of piety and penance.

'*Soyez logique avant tout*,'—if we concede the principle, do not let us carp at the practice.

November.—News has just been received of the

battle of Inkermann, a victory achieved by our troops, aided by the French, over forty thousand Russians. We are stated to have been only eight thousand strong, and to have borne the brunt of the battle for six hours, until supported by six thousand French troops who came to our aid, when, together, we utterly routed the Russians, who lost nine thousand killed and wounded.

I have not indulged, in my journal, in many lucubrations regarding the war, for the simple reason that *cela traine en longueur*, and that, until this success, there has not been anything very striking to record since the battle of the 'Alma,' on the 20th September. That stands out pre-eminent, and no subsequent affair is likely to throw it into the shade. It certainly was a splendid beginning, and when one reflects that the force employed was composed mainly of the Guards, one has every reason to feel proud of the way in which the aristocratic corps showed up on the occasion.

I have no wish, God knows, to disparage the Liners. All did their duty equally well, but it is a habit with a few advanced liberals of the day, to throw dirt at the Household troops, and to insinuate that they are only kept for show. How unjust this is has often been proved before, but a lull of forty years in all warlike proceedings, renders the many gallant deeds of the Guards matter of remote history, and facilitates the display of democratic twaddle on the part of those who like to carp and jeer at what are supposed

to be aristocratic and favoured troops, enjoying special privileges and advantages.

I am told that, during the Peninsular War, it was the custom to speak most contemptuously of the 'Horse Guards' of that day, and to call them 'feather-beds,' and sundry other offensive nicknames, because they did not take their turn of foreign service. The way, however, in which, after joining the army in 1815, they conducted themselves at Waterloo, effectually silenced the Radical grumblers. The Foot Guards prove, by the names upon their colours, that they had their full share to the last in the victories that were the glory of the British army under Wellington, and now again, the moment the trumpet sounded, they led the way in search of laurels, and bore the chief part in storming the heights of the Alma.

I believe in the British army, and feel convinced that the *prestige* which surrounds it, owing to the feats of arms performed nearly a century ago, will not suffer in the hands of those who are gone out, bent on emulating the deeds of their fathers.

It is difficult to preseve this faith of mine, 'whole and entire,' for if I am to believe the *frondeurs* at the clubs, and the 'special correspondents' of the newspapers, we are at this moment giving a proof to Europe of the most scandalous inefficiency and mismanagement. In fact, we are assured that our system has 'utterly broken down,' that all the civil and non-combatant departments, the commissariat, the hospital, and the

transport are entirely worthless,—that the Staff are, one and all, a set of muffs, and that the general in command, Lord Raglan, is nothing better than a 'War-Office clerk on horseback.' I daresay there is some truth in what is said, as a long peace has no doubt made all the war departments more or less rusty, and, until the wheels of office are thoroughly well greased, the machinery will probably work badly.

But what is the use of crying 'stinking fish,' and proclaiming to the whole world all the shortcomings which at first mark our progress. They will work better when they get their hands in, commander-in-chief and all. It requires practice to play at war, as well as skittles, and I feel sure ere long all will go well. We have all the requisites to ensure success. We have the 'sinews of war' in abundance, and what is still more essential we have the muscle, the pluck, and the bottom that are the characteristics of our troops, as well as the discipline that makes these qualities irresistible. I confess when I hear those old generals and admirals at the clubs, and in Society, —fellows many of whom 'never set a squadron in the field,'—prophesying failure, and foretelling disaster, I lose all patience at the jealousy and want of patriotism they display.

The 'special correspondents,' too, are a nuisance. If they were general officers, whose experience of past success qualified them to speak *ex cathedrâ*, it would still be very questionable taste and policy to be publishing to the whole of Europe the mis-

takes of our commanders, and the bad organization of our departments. But when it is borne in mind that these gentlemen, who write in such a *tranchant* manner, are mostly persons whose education and habits of life but ill qualify them to form a sound opinion on questions of military tactics or strategy, but are generally barristers, whose professional avocations, from whatever cause, are not of an engrossing nature, but leave them leisure to embark in literary pursuits, it is desirable that the criticisms in which they indulge, and the wholesale condemnations that they throw broadcast, should be taken, by us at home, *cum grano salis.*

January 28th, 1855.—Roebuck's motion * has been carried, and I conclude Lord Aberdeen and Co. have but one resource, that is, *de s'effacer.* I have every desire to make allowance for the difficulties that the Government (and in particular the Duke of Newcastle) have had to contend with, and I am inclined to think that the shortcomings in our conduct of the war are not as flagrant, nor as conspicuous as the army *frondeurs* would lead us to believe. It is, however, impossible to shut one's eyes to facts such as the opponents of the Ministry seem to substantiate, and though I much regret the publicity, before the whole of Europe, which must be given to whatever is defective or blamable in our system, it is, of course, of the most vital importance that

* On the incapacity of the Government in the conduct of the war.

what is wrong should be remedied, and that incompetence, when proved, should suffer the inevitable penalty.

February 21*st.*—The death of 'Joe Hume' is assuredly a national event, if it be not a national loss. He has made a reputation for himself, which, if not such as the general public would covet, or as will suffice to place him in the front rank of English statesmen, will still rescue his name from oblivion. The position he held in the House for years, of 'carper general' at everything that involved expenditure, and as the parliamentary 'busybody,' always pulling up the Government of the day for its extravagance, and nosing a job in every Ministerial move, is one that naturally entails much unpopularity, and is seldom sought for by those who have the talent or ambition to make a name for themselves, more creditable and more lasting.

The place he filled is sure to be sought. '*Uno avulso non deficit alter.*' There will always be a 'Joe Hume' to apply an £ *s. d.* test to every home question, and to worry the Government. Hume was not a man of any talent of a high order. He was a hard-working member, with much energy and perseverance, who went straight at his object, and was endowed with a degree of obstinacy, that made him a thorn in the side of the Minister. Such people are very unpleasant, but they are not on the whole otherwise than salutary, and, in fact, are to a certain extent necessary, for they act as a wholesome check on the Government,

which would often indulge in questionable expenditure, but for the fear of being badgered in the House by the parliamentary *ficanaso*, whose province it is, to grub up what is objectionable in their financial proceedings.

Hume was in his element when 'totting up' the items of a budget, or 'cutting down' the salary of some unfortunate official, and nothing escaped him. Fortunately the Government of the day, whatever party was in power, never allowed his interference in questions beyond his comprehension, and consequently in matters of art, for which he had neither taste nor feeling, but regarding which he was a perfect *ignoramus*, they never listened to him. Had they done so, the National Gallery would never have acquired a picture, and the Royal Academy, his *bête-noire*, would have been deprived of all its privileges, and been reduced to the level of a community of drawing-masters.

He did not speak,—he talked in the House, where he was looked upon as a great bore; but though he was liked by few, and admired by none, he was to a certain extent respected by all, for his honesty and his dogged perseverance.

August 28th.—To-day is my birthday, an anniversary that I fear has little interest for the public, and is to myself an unmitigated bore.

As long as a man's mother lives, he submits with composure to the affectionate greeting with which she meets him on the day. The partiality which leads her to credit him with merits that his

conscience tells him he does not possess, is not without its effect, though a fleeting one, on the character of most men. But as years roll on, as each recurring anniversary serves but to remind you of what you have not done, and to parade before you, as in a magic-lantern, a procession of unperformed resolves, disregarded promises, and lost opportunities, any reasoning man, however 'loose a fish' he may be, is sure, on his birthday, to have some twinges of conscience, and to find his peace of mind disturbed by unavailing regrets.

While one is in the hey-day of childhood, and the day is marked by the species of innocent family rejoicing, that generally characterises such a festivity, the pleasure afforded by the various presents, and the gooseberry-pie or plum-pudding which commemorates the event, is unalloyed. But when once the world has begun to mould and chasten us, when we have lost the freshness and innocence which gave such a zest to the simple pleasures of life, and the family circle shows, by the empty chairs around, the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of our hopes and wishes, it is time to cease the commemorative rejoicings. When, moreover, the parents to whom we owed everything are gone,—when, perhaps, a shadow has come between us and the brother, whose affection and companionship gave the great charm to our youth, —and death has ruthlessly removed the sister, who was the early confidant of our hopes and fears,—and when, finally, the curly-headed boy,

full of generous impulses and disinterested affection, has himself become a cold, cautious, and calculating man of the world, whose career has disappointed alike himself and his friends, it is better to pass over his birthday *sub silentio*. His bald head, and chinchilla whiskers, will be sure to remind him of the progress of time, and, in themselves, they are not matters for congratulation or rejoicing.

December 19*th*.—Old Sam Rogers is gone at last, at the mature of ninety-two. His age has been a matter of speculation among his friends for years, and he was as shy of alluding to it, as any fading beauty of the other sex. Some one, years ago, christened him the 'dead poet,' partly from his cadaverous aspect, and partly from the mystery attending the date of his birth. My earliest recollections are associated with him, having in my childhood enjoyed immensely, at each returning Christmas, the merry, juvenile parties which he used to give to his nephews and nieces in St. James' Place. He seemed to me at those festivities, as old, as he did forty years later, at the breakfasts and dinners which it was a privilege to enjoy at the same house.

As a poet he was much and deservedly admired formerly, and was to the last *fêté*, and courted in the highest circles. His poems, of course, no one reads now, as you can both scan his measure and guess his meaning,—two peculiarities fatal to fame as a poet in the present day. Still, his poems will ever stand high, as long as the embodiment

of graceful imagery, in pure and euphonius language, is recognised as a characteristic of poetry; let those (and their name is legion) who seek to limit the designation of poet to bards that ignore the rules that would trammel flights of fancy within the bounds of rhythm and common sense, rave of the modern school of poetry, but the author of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and of 'Italy,' as regards the verdict of posterity, has no rivalry to fear from the Brownings and the Longfellows of our day.

As a man, Rogers was, in the main, kindly and generous, but though he had many admirers, and a large acquaintance, I doubt if he had many friends. The sarcastic and cynical nature, which showed itself in every sentence he spoke, always made people uncomfortable in his presence, for, while you smiled at his *piquant* innuendo regarding some absent friend, (as one always does, you know,) you could not help wondering what he said of yourself, when your back was turned.

The habit of sacrificing your friend to your joke may secure a man a certain amount of post-prandial popularity in London society, but those who laugh loud at racy, epigrammatic sneers levelled at others, do not feel very comfortable, unless they happen to refer to a personal enemy, or a favourite aversion.

CHAPTER IX.

1856—1859.

Bill for abolishing marriages at Gretna Green—The Mutiny in India —Visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to the Opera-House—Attempted assassination of the French Emperor by Orsini —Carlyle's 'Life of Frederick the Great'—Baths of Tepliz—Cologne—Lord Macaulay.

1856. *July.*—A Bill has lately passed through Parliament, of which little note has been taken by the British public, but the effect of which is to abolish one of our most 'cherished institutions.' Gretna Green may exist in a geographical sense, but its old attributes and associations know it not. The British legislature has just declared all marriages that may be solemnized there henceforward, illegal, unless one or other of the contracting parties shall have previously resided twenty-one days in Scotland.

What becomes of the blacksmith round whom such a halo of romance and sentiment appeared to the eyes of the many loving and too-confiding brides who sought his offices?—what of the eager and impetuous lovers, whose zeal, being greater than their discretion, sought the crowning of their

hopes by means so questionable, forgetful of Brabantio's solemn warning to Othello:—

> 'Look to her, Moor, have a quick eye to see,
> She has deceived her father—and may thee.'

And what will the crowd of impecunious fortune-hunters do hereafter, to circumvent impracticable parents and guardians?

It is true the introduction of railways, and the invention of the electric telegraph, have done much to deprive the 'trip to Gretna' of the romance which attended a flight in a post-chaise and four, with an angry father following by the aid of a similar conveyance, and to render it, however well planned, liable to obstacles and interruptions of a very unromantic character.

The aristocratic records of the last century relate how the Earl of Westmoreland of that day, when running away with the daughter of Mr. Child the banker, found himself so hotly and so closely pursued by the outraged father, that he stopped the chaise, and jumping out, shot one of the leaders of the pursuing carriage, and, availing himself of the delay and confusion which such an unexpected action on his part produced, got off and reached his destination in time to preclude interference or interruption. Were the same game tried in the present day, the machinery at the disposal of the angry relatives would probably cause the loving couple, on arriving at the railway-station, to be received into the arms of a policeman, thereby depriving the expedition of one of its chief

attractions in the eyes of young ladies in their second decade—its romance.

It appears to me that the Legislature has taken a great deal of trouble to prevent, what the improvements of the age have already rendered so difficult and dangerous, as to be seldom, or never, resorted to—viz., a 'Runaway Match.'

1857. *August.*—It makes one's hair stand on end to read the details of the dreadful Mutiny which is raging in India, the frightful massacre of the helpless Europeans, and the equally appalling vengeance wreaked on the mutineers by the authorities.

The origin of the dreadful movement is as much a matter of speculation as ever, no two people seeming to agree on the subject. The 'greased cartridges' are put forward extensively as the cause, but those who have been most and longest in India, seem to doubt much whether they form more than a pretext for an insurrection that must have been long in contemplation, judging by the simultaneous character of the risings in many provinces distant from each other. I fear that neither the Government of India, nor the Government at home, can be acquitted of carelessness and supineness, for the existence of a feeling of discontent among the native population has been long suspected, and the fact was prominently brought to the notice of the executive by many distinguished officers, and influential civilians, both in India and England. *Quem deus vult perdere prius dementat.* No notice was taken of

representations made by those whose experience and position should have secured them attention, and the outbreak, when it did come, found the authorities as ignorant of its cause, as they were unprepared to grapple with it. The details which we receive daily, are of the most harrowing interest to us all, as there is hardly a family of the better class in England with two or three sons, that has not one at least in the Indian army. The awful butchery which is decimating the entire European population, the massacres of Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi, which are devastating those towns and adjacent provinces, fill all the daily papers; and those who read the bloody details, if they do not find the name of some one near and dear to them recorded in the list of those who have met their death under circumstances of fabulous atrocity, arise from the perusal with the sad conviction that their sons, or their brothers, if still alive, are probably reserved for a similar ghastly fate.

Much interest is at the present moment felt regarding the garrison at Lucknow, which is known to be shut up with insufficient provisions, with little hope of relief, and surrounded by a numerous and ferocious enemy, watching their opportunity for vengeance with all the blood-thirstiness which is the characteristic of Eastern nations, when roused to a pitch of religious fanaticism.

The Government is at last, it seems, awake to the awfulness of the crisis, and is taking vigorous

measures to supply reinforcements for the European troops, which seem as yet to be outnumbered and overmatched.

August.—The appearance of the Emperor and Empress of the French at the opera-house last night, produced no little excitement. Everything combined to make the show most interesting, and fabulous prices were paid for admission. In addition to the desire felt generally to see, and greet, the greatest political adventurer of the age in the person of Louis Napoleon, much curiosity was felt as to the Empress, of whose grace and beauty so much has been said. When to the above motives for being present, are added the conventional and habitual desire of Her Majesty's subjects to air their loyalty, and the interest the public always takes in a display or ceremony in which the Queen takes a part, the rush to the gala theatre can be a matter of no surprise.

On this occasion, there being nothing in particular to call it forth, the loyalty was second to the curiosity, and I do hope I am not guilty of 'constructive treason' in confessing that the Empress was the lion of the night, and highly gratified the British public by her beauty and demeanour, and the gracious way in which she acknowledged the ovation offered to her. The Emperor looked in the face pretty much as he used to do formerly. It was a scene to make one moralise, for no one who knew him in the days of his adversity and expectancy, and who had seen the meagre courtesy extended to him

among the upper classes in London society, while he was among us, could help contrasting his position then, clouded as it was with an atmosphere of imposture and charlatanism, with the one he now occupies, as the chief of the French people, *par la volonté nationale*, and the arbiter on whose nod depend the welfare and interest of half Europe.

There was a *specialité* of the performance last night which was very remarkable and somewhat laughable. The opera chosen was 'Fidelio,' and the principal part was filled by a German singer, new to the English boards, but of great and deserved reputation, Madame Ney, who has made the character her own, all over Germany. I heard her last year at Dresden, and was much pleased with her acting and singing. Unfortunately neither the score of Beethoven, nor the strains of the prima donna, could attract or chain the attention of those who came, not to listen, but to stare, and who remained, with an unanimity hardly credible, *adossés* to the stage, looking up at the illustrious occupants of the State box, with their *lorgnettes braquées* the better to see the Imperial and Royal countenances, and it must, I fear, be confessed, utterly oblivious and regardless of the stage or its occupants. Poor Madame Ney was, I am told, deeply mortified at having to sing to the backs of the British audience, whose favour and approval she was so anxious, and has come so far, to secure.

1858. *March* 15*th*.—The recent attempted

assassination of the Emperor of the French by Orsini, Pieri, and others, has produced an excitement in London little inferior to that caused in Paris, though it seems difficult to account for the fact.

An attempt has been made to make England a *particeps criminis*, by accusing her of fostering and protecting those who avail themselves of English hospitality to escape the consequences of their treasonable conduct at home. The feeling of irritation entertained in France against England has been mainly promoted by the speeches and addresses of sundry French colonels who consider and proclaim that facilities are afforded by the British Government for hatching conspiracies in England, which afterwards come to maturity in France. Such a charge is, of course, a ridiculous calumny, undeserving refutation; but, at the same time, so strong is the feeling among us that our hospitality has been abused, and that there really are grounds for believing that some of these political scoundrels have matured their infamous schemes while living in England, that a Bill has been brought in by Lord Palmerston, entitled the 'Conspiracy to Murder Bill,' which is intended to prevent or punish the concoction of any similar atrocity, by the severest criminal enactments. How the House will take it remains to be seen. England is so exceedingly touchy lest any legislation should tend to impair or limit the open-armed hospitality which she generously extends to all political fugitives, that we run no little risk of

nursing in our bosom a set of the most infernal scoundrels.

The character of a political refugee embraces within its scope alike the patriot and the would-be regicide, and both have the run of Leicester Square and the Quadrant, free from molestation or enquiry. Clearly there ought to be some line drawn, and our much-vaunted detective police should be able to discriminate between the characteristics of such guests. No doubt it is difficult to interfere with a man's movements on account of his supposed opinions, at least in our country, but there must be signs and tokens which, by revealing his habits and associates, and connecting them with his antecedents, may justify what may be *espionage*, if you will, but what is nothing more than due precaution in the interest of other Sovereigns with whom we are on terms of amity.

There is a Frenchman of the name of Simon Bernard, who has been arrested here on a charge of aiding and abetting Orsini and his confederates. He was their associate when in England, where it is well-known that the scheme for the assassination of the Emperor was carefully prepared. Should he be found guilty, I sincerely hope that both Kossuth and Mazzini will be put on their trial as accomplices too, for it is notorious and acknowledged, that both these worthies are deadly enemies of the Emperor of the French, and that Orsini, while in England, was their constant and intimate associate, and went over to France on his

diabolical errand fresh from his secret councils with them.

October.—Everyone is reading Carlyle's 'Life of Frederick the Great,' and of course it is the fashion to praise and admire the book,—*why*, I cannot understand.

We are told that he is the greatest master of the English language now living,—his vigour, his terseness, his originality, and his power of giving life and reality to his facts, are the never-ending theme of a certain class of critics, and form the staple of the commendation bestowed on him by the crowd, who, not having a judgment of their own, echo and reproduce the praise which they find ready to their hand. In my view, his vigour would be often best described as coarseness,—his terseness as pedantic brevity,—his originality as unjustifiable tampering with the language on which he depends to embody his ideas and convey his meaning.

If it be a great merit in a writer to ignore many of the leading rules of composition, to outrage the received notions of what is graceful or euphonious in expression, and to import into his books composite words for which there is no lexicographical warrant or authority whatever, Mr. Carlyle is truly a great writer. Such eccentricities and literary impertinences are, in my opinion, however, very objectionable. I have the weakness to admire Burke in the last and Macaulay in the present generation, and what we appreciate in

the works of these two great masters of the English language is wanting in Carlyle.

'Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die.'

Admiration of Macaulay's terse yet eloquent style, is wholly incompatible with a high appreciation of the bald and quaint periods in which Carlyle strives to be original and forcible.

As a historian, he is also, in my opinion, one-sided and bigoted, and no one, I should have supposed, could read the book without seeing that he writes with an animus under the influence of which his facts take the colour of his feelings.

There is another point of view, too, in which the character of Carlyle does not show to advantage,—viz., as a Scotchman. We often hear comparisons sneeringly drawn between the Irish and the Scotch character. It is said, 'If you put an Irishman on the spit, you will always find another to turn him,' but that Scotchmen always 'stick together, and back each other up.' There is doubtless much truth in both sayings. Irishmen are, unfortunately, much fonder of their country than of their countrymen, while there is a clannishness about the Scotch, which amounts to a foible, if it be not a vice. The dissension so conspicuous among the Irish at periods of political excitement, when union among them was of vital importance, is historical, and bears out the statement; while, as regards the Scotch, the well-known story of the unsuccessful applicant for

employment, who, when Lord Melville put him off with assurances of his good-will to serve him *if he knew how*, replied that the best thing his lordship could do for him would be to '*make him a Scotchman*,' is evidence of the popular impression as to the groove in which Scotch patronage runs.

It is therefore very curious, but far from edifying, to note the disparaging terms in which the great Carlyle speaks of the still *far greater* Walter Scott, the glory of English literature. Hear him, ye gods! as he seeks to foul the fair fame of contemporary genius:

'One knows not what idea worthy of the name of "great,"—what purpose, instinct, or tendency that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with!'

This passage from Carlyle's Essay forcibly reminds one of the equally feeble attempt of Leigh Hunt to disparage his noble patron Byron,—an attempt so wittily satirised by Moore in his fable of 'the living dog and the dead lion,' for it is clear that Carlyle, like Leigh Hunt.

'Vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour.'*

1859. *July.* Baths of Tepliz.—The fiat of the 'best medical authority' has gone forth, and

* The above rather trenchant comments on Carlyle's literary claims, and ungenerous treatment of Scott, are fully justified by the vulgar abuse of Lord Beaconsfield, which, subsequently, the aged historian had the bad taste to publish. 'He' (Lord Beaconsfield) 'is just a miserable mountebank, who does everything with the rattle of that tongue of his, and has no convictions whatever.'

left me no alternative, and here I am, and am likely to be for three weeks more, undergoing every form and degree of decoction.

This is a curious place, frequented by those who are suffering from gout or rheumatism,—as well as by such as require a healing process. At the present moment it is full of Austrian officers returned from a recent war, who are in some way *estroppiés*. Some are short of the regulation number of arms or legs,—others have their arms in slings, or are on crutches, and others again are drawn about in what we call in England a 'bath-chair.'

The society here is an 'omnium gatherum,' composed of some of the most illustrious of the Bohemian and Hungarian nobility, and of a few well-born English or German families,—while the 'ruck' is made up of the shop-keeping class of Vienna and Prague. It is a curious fact that while in Austria, and indeed all over Germany, the line of demarcation between the noble and the roturier is so strongly defined, and so strictly observed in the ordinary relations of social life, here, and in fact at all similar places of summer resort, all classes, for the time being, associate on terms, it may be said, of perfect equality, and you find 'Hoheits,' and 'Durchlauchts,' and even 'Royal Highnesses,' not only interchanging the courtesies of life with Austrian tradesmen and Frankfort Jews, but entering into familiar converse with them, and dining *en petit comité* with them in the public dining-rooms at a small table.

The whole thing is conventional, and is, I am assured, productive of no sort of inconvenience or anomaly. With us it would be very different. There is, as a rule, much more real sympathy and *rapport* between the English aristocracy, and the *classe boutiquière* of London, and a well-to-do tradesman seldom feels degraded or humbled in his intercourse with the higher class of gentry, who usually treats him with courtesy, but never with familiarity. But if by accident a member of the House of Lords should find himself thrown into the society of a common councilman from the Ward of Cheap, each would know how to preserve his proper position, and the difference in rank would be observed without hauteur on one side, or servility on the other.

In this country, however, where the two classes meet on the neutral ground of a 'bath,' distinctions, for the nonce, seem to vanish, and you will see them in daily and hourly association with every appearance of social equality. To-day, I saw Prince John of Holstein, the brother of the future King of Denmark, dining at a small table with the wife and daughters of a money-changer at Prague. Nothing could be more courteous and affable than the Prince, whose manners were unexceptionable, while those of the young ladies (very pretty girls), with whom he was conversing with the ease, yet deference, that he would have shown to a lady of his own class, were perfectly free alike from servility and restraint. The middle class here do not seem to

hold the upper in awe at all, though they concede to them all the respect due to their position. As the very highest class sets so good an example, the nobility adopt a similar bearing, and the aristocracy of Austria meet the shop-keeping class at all the baths on what *looks* like a footing of equality. This is so, however, only in appearance, as it is a universally recognised axiom that 'les connaissances de bain, ne tirent à rien.' Should the parties meet afterwards, they meet as strangers, and no Vienna or Prague shop-keeper would ever presume to claim acquaintance with any customer coming into his shop, on the strength of a degree of social intercourse that is well understood by both parties to have been fortuitous, local, and temporary.

The life here is so novel to an Englishman, and the habits and the hours alike offer to a Londoner especially such a complete change of system, that it is some time before he reconciles himself to submit cheerfully to the utter *bouleversement* of his usual daily routine.

I rise at six—breakfast at eight—bathe or boil at eleven—dine at one—sup at eight, and am in bed by ten o'clock. There are large dining-rooms attached to the different hotels, and others belonging to restaurants about the town, where you dine *à la carte*, at very moderate cost, portions or half portions of any dish being supplied to you according to your taste or your capacity. *Table d'hôtes* are unknown.

I shared in and thoroughly enjoyed a dinner-

party yesterday under such peculiar and indeed comical circumstances, that I must really put the facts on record.

There is here an old gentleman from Vienna, a Baron Meyer, who is director, I am told, of the Bank of Vienna, and is conspicuous for coin: He is well known to, and *faufillé* with, all the best people here, and he yesterday resolved to commemorate his seventy-fifth birthday by a dinner. He therefore invited a select few of the guests here (in which he was polite enough to include me) to dine with him at his hotel at one o'clock p.m.

Instead, however, of having the table spread in a private room, as an Englishman would have done, he caused a long table to be laid crosswise at the head of the public room, for the exclusive accommodation of his party, while the rest of the room was occupied by dozens of tables, holding from four to six persons each, who came into dinner under the usual conditions, '*à la carte*.'

The dinner was excellent, and the preparations unexceptionable. A band played in the gallery, and champagne flowed much more copiously than was prudent for most of us, who are supposed to be in delicate health, and the table was profusely decorated with flowers and other graceful and ornamental accessories.

A difficulty arose, however, that at one moment seemed to threaten us with a disastrous termination to our gastronomic hopes and festive intentions. We were just settling down to our work, when a gentleman came into the room, at the

sight of whom our host jumped up, and, rushing towards him, embraced him *avec effusion*, kissing him on both cheeks, and, informing him that he was giving a dinner in honour of his own birthday, insisted on his taking a place at the table, where of course we immediately made room for him. Hardly was he seated, however, when it became evident that something was wrong. There was a good deal of whispering among the guests, and at last the old Countess Lynar got up from the table and went round to the place where her brother, the Prince Lynar, was sitting, and said something in his ear. He in his turn immediately wrote something on his card and handed it to the Chair. Our host looked scared and embarrassed, and at last a murmur ran down the table that the new arrival made our number thirteen! There was but one feeling among the entire party (except myself) that it was impossible to dine under such circumstances. The 'uninvited' guest wished to retire, but hospitality forbade it, and any other favourable solution of the difficulty seemed impracticable. At last the old Countess got up and made a tour of the room, scanning with her double eyeglass the occupants of every table, in the hope of finding some friend who would help us out of the difficulty by making us fourteen. But, alas! she found no one that she knew. A woman, however, old or young, as has often been said, is seldom at a loss for an expedient, when a man would be '*au bout de son latin*.' The Countess fixed on a table where a gentleman and lady and

their daughter, a very pretty girl of some eighteen summers, were dining by themselves, and going up to them, with the most perfect high-bred *aplomb*, stated her case to them in a few words, and begged in the most urgent manner that the young lady might be spared to join our table.

After a little consultation between papa and mamma, who no doubt fully sympathized with those whose superstitious feeling put them in such a dilemma, the request was complied with, and the Countess walked off with her prize on her arm, and, introducing her generally to the company, placed her in a chair near herself. The poor young lady, covered with maidenly blushes, was nearly overwhelmed with confusion, but was soon put at her ease by the courteous and considerate bearing of those around her, who each vied with the others in the desire to make her very false position as little uncomfortable as possible. The dinner, after this little episode, passed off with *éclat*. The health of our host was drunk with enthusiasm, as was also necessarily that of the Emperor, the band playing the National Anthem.

After dinner, and the conventional cup of coffee, the party broke up, the guests all, as is the custom throughout Germany, shaking hands with each other, and everybody wishing everybody a 'good digestion.' This process, so peculiar and so characteristic, included the fair interloper, who especially received the cordial good wishes of those around her, the old Countess, as she

pressed her hand and thanked her, exclaiming, 'Mein Fräulein, sie haben uns vom tod gerettet.' ('Mademoiselle, you have saved us from death.') The whole affair was very laughable. I do not profess any higher degree of common sense than my neighbours, but it appears to me outrageously absurd for a set of grown people to display such nonsensical superstition. There are among ourselves, I believe, many people who object to sitting down thirteen to dinner, or starting on a journey on Friday; but the prejudice is not so general in England as in Germany, where, among all classes, from the highest to the lowest, the feeling displayed by the Countess Lynar and her friends, would be sure to meet with entire sympathy and concurrence.

Prince Esterhazy is here. To a London man like myself it is quite cheering to see his familiar face, so well known to us all during nearly twenty years that he filled the post of Austrian Ambassador in England, and made himself so popular by his hospitalities at Chandos House, and the courteous demeanour he displayed to all alike. He is looking just the same as he did when dawdling down Regent Street and Pall Mall, and has not aged at all. He has, however, I suppose, a 'screw loose' somewhere, as he tells me he comes here every summer. On my expressing my surprise, he said,

'The fact is, that I am suffering from eating too many of George the Fourth's good dinners!'

When one reflects that we are now in A.D. 1859,

and that George the Fourth died in 1830, the functional derangement complained of by the Prince, and attributed to so remote an origin, would seem to indicate the very acme of dyspepsia.

September. Cologne.—I am getting on homewards by degrees, but like all men who have no definite plan, and no one to advise their taking *this* course, or to oppose their taking *that*, I find myself much delayed by my indecision. For example, where shall I go to from here? Shall I go up the Rhine and return by Frankfort, or shall I take Paris *en route* home?

Whenever my line of march is uncertain, the odds are in favour of Paris, as my inclinations always pull me in that direction. Here no one, who has the means of locomotion in his pocket, would ever think of staying. It is the most unsavoury town in Germany, and, after one has seen the still unfinished cathedral and the other churches and pictures they contain, the sooner one gets away the better. I have looked through my legs at the 'Crucifixion of St. Peter,' at the risk of a fit of apoplexy, and I have compared the new painted windows in the cathedral, presented by the King of Bavaria, with the old ones. What would the *proneurs* of everything that is old or mediæval in art say if they read the disgraceful admission that I prefer the former? When they do, I shall be beyond the reach of their malice, however. I have ventured, once or twice, to let out my opinion on the subject to some 'intelli-

gent travellers' from the British Isles, but I always found that I established my own vandalism, without shaking their faith (based on the dicta of sundry illustrious 'art-critics') in the invariable superiority of everything old over what is new, and I resigned myself to being looked down upon in matters of taste by some travelling *quid nunc* who, if left to his own discernment, would hardly know the 'Venus de Medici' from the 'Apollo Belvedere.'

I shall start to-morrow,—that is settled. There was an irruption to-day of our people, at the *table-d'hôte*, that was quite too much for me. What a bore it is, that one so often has reason to feel ashamed of one's countrymen abroad. I am tempted to swear that I will never again travel at the period of the usual English *exodus*. Who has not seen the Englishman on his autumn vacation travels, mooning about the streets of Vienna, Munich, Dresden, or Florence,—utterly regardless of how he looks, what he does, or what is thought of him? Watch him in his knickerbockers and shooting-coat, as he slouches along with his 'Murray' in his hand, and turns into the churches, in which, if there is service going on, he takes especial pleasure in showing his disrespect towards the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. See with what true British independence and disregard of the opinions of others, he scandalises the people around him by using his opera-glass to scan the tenants of the royal pew, or watch, with a supercilious smile, the cere-

monies at the altar. Follow him again to the theatre in the evening, where he takes his place in the front row of the 'balcon,' in a grey shooting-suit, in which at home he would never dare to show his face in the society of ladies at any place of decent resort, but which he considers is quite good enough among the *haute volée* of Berlin or Florence, who look at him with equal surprise and contempt, as he stands among the uncovered crowd with his hat on, and his race-glass slung across him, looking as if his proper sphere were the stand at Newmarket, rather than the dress-circle of a royal theatre. Hear him also at the *table-d'hôte* at the 'Victoria,' (which hotel he generally frequents under a vague idea that he is thereby in some manner manifesting his loyalty or his patriotism,) commenting in a loud voice to some congenial friend from Christ Church or the Temple, on the appearance or eccentricities of those around him, under the vulgar delusion that they, like himself, are utterly ignorant of any language but their mother-tongue, and will therefore be unable to class him as he deserves among the crowd of third-rate English, who, by by their vagaries abroad, lower the character of their country, and are a by-word in every foreign capital.

December 29th.—Lord Macaulay died yesterday, aged fifty-nine.

The Press of the country, and contemporary talent, will not fail to do justice to one of the

most gifted men of the age, and one who has secured for himself an imperishable fame by his works. He will go down to posterity in the triple character of an essayist, a politician, and a historian. As the first he has had no equal, and his efforts in that line may possibly never be surpassed. As the second, he will live in the memory of his country as an eloquent and pungent speaker, but his name will not be associated with any striking Parliamentary success, nor will he take rank in the front line of England's greatest statesmen. As a historian, the brilliant and graphic record of political events in England, which bears his name, will secure for him a widespread celebrity, different in character to that which his great predecessors in the same line—Hume, Smollett, and Lingard—have secured for themselves; but I doubt if his 'History of England' will, in public estimation, supersede their labours, or ever attain the same rank as an authority satisfactory to the student, and conclusive when doubts or discussion may arise on moot points of history.

The work, admirable as it is in many ways, lacks much that would have enhanced its value to posterity, for, while it lays the facts before the reader in language conspicuous for vigour and terseness, and makes the narration of them a medium for conveying the soundest theories on political and constitutional government, and on public morality, it is wanting in detail, and therefore

faulty as a record. It seems to take for granted an extensive previous knowledge on the part of the student of the events narrated, and from the sparing and infrequent use of references in support of alleged facts, leaves the enquirer without the requisite facilities for confirming the judgment in which he is expected to acquiesce.

I am, however, so true and intense an admirer of Macaulay, that it seems to me hyper-criticism to be qualifying the praise due to him, and pointing out the 'spots on his disk.' I feel as if I deserved to be classed with the 'Great Art Critic,' Mr. Ruskin, pooh-poohing Canaletti.

Macaulay's name will need neither praise nor censure to keep it in the memory of the present or future generations, for his works will be read, quoted, and admired, wherever the English language is understood.

The foregoing praise of Lord Macaulay may be thought to be too earnest to be discriminating, but the recent admirable memoir of his life, works, and opinions, published by Sir George Trevelyan, his nephew, is of itself enough to bear out any extent of praise, and justify any amount of admiration. From first to last, whether as the precocious child who got the Bible by heart, or as the distinguished statesman and poet, whom his Sovereign 'delighted to honour,' his extraordinary intellectual powers excite our wonder, while the peep which the book affords us into the *arcana* of his domestic life, shows us that in his social re-

lations he was as remarkable for the qualities that are attractive and endearing in the man, as in his public career he was conspicuous for those that secured him the admiration of all who are able to appreciate genius.

CHAPTER X.

1860—1862.

A Triumvirate of Public Favourites—Death of Lady Byron—Bernal Osborne—Birth of the 'Volunteer Movement'—Grisi's Farewell—Death of 'Honest Tom Duncombe'—Death of Prince Consort—Difficulty with America—The Great Exhibition—The Good old Days—Dresden—Civil War in America

1860. *April.*—It is often said, as an excuse for presumption and impertinence, that the public generally takes a man 'at his own valuation,' by which it is meant that, if he does not do justice to his own claims and pretensions, he will not, however valid they may be, get credit for them.

This theory, although it may have some reason in it, is a dangerous one, as it tends to encourage in society the growth of bumptiousness and arrogance. Conceding the fact that modest merit is very apt to be overlooked, and that a nervous and hesitating manner is often wrongly supposed to indicate a want of knowledge, while a little *aplomb* would have caused the possession of such knowledge to be inferred, I still think that the public, in the long run, suffer from the operation of a theory which causes them not unfrequently to be humbugged by those whose claim to influ-

ence them or guide their judgment, rests on no solid foundation.

The fact is, that at the present day there is such a glut of intellect and talent among us, and there are so many competitors for public favour in the pursuit of Art, Science, and Literature, that, unless a man strikes out a line for himself, starts some new theory diametrically opposed to previous experience, or denies emphatically some universally-admitted dogma, he has no chance of being singled out from the crowd, and he forthwith proceeds to startle and astonish you by his eccentricity or absurdity, and boldly disputes what has been generally admitted, or adopts what has been rejected by all who have gone before him.

There are many men among us, at the present day, who have struggled to bring themselves into notice by flying in the face of generally received opinions, and have tried to unsettle previous judgments on matters of literature or taste. Of those there are several who, from their talents, are entitled to be listened to with respect and attention, but who, by running counter to public sympathy in reference to Literature and Art, seem to court controversy and invite criticism.

Take as an instance Mr. Carlyle. It would be ridiculous, as well as unjust, to dispute his talents, or ignore the rough energy with which he emphasises his opinions, but even his warmest admirers (and their name is legion) must admit that he does his best to inaugurate a school of literature

in which the principles taught are opposed to those which guided the pens of many of his greatest predecessors and contemporaries, who, in their efforts to achieve fame, set the example of grace and refinement in their writings, rather than of a vigour which trenches on coarseness, and eccentricities opposed to good taste.

Another example in a different walk of Literature is Mr. Tennyson. He is the 'Laureate,' and consequently *virtute officii*, he is a poet, but those who read and admire his works cannot deny that they offer in every way the greatest contrast to those of England's greatest bards. He seems to have conceived the idea of reforming public taste in poetry, and of proving to the rising generation how vapid and soulless are the writings of Pope and Dryden and Byron, *et hoc genus omne*, who allowed their inspirations to be trammelled by the rules of metre, which they in their ignorance thought harmonious, but which he has taught his admirers and his imitators to consider, cripple the imagination and reduce poetry to a mechanical art.

Whether he has succeeded in bowling out the great poets of the last and preceding generations, is, of course, a matter of opinion. I am quite content to leave posterity to decide the point.

There is another illustrious innovator of the day who puts himself forward to guide public opinion in a spirit opposed to previous tendencies and predilections—Mr. Ruskin, better known to fame (if fame be in the gift of newspaper writers)

as the ' Great Art Critic.' Art is, however, a subject on which I wish to touch with much caution, as I feel my own incompetence, and am content to follow in the wake of those whose approval has stamped many works, both ancient and modern, with a merit that it has been left to Mr. Ruskin alone to deny or disparage.

May 18th.—I see that the papers announce the death of Lady Byron, and it is impossible that the event should not stir up many painful reminiscences, among the admirers of her distinguished and unfortunate husband.

I have no desire to stand forward as the apologist of Lord Byron, still less do I wish to throw stones at his wife, to whom, there is every reason to believe, he was a bad husband. But still there is much in his career to admire, and if there is also much to condemn, it must be admitted, on all hands, that the evidence on which he has been found guilty and sentenced by public opinion, is of a most unsatisfactory and mysterious character.

If we are to believe those who are old enough to remember the facts as they occurred, he offered a singular and melancholy example of how a man may be, within a short space of time, a public idol and a public victim.

For a people notoriously slow to move, and conspicuous for the temperate tone in which on public questions they manifest their opinions and their determination, it is wonderful how easily the English are induced to throw themselves,

with extraordinary *élan*, into personal questions, with which their interests are in no way identified, and in which their interference partakes of the character of a quixotic and meddling philanthropy.

In most non-political questions which have agitated Society for the last forty or fifty years, and in which the public voice has been heard, either to raise an idol or make a martyr, subsequent enquiry has often much modified the opinions which, at the time, were formed by the crowd. Admitting that public impulses are often right, and that the praise showered on the favourite of the hour, or the abuse lavished on the object of passing odium, is never wholly undeserved, it will, I think, be found that, on many occasions on which the motive was excellent, the manifestation has been unreasonable and exaggerated.

The case of Lord Byron is a striking instance in support of my assertion. Who is there in the present day that is prepared to defend the 'generous' outburst of public indignation, which led to his being nearly stoned to death, as he rode down Whitehall to the House of Lords,—because *he was believed to be a bad husband?* Is the public on the strength of rumours, the truth of which it has no means of verifying, to set itself up as the *Conservator Morum*, and to follow a public man into the privacy of his home,—judge between him and his wife in a domestic quarrel, and take upon itself to apportion the blame, and ad-

minister the punishment? I hold no 'brief for the defendant,' and have no intention of extenuating his possible offences. The mysterious insinuations of his biographers, and the pertinacious silence of the only person who could, if she chose, have rescued his memory from infamy, effectually cripple his defenders; but I maintain that he had been guilty of no public scandal,—he had not ostensibly outraged decency, and, whatever might have been believed of the interior economy of his household, his supposed private delinquencies did not call for or justify public reprobation. No judicial tribunal had pronounced upon his case, and nothing was then (nor is now) really known of its merits. His guilt was assumed, and one, whose brilliant genius should at least have secured him fair play and forbearancee, was hunted like a convicted malefactor, and driven to desperation.

I suspect that many of those who from party and political motives, or personal jealousy, assisted to hunt him down, and were so eager to offer him up as a sacrifice to the high moral feeling of an indignant and virtuous public, would themselves have stood a good chance of the 'pillory,' had a fitting punishment for their own peccadilloes and domestic shortcomings been impartially awarded to them.

It is a melancholy fact that the misspent life and miserable end of England's most gifted son, were mainly due to the persistent social persecution which followed him even in his exile, with a

ferocity that left him no *locus penitentiæ*, and precluded all hope of reform.

The same persecution has been extended to his *manes*, and the admirers of the greatest poet of his age have been refused the privilege of placing a tablet to his memory in the temple which contains the monuments and tributes raised to many of his far less distinguished countrymen.

Of course we must bow with humility to the decision of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey. I cannot, however, but congratulate the admirers of 'Poets' Corner,' that it is not possible to give retrospective effect to the Christian scruples with which those who would do honour to Lord Byron's genius, are met and defeated. Were a posthumous and stern moral test applied to the claims of the various notabilities, be they poets, generals, statesmen, and even bishops, whose ashes now lie peacefully in our dear old abbey, the time-honoured remains of not a few of them would probably have to be removed to some other locality.

May.—It is very curious and instructive to watch the career of some men in Parliament. The public is a capricious, and often apparently an inconsistent authority, on whose fiat a man is doomed either to rise to fame, or sink into insignificance. There are several contemporaries of mine who are in the House of Commons, whose success or failure has interested me not a little.

Of course, such shining lights as Disraeli or Gladstone leave no room for prophecy as to their

career. They at once take their stand, and force themselves on the notice of the public, who, *nolens volens*, is obliged to admit them to the front rank of politicians. But there are men of another stamp, who enter the arena of politics with every social and worldly advantage in their favour, but who, though both clever and ambitious, are unable to attain to the position which they covet, and who, if they do achieve a certain amount of parliamentary reputation, and, by favour of the Premier, find themselves on the lower rung of the Ministerial ladder, are from some cause quite unable to get any higher.

Of such is Bernal Osborne. I knew him in his school-days. He was even then a most agreeable fellow, full of sharpness and intelligence. He commenced life in the army, where he was, I have heard, the life of the mess of a 'crack' regiment. In general Society he was popular and entertaining, and there was certainly in London Society no one whose lively sallies and tone of *persiflage* made him more *recherché* among the ladies, with whom a polished and *devoué* manner seldom fails in its effect. His success in the ball-room and at the dinner-table misled him, and tempted him to give up a career in which he might hope to be, wherever he was, *facile princeps*, and to enter the Senate, where the talents he undoubtedly displays have failed to place him in the front rank.

He possesses much readiness, and has to a great extent the ear of the House, but he has no weight, and is wanting in those qualities which a Minister

looks for in a promising underling. Once, for a short time, when the Liberals came into power, he was put into a *quasi* important though subordinate post in the Ministry, but of course he went out with them, and when at a later period they came back to power, they forgot him, and left him 'out in the cold.'

He is pretty sure to be in Parliament, however, as he has the speciality so attractive to Radical constituents of sticking at nothing in the way of abuse of the Tories, and he is a good canvasser, especially among ladies, who have far more weight in our elections than is generally supposed. He is amusing in the House, and excites laughter by the *facitiæ* with which his speeches are flavoured, and he is preferred to many a wiser if not a better man, for you find that in a long and tedious debate, if he rises at the same time as some well-known parliamentary debater, they call for *him*, as they wish to be amused, and kept awake by his lively sarcasms and *bon mots*. If the latter are occasionally slightly tainted with Joe Millerism, they have generally *le mérite de l'àpropos*.

Still the Treasury bench knows him not!

1860. *October*.—There could not possibly be a more striking proof of the universality of the 'volunteer movement,' and of the hold which it has taken of the public mind, than that I, so opposed to anything emotional or sensational, am myself drawn into the vortex, and have enrolled myself in the distinguished corps, yclept the

'Victoria Rifles.' The fact is, that when 'John Bull' takes up anything, or follows any scheme, he does it well and thoroughly, *while the fit lasts*, and indulges in no half measures. Whether the rage for soldiering will be more than a passing fancy, heaven knows; but certainly there has been nothing like the excitement which now prevails (to compare great things with small) since the introduction of quadrilles some seventy-five years ago, when, as the song says,

> 'All London was quadrilling it,
> All were promenading it from high to low,'

or since, at a later period, the 'polka epidemic' swept over the land, and old and young, gentle and simple, fat and lean of both sexes spent every moment of their leisure, morning and evening, in mastering the difficulties of the new terpsichorean problem.

The present movement is of a far more dignified and national character, praiseworthy in its motive and patriotic in its object, and it is impossible not to be struck with the promptness and unanimity displayed throughout all classes in rallying round the National Standard, and coming forward as the resolute defenders of their country against all comers. The feeling is a most thorough leveller, and brings into juxtaposition and intimate association for a common object the aristocrat and the artizan, the member of Parliament and the mechanic, the swell and the snob, all equally bent on showing that England, though she may not have, like her neighbours, a standing army

inconsistent with the amount of her population and ruinous to her finances, has a legion of stout hearts and stalwart arms, ready at a moment's notice to defend her shores and protect her interests.

I think the movement is a very *grand* one, that displays in a remarkable manner the *specialité* of the national character and the force of the national will. '*Melius non tangere clamo*,' is the proud cry of every shop-boy, as well as every scion of nobility who joins in the movement, and, if our neighbours have their eyes open, they will understand that it is a manifestation of British feeling and British loyalty that it would be as well not to ignore.

1861. *August 3rd.*—The farewell of Grisi is now *un fait accompli.* She took leave of the stage last night, and it is painful to have to say of one who was so great a favourite with the public, and whose success was so well deserved, that it was high time she should retire into private life.

What an extraordinary thing it is that operatic and dramatic 'stars' never know when it is time to 'set,' but go on expecting the tribute of public admiration long after time has disentitled them to claim it. With actors the progress of professional decay is slower and less marked than with singers. The 'first lover' of to-day may, and often does, successfully develop into the 'heavy father' of to-morrow, and she who has won all hearts by her happy delineations of 'Juliet' or 'Portia,' may later on retain her popularity before the lights

as Mrs. Malaprop or Lady Macbeth. But there is no *mezzo termine* for the prima donna, as the soprano who has for years 'brought down' the house by the display of the compass of her voice, and the agility of her execution, cannot, as years roll on, claim a continuance of public favour by subsiding into a '*contralto*,' and confining her vocal efforts to parts demanding less jugular exertion and facial distortion.

Grisi has long passed the grand *vocal* climacteric, and has nightly kept her greatest admirers in a state of nervous excitement, lest the high note which formerly she touched with such matchless facility, should defy her spasmodic efforts to reach it. I do not know anything more painful, than listening to a great singer who has no longer the perfect control of her powers, and whose successful rendering of a passage, or happy achievement of a musical *tour de force*, appears, to those who are listening, to be a doubtful contingency. However, Grisi is by no means singular in displaying her pertinacious endeavours to retain her position and fading charms. I last year heard Schrœder Devrient, at Dresden (whom I recollect as 'Fidelio' many years ago, turning the heads of the British public by her matchless execution of the part,) after some years of retirement, and as a special favour, for a charitable object, try once more to delight the public. It was a dreadful and, to those like myself who recollected what she *had* been, a melancholy exhibition.

Au reste Grisi's retirement has been so long delayed, that she does not leave a blank, her place having been filled up already by more than one *aspirante* to public favour, and as she has long since forfeited all claim to public respect or sympathy, except on professional grounds, her collapse will not much affect the present generation of opera-goers, though it may be deplored by fogies like myself, who recollect her former triumphs, when her beautiful face and matchless voice charmed all who saw and heard her.

November.—'Honest Tom Duncombe,' as his friends delighted to call him, is dead. So ends a rather remarkable career. In early life he was in the Guards, and up to middle age he was a man of fashion, and nothing more.

After many years of London life, he entered Parliament, as member for Hertford, in which position he did nothing to distinguish him from the crowd of average members of the legislature but the Reform Bill, having rendered his re-election doubtful, and the days of snug boroughs being passed and gone, he found it necessary, in order to avoid a social collapse, to secure his return for some popular constituency. This was not an easy thing to do, unless he were willing to unfurl the 'people's banner,' and come out strong as the friend of that *enfant gâté* the 'working man," and the enemy of abuses!

He did not hesitate long. His artistocratic connections, his fashionable antecedents, and his personal sympathies, were as nothing when

weighed against the possible incommoda to which his not being in Parliament might expose him, and he presented himself to the Radicals of Finsbury, with the usual popular claptraps on his lips (and possibly his tongue in his cheek) to seek their generous and independent support! There was just enough of the aristocrat about him to make him popular with many of the Radical party, who, with all their levelling proclivities, like a swell whom they credit with being a convert to popular ideas, and he was adopted as the poor man's candidate, and returned for one of the most rowdy of the Metropolitan constituencies.

Having made his choice of political principles, he stuck to them like a man, and has during the last quarter of a century, by their advocacy, been able to secure his parliamentary seat.

His later career in Parliament has not been otherwise than creditable and useful. He has always been ready to expose abuses, and advocate the cause of anyone with a supposed or real grievance, and his questions on personal cases and motions for enquiry, where he thought he nosed a job, or had caught a public department tripping, have been most praiseworthy and incessant. He was no orator, and no debater, but he spoke fluently and like a gentleman.

December 18*th.*—His Royal Highness the Prince Consort is dead, and the grief that pervades every class, at the occurrence of an event so sudden and unexpected, is a tribute not only to him, but

to the Queen. Most assuredly the feeling shown towards Her Majesty at this trying juncture, is convincing evidence, if any were required, of the hold she has on the loyalty and affection of her subjects. There seems to be but one wish among us all, to show that we appreciate his character, and her loss, and that we are eager, by every means in our power, to manifest our respectful sympathy.

When reviewing the general character of most royal careers, and the private history of many of the European Courts, we can fully appreciate the long course of domestic happiness which has attended our Royal Family.

During the twenty-two years that have elapsed since the marriage of the Queen, the immunity of the British Court from all cabals, whether in the shape of political intrigues or private scandals, has been most striking and most creditable, and a tone has been given to English Society by those at its head, which has had a most beneficial effect on all classes.

The Prince has contributed largely to this result. He has known how to hit off the tastes and temper of the nation he adopted as his own, and while he was ever ready to bear his part in whatever was calculated to give brilliancy and *éclat* to the Court, he has devoted his studies to the acquirement of varied knowledge, and has most patriotically employed his energies in the promotion of the Arts, and the furtherance of all measures calculated to civilize, refine, and benefit

the masses. It is very remarkable that so young a man, for he was but twenty when he married, should have so comported himself, as not only to have escaped the shafts of malice and *médisance*, but to have won the good word of all about him, though suddenly called on to fill one of the most brilliant positions in Europe, and exposed to every species of temptation.

It may be urged that when a man finds himself suddenly raised from a comparatively insignificant position to one of wealth, splendour, and authority, surrounded by everything that can make life attractive, it is no great merit that he should have the sense so to shape his course as to avoid attracting the sneer of the envious, or the censure of the righteous. But the brilliancy of his position, and the influence which it gave him, rendered his exemplary bearing, and his prudence, all the more conspicuous. There was no lack of those about him who would gladly have picked a hole in his coat, if he had given them the ghost of a chance; for, with all our boasted liberality, we are not fond of 'foreigners,' and in accepting, as a necessary evil, a German husband for our young Queen, we all of us, more or less, if we spoke the truth, would have owned to a certain amount of prejudice, not to say hostile feeling. To overcome such feeling, and secure the respect of all classes, was to achieve a triumph of which he might well be proud, and it will be his best epitaph, now that he has been taken from us, to say of him, that while he lived he had

neither enemies nor slanderers, and that he has left behind him only the memory of his intellectual attainments, his public usefulness, and his private virtues.

December 31*st.*—The present crisis arising from the seizure of the American commissioners, like others that have occurred from time to time to us in England, is in some degree wholesome and salutary, as it has raised us to a sense of our own position and responsibilities, and has tended to prove to the world at large that, despite our easy-going policy, and our apparent want of interest in any matters not in some way connected with pounds, shillings, and pence, we still retain the fighting characteristics of 'John Bull.'

It does not follow because we plod on, absorbed in money-getting speculations, and devoted to the peaceful interests of commerce, that, therefore, we should cheerfully submit to having our nose pulled, or our toes trodden on. The recent outrageous proceeding adopted by the captain of the American Federal war-steamer *San Jacinto*, of boarding the British mail-packet *Trent*, and carrying off Messieurs Mason and Slidell, two Confederate commissioners, who were on board, under the protection of the British flag, has roused the 'British Lion' with a vengeance. Such an act was too much even for the 'peace-at-any-price' party, who are Englishmen after all, and the English government having, in accordance with the unanimous cry of the country, informed the American Government that the two individuals in

question *must* be given up *at once*, or else,—the latter, deeming 'discretion the better part of valour,' have complied with the demand.

It was a *mauvais quart d'heure* for us, and must have been a remarkably trying moment for the Americans to have to yield to so imperious a summons, but there was nothing else for them to do. The captain of the American war-steamer had forgotten Talleyrand's wholesome advice,—*surtout pas de zèle*, and was clearly in the wrong, and we were unmistakably in earnest. The position of affairs in the so-called 'United States' rendered it an unfavourable moment for undertaking a war with England, and, therefore, the 'amicable relations' between the two countries are not to be disturbed.

The North may now devote its undivided energies to the conquest of the South, and we, happy in the consciousness of having shown that we are not all old women and quakers, may resume our peaceful pursuits in the interests of cotton and calicoes.

1862. *May.*—'Here we are again,' as the clowns say at Christmas. The grass in Hyde Park has hardly recovered the irruption of the 'Goths and Vandals' in 1851—the prophecies of those who foretold the millennium in Art, Science, and Manufactures, which the idea of the Prince Consort was to produce, have barely had time to be realized, or proved ridiculous, before we find ourselves once more overwhelmed in all the noise, confusion, and disappointment of another 'Great Exhibition.'

Had the excellent Prince been spared to inaugurate the 'show,' and mount again the 'hobby' which has been ridden to death, I would not seek to run down his efforts, much less question the sincerity of his belief in the efficacy of his scheme. But I cannot, because the Royal promoter of such undertakings has been removed from the scene, shut my eyes to what appears to me to be an undoubted fact, viz., that *Great Exhibitions are humbugs.*

It is eleven years since we led the van as the originators of these international gatherings, and in the interval there has hardly been a great capital in Europe that has not followed our example. Is there, however, any reasonable man, in the three kingdoms, unconnected with the undertakings in some way, who, in his conscience, believes that any great interests have been fostered or advanced by them?

I have no desire to look at the matter in a narrow or illiberal spirit. I do not doubt that isolated instances may be quoted in which talent has been brought forward and merit rewarded through the instrumentality of the Exhibition, and I am quite alive to the fact that the preparations for it may have given a certain stimulus to those who required it in the prosecution of their labours. There is no question, too, but that tradesmen and hotel-keepers in the towns where the exhibitions are held, profit largely by the influx of so many people from all parts of the world. But I submit that such was *not* the object which the lamented Prince sought to attain. His

was a much grander and more elevated idea,—one which on paper, or in theory, was as taking as it was delusive. He hoped, by inviting the manufacturers of all nations to enter into rivalry with the rest of the world in their own particular line, to produce an emulation among them which could not fail to benefit the interests which they represented. Has the scheme prospered? Does the Exhibition of 1862 show any striking improvement or advancement in Arts, Science, or Manufactures as compared with that of 1851? Does the present great bazaar display among its treasures anything justifying the belief that the Exhibition of 1851 inaugurated a new era? Do we find among the contributions of other countries any indications that since that date they have been treading on our heels in an honourable rivalry, or that *we*, stimulated by *their* efforts, have so much improved in the work of our hands as to enable us to keep at a distance those who are trying to overtake us, and pass us, in a race of praiseworthy competition?

In one respect the inferiority of the present Exhibition to the first is patent. The building in which it is held is not to be compared with the one in Hyde Park. Whatever may have been the defects of the latter (and, as usual, the carpers were 'legion,') no one could say that it was not emphatically *sui generis*. Its light and airy character was well-adapted to the temporary nature of its occupation, and it was not only novel in its construction, but it was an elegant and beautiful

plaything. The present building has nothing to recommend it, and instead of people saying and thinking, as on the last occasion, that it was a pity it could not be preserved, the public feeling is that the sooner we get rid of it the better. There is too, I think, a pretty general feeling that, beautiful and attractive as much about the Exhibition is, it is not equal to the first. Whether it is that the death of the poor Prince has thrown a damper over the public, or whether that the higher class that in 1851 deemed their approval of the design an essential characteristic of their loyalty are less loud in their praise of the present undertaking, it is impossible to say, but I think there is a growing feeling that the 'Great Exhibition,' as far as England is concerned, *a fait son temps*, and that we are not likely during the present generation to see another.

May.—One of the principal characteristics of advancing years is, that you find nothing appertaining to the present time comparable to what afforded you pleasure in your own youth or early manhood. This I believe to be more particularly the case in reference to one's appreciation of theatrical or musical celebrities. When I was an *imberbis juvenis*, my father was for ever speaking of 'John Kemble,' 'Mrs. Siddons,' and 'Munden,' and 'Irish Johnston,' and 'Mrs. Billington,' and comparing the actors and singers of my day with those of his, in terms very disparaging to the former, and I now find myself falling into precisely the same habit. Like those who have gone

before me, I have a standard which no actor or singer of the present day seems to me to reach.

When I listen to Tietjens, or Patti, or Giulini, I shake my head and say, 'Oh, yes, it is very good, but it is not like Pasta, or Ronzi de Begnis, or Rubini.' I feel that this habit is dangerous, if one wishes to meet the advances of time, in an off-hand and debonnair manner, when it stamps you as a 'fogey.' The word is not Johnsonian, but it is descriptive, and entitles one whom it describes to be treated with the respect due to age and experience.

The fact is that there is no *juste milieu* in such matters between youth and old age. The *ci-devant jeune homme* who seeks to blend past and present experiences, is a contemptible creature, who, having lost the attributes of juvenility, seeks to ignore the advances of time. His opinions have neither weight nor colour. It is better, therefore, to 'take the bull by the horns,' confess that you belong to the last generation, and take your stand on its superior claim to respect. I do not consider myself either a '*fossil*' or a '*peruke*,' and, though I own to the fact of having been a *habitué* of 'Almacks' in its palmy days, of having been present at the *début* of Malibran and of Sontag, and of having seen the first that was seen in London of the legs of Taglioni and Duvernay, I do not consider that I am therefore of necessity 'a lean and slippered pantaloon.' I simply conceive that my taste is formed and my judgment matured, and that I really know a great deal more

about such matters than my juvenile relations, and the other conceited young people who pooh-pooh my opinions as antiquated, and smile incredulously when I assure them that Pasta was worth a dozen of Tietjens, and that Giulini is not fit to hold a candle to Donzelli. Yet so it is. I went last night to see Tietjens in 'Norma,' and came away confirmed in that opinion; and I feel convinced that if any of the old set who used to listen with me, night after night, to the dear old favourites at the dear old house in the Haymarket, had the courage, like myself, to face the derision of that combination of flippancy and bad manners, yclept the 'rising generation,' they would bear me out fully.

August. Dresden.—I have stopped here on my way from Carlsbad, as I could not be so near this attractive city and let the opportunity slip of visiting again the unequalled gallery. I say unequalled, and do not care what amount of ridicule and censure my opinion may excite in the Ruskins of the day, when my journal shall see the light. The pictures have all been moved, since I was here last, into their new and beautiful gallery, which, whether for light or arrangement, is, in my opinion, far superior to the Louvre, or the galleries of Italy. There are, moreover, more *chefs d'œuvres* and fewer daubs than in any other continental gallery that I know. However, I am not going to specify, but shall content myself with generalities, without attempting to compete

with the gentlemen who do the art-criticism for 'Murray.'

Some few weeks spent here on several visits have sufficed to confirm my impression that the 'English colony' in a foreign city possesses all the worst characteristics of a small country town in England. The same jealousies and backbiting, the same cliqueism, the same assumption on the part of those who have no claim to assume, the same struggle to make distinctions and maintain them among a set of people between whom there is, socially speaking, nothing to choose. As usual, Her Majesty's Minister is 'pitched into' right and left. The relations which generally subsist between him and the travelling British public are anything but satisfactory. Our diplomatic representative at a foreign Court is a very great man in the estimation of most people, one who fills a social position much coveted, and is, *virtute officii*, a clever fellow.

We are told by one of our great English classics of the peculiar grace of manner and appearance which marked his hero, which, 'by those who have not seen many noblemen, is supposed to be indicative of nobility,' and I must say that the qualities generally attributed to a *diplomat* are more imaginary than real. An Excellency is not by birth a Machiavelli, nor is Pozzo de Borgo a faithful type of the species. The humbug of the system is often exemplified in the individual. Of course I do not refer to our representatives

at Washington, at Paris, or Vienna, nor indeed at any great European Court. God forbid that I should disparage your Cowleys and your Bulwers, or direct my small artillery against a Strangford or a Stratford. My remarks refer mainly to the 'smaller fry' of Ministers, who have no great interests to watch over, and are fain to content themselves with more humble duties than that of outwitting the Gortschakoffs and Metternichs of the day.

The majority of the posts of Ministers Plenipotentiary or Chargés d'Affaires, are little better than sinecures as regards the conduct of negotiations demanding those talents for intrigue and mystification which a diplomatic agent is, as a matter of courtesy, supposed to possess. Therefore the representative of Her Majesty to be found in most small continental capitals, as long as he speaks French, may be considered to possess the requisite qualifications in the eyes of the Foreign Office. The travelling public require something more, however, and the universal discontent that is expressed by all who return from a continenal residence or lengthened tour at the shortcomings of the British Minister wherever they may have been, shows that that individual has seldom the art of pleasing his countrymen. Ask any travelled friends what is thought of the English Minister or Chargé d'Affaires at this or that small capital from which they may have recently returned, and you will hear the same story from all. Stiffness, superciliousness, ex-

clusiveness, and stinginess, are universally charged against him whoever or wherever he may be.

The average Englishman on his travels, though generally bumptious, is a good sort of fellow. He pays his taxes at home cheerfully, and swallows the diplomatic budget without making a wry face; but he likes to have a *quid pro quo*. He takes an honest pride in seeing Her Majesty's representative keep up the character of his country for hospitality, and does not grudge the 'table money' nor disparage the 'pomp and circumstance' of diplomatic display; but he hopes and expects, to share in the 'good things the gods provide,' and not to find his position abroad dependent on the caprice of his own Minister. With sturdy 'John Bull' convictions, he believes that that individual is specially paid to watch over his interests, and is in duty bound to evince a sort of maternal solicitude, for the unprotected British orphan when absent from his mother country. He objects to see the liberal allowances enjoyed by the Minister devoted to the entertainment of a clique, or a coterie, or sparingly employed in carrying out a hospitality so frugal in its character, as to suggest the unfounded suspicion that his Excellency's creditors at home have more interest in his retaining his appointment, than his countrymen abroad.

A British Minister at a foreign Court need not open his arms to the general British public, nor consider that the possession of a passport entitles

the holder to his affectionate solicitude, but neither has he the right to assign an arbitrary and restricted limit beyond which the light of his countenance shall not shine, and within which only those shall be admitted whose rank calls for his courtesies, or whose servility induces them.

It is a well-known fact that, throughout the range of our minor continental missions, there are but two qualities that never fail to secure to the travelling Englishman the *droit d'entrée*. The one is rank, the other flunkeyism. To get on in a small foreign capital, or receive anything but the barest civility at the Legation, you must either be a scion of a noble house or a 'toady.'

Except at the higher Courts, where Her Majesty's representative has earned his 'Red Ribbon,' and is really the mouth-piece of his Government on matters of grave national policy, the diplomatic system affords *de quoi rire*. At a minor Court, without duties to perform, if he have talents, his Excellency has no field for their display, and finds himself, like Sir Patrick O'Plenipo in the play, reduced to the necessity of keeping his hand in, by indulging in such social diplomacy as may be afforded by the tea-table cabals of his own little coterie, or the tittle-tattle collected for his use by the *gobemouches* whom he favours. No travelling Englishman must presume to come 'between the wind and his nobility,' unless fortified with a special introduction from some *private* friend. This is not always obtainable at a moment's notice, and the unwary

are sometimes as a *pis aller* driven to the expedient of getting a 'Foreign Office letter,'* at a cost of two pounds sterling. Let not my travelling countrymen deceive themselves into the belief that such a document will avail them. It is playfully designated in diplomatic slang, as a 'ticket for soup,' and, if it obtain for the bearer the opportunity of once tasting the coveted *potàge*, he may think himself fortunate. But God help the poor devil who would audaciously seek to enter the Society of the town, without a letter of some sort to his 'Excellency,' even though his position at home, his connections, and his name should render such a document unnecessary.

I have met here the family of Colonel ——, a well-known member of Parliament, whose wife is the daughter of an Irish earl, and he tells me that they have been treated with the most marked discourtesy, because, forsooth, they did not bring a letter of introduction to the distinguished diplomatist whom they found here, shelved in a third-rate Legation.

September.—The Fratricidal War, the other side of the water, is going on, and the Northerners have been, as they quaintly express it themselves, 'badly whipped' for the second time, at a place with the suggestive title of 'Bull's Run.'

The whole thing is, in my opinion, a grim satire on the system of Government obtaining in the so-called 'United States' of America, of which

* No longer issued, I believe.

we hear *ad nauseam* from the friends of a republican form of Government.

The 'model republic' is perpetually being held up to us for admiration by those who affect to see in American institutions a system so superior to our own 'clumsy, costly, and effete form of Government.' 'Look at America,' they say, 'where freedom is not a name, but a reality, where one man is as good as another, where there are no lords and ladies, where the chief magistrate has only five thousand pounds a-year, and all the other departments of the State are conducted on a principle of economy, proving that cheap Government is not incompatible with efficient administration.' '*Halte là!*' The *proneurs* of all that is American must, I think, admit that what is going on is slightly damaging to the *prestige* of a system that we, in our benighted state, are urged to imitate. I, for my part, am no friend to slavery, but conceding the desirableness, in a philanthropic point of view, of putting a stop to it, I think that any such organic change should be effected deliberately and cautiously, and in a form that shall not inflict injury, not to say ruin, on those whose vested rights it is cruel and unjust to ignore. Looking at the war simply as a quarrel between North and South, it must be conceded that when it began, the abolition of slavery was neither the object nor the motive of the Northerners, but was adopted as their 'platform' or 'war-cry,' much more for the purpose of ruining the Southerners, than of carrying out the

principles of humanity and equality between black and white. It is well known that the intention in issuing the edict for the freedom of the slaves was, that they should rise against their owners, and the emancipation proclaimed was simply an 'artifice of war,' which has, however, as such, so far failed.

It is impossible to say how or when the war is likely to finish, as both parties are strong. The North is, politically speaking, the strongest, being the party of the Government, and having the trading interests at its back. But the South represents much property and intelligence, and a much greater amount of social civilization than the North. It commands, therefore, more sympathy in England, and, as far as I can judge by the feeling which manifests itself in general Society, I should say that seven-tenths of the British public at least, and even a larger proportion of the upper classes, would gladly see the tide of war turn in its favour. This would not be so were the real question the existence or the suppression of slavery, as British instincts and sympathies are always on the side of the Abolitionists. But it is felt that the cry has been raised at the eleventh hour, to excite a false sentiment, and parade a false pretext.

CHAPTER XI.

1863—1866.

Entry of the Princess of Wales into London—Banting—Lord Russell's Foreign Policy—Thackeray—The Garibaldi Epidemic—Close of the Session—Lord Russell at the Mansion House—John Stuart Mill elected for Westminster—Death of Lord Palmerston—Lady Doctors—Rising in Jamaica—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton raised to the Peerage.

1863. *March 8th.*—The entry into London of the Prince of Wales and his future bride yesterday was a curious spectacle, and, in the main, creditable to 'John Bull,' though it had elements in it that tended in some respects to make it a *fiasco*.

There was no lack of enthusiasm, God knows, and Their Royal Highnesses cannot complain of lax loyalty or a cold welcome. But all accounts agree in saying that the police arrangements were lamentably defective, and that all the *incommoda* of a London mob were strikingly developed. The streets were so ill-kept that the procession could hardly force its way, and was constantly delayed *en route* by the occurrence of a block that rendered all progress impossible. Those temporary haltings were availed of by the 'great unwashed' to obtain a nearer view of the coming bride, and

the *gamins* of London unceremoniously climbed on and about the wheels of the carriage, to stare in the face of the winsome lady, and even went so far as to shake hands with her. She bore it all with admirable composure, though she looked pale and nervous. The fact is, that the blandishments of London 'roughs' have a good deal of the elements of horseplay about them. The howling, the yelling, and the pushing by which they manifest their joy or their gratification, have no little resemblance to the indications of popular fury, and to anyone not accustomed to the exhibition of public enthusiasm in an English crowd, their proceedings cannot fail to be startling, not to say in a measure alarming.

I hope and think the Prince must have been pleased at the reception given to his future wife, and I trust that his own course of conduct will be of a nature to make the popular enthusiasm of yesterday become chronic and permanent.

April.—All the great discoveries of Science which have of late years startled and benefited the world by their ingenuity are thrown into the shade. Gas and steam and the electric telegraph are fairly bowled out.

A Mr. Banting, a retired upholsterer, has found a cure for dyspepsia and fat, and has organised a system for the regulation of our diet, which shall render corpulence and its accompanying inconveniences things of the past.

He has been for years, it appears, suffering from an amount of obesity that qualified him for

a booth at a fair, and, after careful study and watchfulness of the symptoms that accompanied his extraordinary physical development, he convinced himself that it arose from prandial indiscretion, and the amount and nature of the nourishment which he absorbed. The idea having taken possession of his mind, he proceeded to try it, and test it practically, and the result is that, from being a second 'Daniel Lambert,' he has become as thin as a whipping-post, without impairing his bodily health, and the success which has attended his dietary, as applied to himself, has led him to publish the result of his experiences for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

He has thus established his claim to be considered, in another sense, a very great man, for he has given his name to a system, and 'Banting' is the order of the day. All the 'stout parties' of one's acquaintance, and the heavy fathers of families, are making life hideous, by a forced abstention from everything in the eating way that made our pilgrimage here below hitherto bearable. Beer, butter, eggs, and rich sauces, and potatoes, and, in fact, everything that until now has been looked on as being nourishing and *apétisant*, is tabooed, and people are indulging in the luxury of self-denial, to a degree that makes it a question whether the remedy be not worse than the disease.

I am thankful to say that, being myself one of 'Pharoah's lean kine,' I can afford to pooh-pooh the system and mistrust its results. I have, however, several fat friends who are grasping at it

with all the desperation of drowning men, as their last hope, and who water their wine, eat their fish without sauce, and abjure all condiments and such-like gastronomical luxuries, in the firm conviction that their perseverance will be followed by a degree of corporeal attenuation, that will be the fittest reward of their faith, *or* credulity! *Nous verrons.*

August.—Whatever may be the shade of a man's politics, whether he be a member of a Pitt Club, or of the 'peace-at-any-price' party, whether he be a Liberal, Tory, or a Conservative-Whig, he must, I should think, unless he holds or seeks office under Her Majesty's Government, feel the deepest humiliation in contemplating the course and effect of Lord Russell's foreign policy.

A policy of non-intervention is *prima facie* sound, is well-adapted to our commercial interests, and becoming our insular position; but let us be consistent in carrying it out. Let us not meddle between an independent Sovereign and his own subjects in defiance of our theory, when we hope to obtain by so doing a delusive popularity, and the next moment rigidly adhere to the principle of non-intervention when asked to interfere to stay the great scandal of the age, the fratricidal war in America.

In further illustration of what I say, the course adopted towards Naples and Russia respectively, may fairly be cited. In the one case, finding our representations disregarded and our philanthropic efforts in favour of the Neapolitans ineffectual, we withdrew in dudgeon our Minister from Naples,

and put a stop to all diplomatic relations with the 'tyrant' of the Two Sicilies. In the other case, although the Emperor of Russia utterly disregards our importunate representations on behalf of the *enfant gâté* of philanthropy, Poland, a very sensible suggestion of Lord Shaftesbury's that we should in that case also prove at once our sincerity and our consistency, by recalling our ambassador from St. Petersburg, was pooh-poohed as quite impracticable. We dare not treat the great Czar as we treat little Bomba!

Charges implying that England is both a bully and a humbug, thanks to Lord Russell, fill all the foreign newspapers, and have to be met by every travelling Englishman who mixes in foreign Society abroad. It is humiliating to transcribe them, but it is worse to feel that a colour is given to them by the acts of our Government.

December 26th.—I am sorry to see the announcement of Thackeray's death. He is a great loss, and his place will not be easily filled among the existing British worthies. There are many people, I believe, who prefer him to Dickens, but I am not of the number. Both are admirable in their way, but Dickens is the most original genius of the two. Thackeray's style is peculiar, and there is a mannerism about it, which detracts somewhat from its merits. He, moreover, is much less genial than Dickens, and always impresses the reader with the idea that he is discontented and bilious, and desires to present life in anything but a favourable point of view. I do not think that

he exaggerates or misrepresents human weakness, but he judges of the world like a man who has been soured by disappointments or reverses, and who revenges himself by indulging in a cynical and sarcastic tone when depicting the manners and morals of the day. His sketches of character are admirable and truthful, but his best delineations are always those which represent disagreeable and unamiable people.

Still, his works have so many merits, that the defect I allude to is soon lost sight of. I do not think that the humorous side of his character is the best, or that he pleases most when he is funny. He made a great mistake in connecting himself with *Punch*. The broad humour which is the essential characteristic of that paper, is somewhat below the standard of Thackeray's genius. A wit and a joker are often very different in their natures. The author, who delights you by his pungent sallies and playful sarcasms, is a different stamp of man to one who is always punning and cracking jokes on passing events. I know for a fact that Thackeray felt the irksomeness of the task he had imposed on himself when he undertook the editorship of *Punch*.

I was calling one day, some twenty years ago, on Mr. Horace Smith* at Brighton, and I found

* Mr. Horace Smith, one of the talented authors of the 'Rejected Addresses,' (a work well known to the last and present generations,) and author also of 'Brambletye House,' and other successful novels, resided for many years at Brighton, where his varied attainments, and brilliant social qualities, made his society much sought after. He

Thackeray sitting with Mr. Smith and his talented and charming daughters. The conversation was, as might be expected, brilliant and sparkling, between two such literary lions. After a little time, however, Thackeray got up and said, with a sigh, 'Now I must go and be funny,' adding, with every appearance of weariness and disgust, 'You little know what dreary work it is to be obliged to be funny under all circumstances.'

I can fully understand this, and I think that he was a 'cut above' the class of author whose literary buffooneries are eagerly sought for once a week by the public. I have no wish to speak disparagingly of such writers as Jerrold and A'Beckett, and many others who cheer us hebdomadally with their laughter-moving skits on the follies or fashions of the hour, but I should no more think of coupling them with Thackeray or Dickens, than I should place Gilray or Bunbury side by side with Joshua Reynolds, or class 'H. B.' with Sir Edwin Landseer. *Punch* will be valued in years to come (if it is found at all on the shelves of book-collectors) not for its letter-press, but for its illustrations. But Thackeray's admirable novels will live as long as the English language shall endure, and will be as much an essential portion

died many years since, but his daughters, above referred to, still reside there, and, in their own persons, practically refute the popular fallacy, that talent is not hereditary, for, like their father before them, they are the centre of a circle to which their conversational powers and their genial kindness give a charm that irresistibly attracts many attached and admiring friends.

of a well-stocked library, as the works of Scott or Bulwer.

1864. *April 30th.*—Garibaldi is returned to Caprera, and let us hope that the 'Garibaldi epidemic' is now subsiding gradually. The streets of London have resumed their crowded and bustling calm. The temporary enthusiasm which united rich and poor, and brought together some of the most violent political opponents in a joint demonstration, has passed, and it may now be allowable to discuss, temperately, the merits, the motives, and the effects of the movement.

In my humble judgment, the episode is one of which we English have very little reason to be proud. Whether we regard the part taken in the demonstration by Her Majesty's Government, or that borne by the London public, the whole proceeding offers little ground for satisfaction, but, on the contrary, leads to the conviction that the former have made a great *fiasco*, and that the latter have made great fools of themselves.

The fighting antecedents of Garibaldi need no trumpeter, and I am quite willing to concede all that can be fairly urged in his favour. His bravery no one questions, although it partakes more of the courage of a brigand, than of the chivalrous valour of a Bayard. His sincerity and enthusiasm as regards his own country I do not deny, and if his recent glorification among us could fairly be looked upon simply as a tribute to his patriotism, I should not question either its

policy or its good taste. But the case is very different. He is not only the apostle of freedom,—he does not come before us alone as the liberator of Naples from the hateful sway of the Bourbons, and of Florence from the detested Austrian garrison, but he seeks English sympathy and applause quite as much for what he proposes to do, as for what he has achieved.

His whole life, since he first *fleshed* his sword as the would-be liberator of South America, to the present hour, has been spent in arousing and assisting different nations to rebel, and the programme which he is well known to have arranged for his future performances, comprises the subversion of the Austrian rule in Venetia, and the spoliation of the remaining Papal dominions. It is true that these contemplated achievements command the best wishes of a large portion of the British public, that the cry of an 'united Italy' is readily responded to in England by those who believe such to be a possibility, instead of a chimera, and that the forcible ejection of the Pope from Rome would be in entire accordance with English Protestant feelings and aspirations.

It is true also that England takes the lead among nations as the promoter of constitutional liberty, and the opponent of tyranny and oppression; but is that a reason why we should make Europe ring with acclamations with which we greet one whose whole energies have been devoted, and are still directed, to incite the subjects of our allies to rise against their rulers? Whatever we in

England may think of Garibaldi, it should not be forgotten that his name stinks in the nostrils of *every* European Power, not excepting Italy, where he is an object of fear and suspicion to his own Government, who would suppress him if they *dared.*

What is the state of the relations between Garibaldi and the principal European Governments at this moment?

Louis Napoleon, after wresting Lombardy from Austria and the legations from the sway of the Pope, and after having, by the instrumentality of French arms and French bravery, raised Italy to the dignity of a nation, and been the means of promoting whatever of 'unity' can be said to exist among the different discordant Italian provinces, finds himself held up to execration by Garibaldi as the greatest enemy of that 'unity,' because, forsooth, he is not prepared to betray his trust and desert the Pope, to defend whom he stands committed before the whole of Catholic Europe. Is it in the nature of things that he should see unmoved the uproarious adulation displayed by us towards one who speaks of him in terms that seem to invite the dagger of the assassin?

Austria, too, must feel disgusted at seeing Garibaldi the darling of English philanthropy, when, after raising the standard of rebellion in all the Italian provinces under her sway, he is now hounding on her Venetian subjects to insurrection, and is well known to be maturing plans for

seizing on her territory, in the name of Italian liberty.

What the Pope thinks or feels at seeing the canonization by us of his arch-enemy, is of course of little moment in England, but it may fairly be asked what are likely to be the feelings of the Catholics of Europe generally, whether in France, Austria, Spain, or Belgium, and, though last not least, Ireland, at seeing the wild enthusiasm displayed towards one who scoffs at their religion, and reviles its venerated head? I see that the Press both of France and Austria comments with much bitterness on the 'ovation,' as they call it, to one whom *they* consider the 'genius of revolution.'

Swayed as we are by our love of liberty, and our desire to promote constitutional government throughout the world, we have only come forward, I am told, to do honour to him who has done so much to carry out our views, and whose anti-papal efforts command our best wishes. True, but in so doing we have paraded before the civilized world our admiration for, and sympathy with, a man whom the majority of the nations of Europe view as an enemy and a firebrand, and whom they know to be striving to overturn their authority and their religion.

By so doing, we have added nothing to our well-earned character as the friend of civil and religious liberty all over the globe, but we run the risk of estranging those with whom, in the interests of Europe, it is desirable we should

be on terms of amity. Had we contented ourselves with displaying our 'hero worship' in the shape of a liberal hospitality, characterized by moderation and common sense, no one would have been offended by conduct clearly in accordance with our political antecedents. But the misgivings of those (not a few) who doubted the policy and good taste of the demonstration at all are fully borne out by its lame, impotent, and undignified conclusion. The conduct of the Government has been at once ridiculous and contemptible. They invited him over in the hope of giving a temporary fillip to their waning popularity, and after 'fooling him to the top of his bent,' they found that they had made a mistake, and they have now outraged all the laws of hospitality and good breeding, in a frantic effort to get rid of him.

It was not till he had announced his intention of 'starring' it in the North, and rumours had reached them of the intention of the Irish Catholics at Manchester and Birmingham to give him a *warm* reception, that the Government opened their eyes to the danger threatening them. They felt that he must be got rid of at all costs, and he was politely requested to depart. Gladstone writes a letter to the papers saying that the General is too ill to carry out his proposed plan of visiting the manufacturing districts, and he himself writes to the *Times* saying it is not true, and that he is in perfect health. Tableau!

I think the general public will agree with me

that Her Majesty's Ministers, and especially Mr. Gladstone, cut a very dirty figure.

June.—It is only a few months ago that Lord Palmerston said, in the House, that if Denmark were attacked she would 'not stand alone.' The words so uttered by the Prime Minister of a great nation, had an echo all over the civilised world, and should, if England is to be respected, and hold her commanding position among the great Powers, have the *force* of a treaty. But despite the pledge they gave—despite the hopes they raised, and, what is more, despite the cheers of applause they called forth in the British senate—we are leaving unfortunate little Denmark to be 'chawed up' by the big bullies who are attacking her.

I do not know which are the greatest humbugs, political alliances or family alliances. The former cease to exist the moment that the interests of both parties are no longer identical, and they never lead to any assistance being afforded when one or the other party is in need of material aid. The latter never stand the test of adversity, but are cordial only while prosperity on both sides makes them valueless. Who believes in the *bona-fides* of the Prussian and Austrian league against Denmark? It is notorious that, while fighting the Danes, they are really combating each other's designs on German supremacy, and are offering an example of a hollow political alliance, based on a deep-seated national

rivalry. On the other hand, the family alliance between England and Denmark is emphatically shown to be, politically speaking, a 'mockery, a delusion, and a snare.' When the King of Denmark married his daughter to the heir of the British throne, he no doubt believed that he was securing an ally, and that, should political motives fail, family ties would stand him in good stead, and that the British nation would not stand by *les bras croisés*, and see his little kingdom crushed between the rival forces of his colossal German foes.

I feel convinced that, had the country been canvassed, we should have made an effort to save the integrity of Denmark, and vindicate the good faith of England. But not a finger, and hardly a voice, has been raised, and those who venture to hint that we cut a shabby figure, are given to understand that *influences* were brought to bear upon the Ministry that could not be disregarded—that some mysterious *force majeure* was employed which paralysed our statesmen, and crippled our action,—in fact, *sub audi*, that national sympathies were ignored, and national good faith outraged, to gratify private predilections, or pander to personal animosities. It is no use discussing the matter; one is met by a shrug, and '*que voulez vous?*' In short, one dare not say a word lest one's loyalty should be impeached. 'Call you that backing your friends?' I do not like it, and feel sure we shall live to repent it, politically speaking, besides enduring the vexation attend-

ing on the abiding consciousness of having acted a contemptible and pusillanimous part in history.

August.—The review, which it is a regulation for the newspapers to take at the close of the Parliamentary session, of the measures brought forward by the Ministry, and of the policy that has marked their tenure of office during the year, has, as far as regards the Government organs, been a sad exhibition indeed. The Government may be left *quoad* their free-trade failures, and their education blunders, to the amenities of Messrs. Bright, Cobden, and Horseman, or the racy sarcasms which Bernal Osborne is always ready to vent on those who pertinaciously ignore his claims to office. Each of those gentlemen will infallibly find an opportunity during the recess, when haranguing his constituents, or airing his eloquence at some local Athenæum or Hall of Commerce, of throwing dirt at his friends, and it is pleasant to think that the Government will hear some home-truths delivered, with all the *gusto* that marks the candour and platform patriotism of a disappointed hanger-on.

I see that Lord Russell the other night, amid the fumes of civic hospitality, declared that 'England never stood higher among nations, or possessed greater influence in European councils, than at this moment!'

What is the truth? '*Ce brouillon de Russell*,' as he is habitually designated in foreign diplomatic Society, and in Continental *salons*, is accused

of having lowered the character of England at every Court and in all circles.

I have, however, no sympathy with the cant in which the Opposition indulge about our 'isolation.' We have proved long since that we can stand alone against any European combination. Properly governed, England needs neither backer nor bottle-holder, and can hold her own against the world. She would soon recover the *prestige* of which the half-hearted policy of the present Government has deprived her, and the isolation that is so loudly foretold, would only call forth tenfold the courage, the energy, and the loyalty of her population.

1865. *July.*—The electors of Westminster are considered to have just covered themselves with glory, by electing as their member, free of expense to himself, the 'greatest *thinker* of the day,' —the term by which, in our rage for adopting American slang, it is the fashion to describe John Stuart Mill.

There are few men of the day, probably, who have established a more well-founded character for intellectual superiority. As a logician he has, in his own country, few rivals; as a political economist he has, no doubt, plenty of opponents, but, though his theories are widely disputed, the astuteness which distinguishes him makes him a formidable adversary. But in everything he says, and in every word he writes, there is a dulness which mars the effect, and deprives it of all interest to the general public.

The son of the heaviest and dullest writer of his age, (James Mill, the historian of 'British India,') he was cradled in the school of philosophy and morals, of which Bentham, Malthus, and Miss Martineau are the shining lights, and, thoroughly imbued by their respective theories on politics and population, he was, at an age when most boys are writing nonsense verses, and playing cricket, already anathematising hereditary monarchies, and undermining public morality. His talent none can deny, and his reasoning powers are indisputable, but his order of intellect is one which the public at large cannot appreciate, any more than they can abstract algebraical propositions. His style, whether in speaking or writing, is wholly unsuited to popularize his theories, and his arguments, when they are most unanswerable, are often least intelligible. He is always the utilitarian and logician, and has no sympathy with the lighter order of intellect, which seeks to convey knowledge to the reader or *listener*, in a less austere or matter-of-fact garb.

He has no one quality calculated to secure for him success in the House of Commons, having a bad manner, a weak voice, and a most unimpressive delivery, and though what he says should be marked by mathematical accuracy and logical acumen, though his political views may be as sound as those of Vatel, and his premisses lead irresistibly to his conclusions, I shall be much surprised if the British House of Commons does not vote him a bore.

Members of Parliament do not sit like judges in equity to weigh every argument and sift every plea. They would often far rather be startled by a sophism, or puzzled by a paradox, than bored by a logical deduction, and, as regards the majority, they would infinitely prefer to have a tedious debate enlivened by the 'no popery' sallies of Drummond, or the flippant sarcasms of Bernal Osborne, than find themselves at the small hours listening to the political economical theories of Mill, well-reasoned and badly delivered.* They will infallibly exclaim, like the character in Molière's play,

'Déraisonne morbleu, plutôt que d'ennuyer.'

The following squib of Moore's had a great success at the time it was written:

'There are two Mr. Mills, too, whom those who like reading
What's vastly unreadable call very clever.
But whereas Mill *Senr.* makes war on *good* breeding,
Mill *Junr.* makes war on *all* breeding whatever.'

October 19*th.*—Another great statesman has passed away. Lord Palmerston is dead, and few men have been more sincerely or more generally regretted than he will be.

His career has been as remarkable as it has

* The above forebodings of Mr. Mill's failure in public life have been fully justified. In the House, there was but one opinion regarding him, even among those who shared his peculiar views and appreciated most his great talents. As to the feeling out of the House, it is only necessary to refer to the conduct of the electors of Westminster, who, having in a fit of enthusiasm brought him into the House free of expense, at the subsequent election availed themselves eagerly of the opportunity of getting rid of him.

been brilliant. There probably never was a statesman who served his country, in office, so long, and so continuously, as he has done. For more than half-a-century he has been before the public, with few and rare intervals filling appointments of more or less administrative difficulty and political importance, commencing with the Secretaryship of War, and closing with his long and successful Premiership. What renders this all the more remarkable is, that though he may be said to have served under, and with, administrations of every shade of politics, he has done so without loss of character. No one has ever taunted him with political apostasy, or with being a renegade from his party or his principles, and yet we find him serving in the Ministries of Percival, Lord Liverpool, Canning, Lord John Russell, and Lord Aberdeen, and finally becoming himself the head of a Ministry of such a Liberal-Conservative type that, while at home he was looked on as a reformer, he was abroad charged with displaying the haughty and overbearing demeanour towards the rest of Europe which was supposed to be the *specialité* of your real Tory.

Fifteen years ago, a combination of the political animosity which shows itself in legitimate parliamentary opposition, and of the personal enmity and jealousy which a long tenure of office and a long course of political success are sure to excite in others, culminated in the attack upon him in the House of Lords, which was so signally de-

feated by a counter vote of the House of Commons. This seems to have been the turning-point in his career, and from that time he steadily rose in public estimation, until men of all parties seemed to admit that he was the man that was wanted; and there is no doubt that his continuance in office has been quite as much due to his personal weight, as to his political influence. His policy, when at the head of the Government, was looked on as a sort of *mezzo termine* between the advanced Liberalism of many of those who acted with him and acknowledged him as their leader, and the extreme Conservatism of the party whose advent to power would be entailed by his ejection from office.

His Ministry has been essentially Liberal in its character, and, as regards all home questions, unmistakably progressive, though cautious. His foreign policy has been less successful and less popular since he succeeded to the Premiership and found himself hampered by the presence of Lord Russell in the Cabinet, and in the department over which he himself had been for so many years the presiding genius. As long as he was at the Foreign Office, Whigs and Tories alike felt that, however much England might be hated, she would never be slighted, and that he was the man of all others to maintain her diplomatic influence and guard her European interests.

His career affords, like that of Lord George Bentinck, a proof that statesmanship is not incompatible with a taste for the lighter and more

frivolous pursuits of life. In early years, in fact, till long past middle life, he was as conspicuous for his dress and his dandyism, as he was, later on, for his debating powers and his diplomacy, and he never found his devotion to business inconsistent with his devotion to Society, and to the fair sex in particular. He will be long remembered for his brilliant social qualities, and for the *bonhomie* and the *poco curante* manner which distinguished him alike in the salon and the senate, and secured him, both in public and private, a degree of popularity, such as certainly has not been attained by any other public man of his time.

December.—The deed is done. The ladies have conquered, and the medical profession will now be fortified by the co-operation of the fair sex, in all the mysteries of medical practice, and the intricacies of anatomical investigations. Women may henceforward ignore all the more refined instincts of their sex,—outrage all the obsolete notions of what was supposed to constitute female modesty, —set at naught the old-fashioned prudery of their grandmothers, and prosecute their physiological researches to their heart's content. The hospitals and the medical schools are alike thrown open to them, and, instead of the distaff or the knitting-needle, they will in future be found wielding the scalpel and the dissecting-knife.

The female medical school has just held its first sitting in London, and a series of female

lectures have been advertised! We have to thank our American cousins for this, among many other charming social innovations, for the prime director of the movement is an American female, who has been already before the British public, under circumstances of questionable notoriety. Her last public appearance was an agitation against petticoats, this interesting virgin having come forward as the advocate for the adoption of the 'Bloomer costume.' Having failed in her endeavour to introduce breeches among the ladies of England, she has now directed her energies, with more success, to familiarising them with scenes and occupations of which, until now, those who boasted the conventional purity and modesty of their sex, were profoundly ignorant.

If women are found anxious to indulge such questionable tastes, let them by all means do so. I would, if it rested with me, keep the sex *pure* and *undefiled*, and confine them to their own recognised sphere of usefulness, and I believe that a majority of the fathers, sons, and brothers of England would agree with me, if they were polled.

1866. *February.*—There is, to me, something very disgusting in the way in which political animosities and party spite enter into every question. At a moment when the lives and interests of our fellow-subjects in a distant and important colony are at stake, one might surely have looked for unanimity, and for the display amongst us of

a reasonable amount of sympathy and patriotism. At such a crisis, men of all shades of opinion should meet as on a neutral ground, and act together in a national, rather than a political and party spirit. But the feelings evoked at home by the recent rising in Jamaica, show how hopeless it is to expect that Englishmen will take a dispassionate or an impartial view of any question, if they see a prospect of being able to make 'political capital' out of it, and if they can hope, by throwing dirt at a Government official in a difficult and responsible position, to bespatter, by implication, the Government which he serves.

The fate of Governor Eyre is a melancholy proof of the fact. *Prima-facie*, to those who are at home, and who feel an interest in the safety of an absent countryman, the measures adopted by Mr. Eyre to put down effectually the insurrection in Jamaica, however severe they may have been, would seem to be but the conscientious efforts of a zealous and energetic public servant to protect the lives of thousands of his fellow-subjects, and to avert the horrors and atrocities that always mark such outbreaks. The measures he adopted were well calculated by their promptness, and by the terror they struck into the revolting tribes, to check, instantly and finally, a movement which, if allowed to gain a head, would have led to massacres before which the horrors of the Indian Mutiny might have paled.

If, under an overwhelming sense of his respon-

sibility, Mr. Eyre strained his powers, as some conceive, too far, and, in his endeavours to punish and deter, went beyond the limits which the far-off philanthropy of those who judge his acts at a safe distance can countenance or approve, surely the difficulties of his position should have secured him the support of the Government he served, and the sympathy of the reasonable and dispassionate portion of the public at home. If he had not put down the rebellion, where would our fellow-countrymen in Jamaica now be? Yet the howl of execration, raised by the philanthropists of the hour, in their factious zeal, would lead to the belief that he is a monster, whose savage cruelties towards the misguided aborigines are a disgrace to the civilization of the age, and call for the special reprobation of a Christian and God-fearing people. For the nonce, Exeter Hall and Holywell Street work together, and join in the chase, and poor Mr. Eyre is hunted to death by a mixed pack of psalm-singing bigots, and free-thinking zealots, in and out of Parliament. I hate humbug, and especially when, as in the present case, it rises to the dignity of hypocrisy, it is odious and detestable.

John Mill, and the little *peloton* of utilitarian sceptics who follow his lead in the House, see, in the alleged cruelties, a pretext for holding forth against the Government of the day, and make their 'sympathy with the niggers a *cheval de Bataille*,' in their party tactics. I rejoice to think

that Mill's views, on this and all other subjects, carry no weight with the general public, who have little sympathy with the school of thought which he represents. But, though he is a prominent member of only a very small section of the Liberal party, he is the mouthpiece of a clique of bleating philanthropists whose *ad captandum* cry the Government have not the courage to ignore, though I feel convinced that there is not a member of the Cabinet who in his heart blames Eyre, or who is humbugged by the tone of his detractors.

July 15th.—I do not think there is anyone (except, of course, his political opponents) who grudges Bulwer Lytton his peerage. If prominence in nearly every superior walk of life, and the possession of talents which have made him unsurpassed in some careers, and unequalled in others, can justify his being selected by his Sovereign for the reception of the honour conferred,—Bulwer the novelist, the poet, the statesman, the orator, and the dramatist, may surely be allowed to have earned his elevation.

I recollect, as many others will, the appearance of 'Pelham,' his first work, which was published when he was a very young man. The coxcombical tone of the book, so entirely in keeping with the appearance and manners of the author, caused it to be well abused by many with whom he was far from being personally popular in Society. The work though light and sketchy, defective as a

story and wanting much of the sterling qualities of a good novel, gave great indication of talents in the author, and was followed by others which added to, and confirmed, his reputation.

It is a curious because unusual fact, as regards such prolific authors as Bulwer Lytton, that he has improved greatly as years have rolled by, and that his latest works are by far his best. The sparkling wit, and *poco curante* style, which were the main attraction of 'Pelham,' gave place, in the works which immediately followed it, to a tone at once rhapsodical and meretricious, in which much objectionable philosophy and false sentiment detracted greatly from the literary merits of the books. This was especially remarkable in 'Alice, or the Mysteries,' and the 'Last Days of Pompeii,' but to this style again has succeeded one marked by more vigour and manly sentiment, in which the tone of doubtful morality, previously indulged in to a most objectionable degree, has been replaced by one which gives to his novels all that they wanted to make them models as works of fiction, and to place the author of 'My Novel,' and the 'Caxtons,' at the head of contemporary novelists.

When it is added that, as a dramatist, he is the only author of his generation whose plays can properly be said to have kept the stage,—that as a politician he has been more than usually successful in the conduct of the important department over which, when in the Cabinet, he presided with acknowledged and conspicuous efficiency,—and

that his oratorical powers in the House of Commons secured at once the attention of Parliament and the admiration of the public, I think it may fairly be admitted that the 'fountain of honour' could hardly play on one who possessed greater or more numerous claims to be the recipient of Her Majesty's favour.

CHAPTER XII.

1867—1870.

'Women's rights'—Is there such a thing as political consistency?—Disraeli Prime Minister—Re-appearance of the Queen at the Drawing Room—Death of Lord Brougham and Vaux—Bill for Disestablishing the Irish Church—Defeat of 'Life Peerages Bill'—American Slang—Death of Dickens—Total Defeat of French Army.

1867. *May* 21*st.*—I rejoice to say that the Bill for admitting women to the suffrage was thrown out last night by a large majority, the numbers being 196 against 73. The wonder is that seventy-three gentlemen, or at least members of Parliament, (for, in a reformed House, the terms are not synonymous,) could be found to support such a ridiculous proposition.

A man must have the courage of his opinion, who, like myself, at a time when so strong a current runs in favour of concessions to the fair sex, is prepared to attempt to check it, and brave the hostility, not to say the odium to which he will infallibly expose himself.

So much has been written, and so much nonsense has been talked, regarding 'women's rights,' that the subject is one that is approached

with actual nausea. I hope, and believe, that the movement will never get beyond a certain point, for it is one that must in the long run be regulated by the opinions and wishes of the male sex. There are, of course, as we see, men ready to ventilate this, or any other 'cry' to which opposition may be expected, and by agitating which they may hope to achieve a little popularity or notoriety. But, whatever John Stuart Mill and his clique may say, I feel confident that the anomalies and absurdities, inseparable from the admission of women to all the privileges they claim, and which their champions would concede to them, are far too glaring, to justify any alarm on the part of the 'lords of the creation,' as to the possible result of the agitation.

I say this in no spirit of discourtesy to the ladies, and with no desire to deny or dispute their possession, in many instances, of talents and abilities, that might qualify them for far higher duties and employments than those at present within their reach.

Such instances are rare exceptions, however, and neither the habits, the education, nor the characteristics of the average woman, adapt her for most of the duties which now devolve on men. Of course the attainment of excellence in literary, artistic, or scientific pursuits should always be open to them, and the world will never be slow to encourage their efforts and reward their pre-eminence. It is no argument against such encouragement to say, that success does not

always tend to develop the qualities most attractive and lovable in the female nature; but at the same time it is a curious fact, that those ladies best known to us in general Society as 'superior women' are oftentimes masculine in their ideas, and *prononcées* in their manners.

There may be a trifle of calumny, but there is also much fun contained, and some truth implied, in Lord Byron's witty interrogatory:

> 'And oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
> Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?'

I recall to mind the domestic atmosphere in many well-known households in which the intellectual superiority conceded to the wives by common consent, has had the effect of relegating the husbands to the second place. Take for example our brilliant and talented friend, Lady Morgan; how completely she overshadowed Sir Charles, who would under other circumstances have passed in Society for a clever and agreeable man, as he was. Also the poet and authoress, Mrs. Norton, whose commanding talents had the effect, socially, of entirely suppressing her husband.

At Holland House, too, in former days,—whose noble owner, the ex-Minister, was conspicuous for talents and attainments of the highest order, that made him shine in every circle, political or social,—it was Lady Holland that most people went to see, and she was, by common consent, recognized as the ruling spirit at the house—in fact, the *genius loci.*

Even Mrs. Somerville, whose sweet character

and unassuming nature mask one of the most striking geniuses of the century, though shrinking herself with intuitive sensitiveness from the self-assertion that generally marks the 'blue' in Society, cannot divest herself of an amount of social influence which causes the doctor, a well-informed and accomplished gentleman, to stand 'nowhere' in the estimation of her friends and admirers.

These facts are, of course, no valid arguments against female ambition to rival man in all the studies that can elevate the mind and expand the intellect. But ladies that push their claims farther, and demand to be allowed to participate (in their own words) in 'the privileges, the duties and occupations of men,' and to enter into competition with them in the conduct of the affairs of the world, must recollect that such participation must, as a logical sequence to the principle for which they contend, entail on them an *equal* share in the anxieties, the trials, and the responsibilities of which the 'more worthy gender' have hitherto had the almost exclusive enjoyment.

May the day be far distant in which we shall see our wives and daughters fighting the 'battle of life' with the weapons that men are obliged to employ. I have no wish to see them content only

'To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer;'

but 'woman's mission,' to use the cant of the day, is not identical with 'man's,' nor are the duties and the responsibilities of the two sexes susceptible of assimilation.

August 20th.—Recent events incline one to exclaim, 'Is there such a thing as political consistency?' I do not believe there is, nor am I at all sure that it is a quality, as the term is generally received, which is either desirable or commendable. As understood by the 'million,' it means a strict and uncompromising adherence, by a man in after life, to the opinions which as a youth, without either knowledge or experience, he may have entertained or professed, on matters requiring a sound and matured judgment for their due consideration. In fact, a charge of want of political consistency means that a man who started in life imbued with the opinions and prejudices of those among whom his youth has been passed, and has had no opportunity of forming an independent judgment for himself, is a renegade if, in after life, he takes a view opposed to that which he adopted hurriedly, or inherited from his progenitors.

What can be more ridiculous than to seek to bind a man, who has arrived at years of discretion, to the crude and visionary ideas formed by youth and inexperience? People forget, also, that the times change, and in politics, render views which but yesterday were sound and salutary, to-day objectionable and out of date. He who fifty years ago was considered as an advanced Liberal in politics and religion, would in the present day be looked on as a Tory and a bigot.

I am, I grieve to say, old enough to recollect the so-called backslidings and tergiversations of

so many of our leading men, that when I hear people prating about 'consistent politicians,' I say, 'Where are they?' and Echo replies, 'Where are they?'

Take a few examples from the last fifty years. The Duke of Wellington, after opposing the Catholic claims virulently, until the age of sixty, headed the Government which conceded them. Sir Robert Peel, who commenced his career as a violent anti-Catholic, after being the most unpopular Irish Secretary of the century, and earning for himself the sobriquet of 'Orange Peel,' worked the Relief Bill through the House of Commons, and lost his seat for Oxford in consequence. Sir Francis Burdett, the most ferocious of democrats up to the age of forty-five, died a Tory octogenarian. G. R. Stanley, the *enfant gâté* of the old Tories, and looked on by them as their trump-card, at a time when everything like progress and reform was tabooed by them, lived to be, as the Earl of Derby, the most moderate head of a 'Liberal-Conservative' Government.

Furthermore, Disraeli, as a young man, was an advanced Liberal, eager to offer his services to any Liberal constituency that would accept them; and Gladstone, the great stickler for Church and State, the 'rising hope of those stern, unbending Tories,' as Macaulay calls him, who cut Peel's Government because he thought it was going too far in its concessions to the Catholics by the 'Maynooth Grant,' is now not only a strong Liberal, but has been more than once charged with Catho-

lic tendencies, and even suspected of a desire to give the Established Church a quiet kick, when he has an opportunity. The two most striking instances of political inconsistency known to this generation are afforded by the sudden conversion of Sir R. Peel on the question of the Corn Laws, and the spectacle now offered by Disraeli in carrying through Parliament the present Reform Bill, which goes so far beyond the scheme of his opponents, which he assisted in defeating last year.

Peel, for the second time in his splendid career, sacrificed everything to duty, and having, as in the instance of Catholic Emancipation, satisfied himself that his previous opinions were wrong, he came forward like a man, acknowledged his error, and repealed the Corn Laws. Disraeli in like manner sees that it is impossible to stay the progress of reform, and seeks, by the concession of a liberal though guarded measure, to shut the mouths of those who asked for less, as well as of those who seek for more.

1868. *February 25th.*—Lord Derby has resigned, and Dizzy is Prime Minister. Well may he be proud of the position he has gained. He has reached it in spite of difficulties that would have discouraged and paralysed the energies of most men. Everything was against him, except his talents, and they have borne down every obstacle that personal hostility could oppose to his success. His unequalled powers of sarcasm made his enemies hate, and his friends fear him, and many prejudices against him—personal, social,

and religious—have tended to keep him down, and would have kept down a man with a less strong will. His own party—that cannot do without him, and that owed him so much—most ungratefully offers him but a half-hearted support, and would gladly supersede him as their leader, could they find anyone competent to take his place. He is not patrician enough to please the aristocratic section of the Tories; another section dislikes him for his ruthless persecution of Peel in days gone by; and many of those who support his policy from conviction, mistrust him on account of his early, well-known sympathies with Liberalism. It is very common to hear him spoken of by those who profess Conservative opinions, and even by the inferior and uninfluential occupants of the Conservative benches, as an 'adventurer;' and, to their shame be it stated, not a few of them seem to think that the charge of 'Judaism' tells against him, and justifies their insincerity in his regard. People who know nothing about him or his antecedents talk as if he had come from the gutter, instead of being, as he is, the son of a highly-talented Jewish gentleman of moderate fortune, who himself obtained no slight celebrity as an author and man of letters. The works of 'Disraeli the elder,' if they do not place him in the first rank of English writers, have kept their place among the standard literature of the country, and 'Disraeli the younger' *is*, and *ought* to be, proud of the author of the

'Curiosities of Literature,' and the 'Calamities of Authors.'

He has now, like Cardinal Wolsey, reached the 'highest point of all his greatness,'—let that console him for the snubs and rubs to which the jealousy of friends, as well as foes, will expose him; and if, as is anticipated, his tenure of power should not be very long, (many indications of decadence in the Ministry being observed,) he may, at all events, exclaim,

'They cannot say but I have worn the crown.'

March 12*th*.—The Queen's re-appearance at the Drawing-Room is hailed with universal satisfaction, as affording a proof that Her Majesty's mind is at last recovering its healthy tone. The effect produced on her by the shock to her feelings and the blight of her affections, which commanded so generally the sympathy of her subjects, is, it is hoped, yielding, though slowly, to the influence of time, and the fact is a matter of rejoicing and gratitude to all.

'Time' meets with but scant courtesy among us in England, where he is disparagingly spoken of as 'Old Father Time,' 'Time the Thief,' and in other terms far from courteous; while in Italy his soothing characteristics are more gratefully acknowledged, and it is admitted by general consent that '*Tempo e gallant uomo*,' ('Time is an honest fellow.') It is one of the greatest blessings of our life that there is no grief, however deep and poig-

nant, no feeling of desolation however crushing, that will not *eventually* yield to the influence of Time. Let us hope that Her Majesty, who has been so sorely tried, may, in her own person, afford evidence of the truth of this assertion, and may speedily be enabled, without violence to her own feelings, to resume the performance of the duties of her exalted station.

May 9th.—'Lord Brougham and Vaux, ob. May 7, 1868.' The above brief and bald announcement of the ex-Chancellor's death is all he deserves, after discounting, as he did some years ago, the effect of the news of his death on the British public.

I forget the date, but I recollect the fact, that the town was electrified one morning, some fifteen or twenty years ago, by a statement in the London newspapers that Lord Brougham had been killed, down in Westmoreland, by the overturning of his carriage. Great was the excitement, but the whole statement, which was very circumstantial, turned out to be a hoax; and it was said, and very generally believed, that the noble and learned lord had invented and circulated the news of his own death, that he might see what would be said of him when he was gone. I hope he was gratified. A good deal was said in his praise that was true, and a good deal in disparagement of him that was *also* true.

He was a most extraordinary man, and certainly deserves a niche in the temple of fame, but his vanity, and his jealousy of others, were

great blots on his character. His versatility was remarkable and unbounded, but those who knew him best declare that many of his acquirements were what is popularly described as 'skin deep,' and much of his varied information most superficial. From the time that he came before the public as the defender of Queen Caroline, and subsequently as the advocate of reform in Parliament, he was always the supporter of every Liberal measure, and the opponent of Tory tactics. His great reform speech (which was so long that it was said only one member of the House of Commons sat it out, Whittle Harvey, I think) proved mainly his own great powers of endurance. He spoke continuously for seven-hours-and-a-half, and sucked, it was said, three dozen oranges. It may be doubted whether he advanced the cause of reform by the effort, but he certainly added to his own parliamentary consequence and reputation as an orator, and made himself, in a great degree, the leader of the reform party.

His career as Chancellor has been much criticised, but as the professional opinions, I find, vary according to the political bias of the legal critics, it is difficult for an outsider like myself to estimate their value. He was it was said, in the Cabinet, self-opinionated, overbearing, and disputatious, and his great command of language and powers of ridicule and sarcasm, made him both feared and disliked in the House of Lords. That he was not popular with his colleagues or his party is shown by the fact that, when they re-

turned to power in 1835, after an interval of repose on the opposition benches, they left him out in the cold. This was 'the unkindest cut of all,' and he never forgave it, but was ever after a thorn in the side of his former friends. That he was a great man, with extraordinary talents, and of great and varied attainments, no one can for a moment deny, but he had 'too many irons in the fire.' He lacked the sound judgment and the ballast required to form an enlightened and consistent politician. For his fame, it is to be regretted that his career did not close at the time when he *improvised* the fatal catastrophe. He would have shone in history as a greater man, and the captious and venomous personalities which are the characteristics of his later parliamentary efforts, would not have detracted, as they do, from a public career that had much in it to excite the admiration of posterity.

1869. *March* 1*st*.—Gladstone has brought in his Bill for disestablishing the Irish Church, and, with the majority which he has at his back, it may be pretty confidently asserted that he will carry it. The lords and the bishops may perhaps make a stand, but even that is doubtful, as they 'know their man' and feel sure he will stick at nothing, with a working majority of something like a hundred in the Commons, and the power of calling up the 1st Life Guards to the House of Lords, (as was suggested to Lord Grey at the period of the Reform Bill,) to force his unpalatable nostrum down their lordships' throats.

The question is one on which public opinion in England is a good deal divided. *Primâ facie*, the Irish Church is an abuse and an anomaly, and no man with three rational ideas will defend, on principle, the existence of an immensely rich and powerful religious Establishment in a country where the population mainly belongs to a different creed. The Catholics in Ireland are in number, as regards the Protestants, five to one, and, while the former see their own venerated priesthood with no State provision, and supported mainly by the eleemosynary contributions of their flocks, you cannot persuade them that the clergy without cures, and churches without congregations, which cover the face of the country, are part of a sound and equitable system.

The day must have come, sooner or later, when such a state of things would have become intolerable, and the 'march of mind' would have led to some great change. As regards the Church itself, however, and the vested interests which it represents, it is very questionable whether the high-handed manner in which Gladstone proposes *de trancher la question*, is either just or judicious. If you cannot remedy an abuse which injuriously affects one portion of the community, without creating a grievance which will operate unjustly on the interests of the other, it is fair to conclude that the plan of adjustment proposed is open to exception. By all means let the useless Irish Protestant Church be reduced in number, but let it be done by absorption, rather than by confis-

cation, as, in a country where political and religious feeling runs so high as it does in Ireland, the Government should be careful lest a measure of national expediency should be viewed in the light of a party triumph.

The whole scheme is, however, at present *in nubibus*, and the hasty legislation with which we seem threatened may, and probably will, be tempered by the good sense of Parliament. '*Timeo Danaos*,' however, and I suspect that Gladstone is thinking much more of popular support, and especially of securing for his Government the fealty of the Irish members, than of interests, advanced or endangered, by the sweeping measure which he has announced.*

May.—That *quasi*-revolutionary measure, the 'Life Peerages Bill,' has been thrown out, at which I much rejoice. It was a sneaking and insidious attempt to exclude from the House of Lords, for the future, the descendants of those whose talents add lustre to it, and to overturn a system by which the hereditary legislature is largely recruited from a class representing much vigorous intellect and senatorial capacity.

There is a certain section of the Upper House which has the bad taste to look coldly on what

* From the first, the author, while sharing the public admiration for the talents of Mr. Gladstone, has mistrusted his judgment, and deplored his inconsistency. The experience of the last seven years has fully justified his misgivings, and his forebodings have been realised by the lamentable and ill-judged course of Mr. Gladstone, which has culminated in his total loss of political character, and of parliamentary *prestige*.

they call the 'Law Lords,' who have contributed so much to maintain the character of the House as a judicial and deliberative assembly. The policy of those who desire to maintain our form of parliamentary government, in these republican days, ought to be to strengthen the House of Lords, as much as possible, by an admixture of its aristocratic ranks, with what may be, without offence, described as the intellectual classes. *Pur sang* is not always accompanied by mental cultivation, and a long rent-roll does not of necessity ensure aptitude for the duties of legislation, nor any superiority in those qualities for which statesmen should be conspicuous.

In a House composed exclusively of hereditary members, there will, of course, be found many who represent a worn-out line of succession; one which generations of prosperity and inaction have tended to weaken and render effete. The infusion of new blood and vigorous intellect among the ranks of the hereditary peerage, is calculated to raise and maintain the character of the House of Lords; and when we see how efficiently its duties are discharged, and how well it stands comparison, in point of talent, with the elective branch of the legislature, on any occasion on which its debating powers are more particularly called forth, we must acknowledge that a triumphant answer is given, practically, to the clap-traps indulged in against 'hereditary legislators.'

If the movement, in favour of the proposed Life Peerages, had originated in the camp of those

who decry the claims of the Upper House, one would have viewed it simply as an attempt to upset our aristocratic system. But its origin was very different, and is to be traced to a paltry desire on the part of some of its members to guard its benches against what they consider the intrusion of so many 'Law Lords' without either long pedigrees or long purses. I think the proposed measure was both narrow-minded and suicidal, for were the descendants of those who attain the honours of the peerage by the force of their talents to be excluded, the intellectual standard of the peers would soon fall to the level of that of the average country gentleman, often ennobled exclusively on the plea of his territorial possessions, or in recognition of his political and party services. It would be very disagreeable if a House which counts, among its most distinguished members, the descendants of a Bacon, a Clarendon, a Shaftesbury, a Kenyon, a Mansfield, an Ellenborough, and a Redesdale, should seek to stop, at its source, a flow of administrative talent that has materially contributed to strengthen the claims of the Upper House on the confidence of the country. The way the system now works is the best answer to those who would like to see the House of Lords an elective assembly.

This is the second attempt that has been made to discredit the House of Lords. The first, if I recollect right, was some ten or twelve years ago, when Lord Wensleydale was made a 'life peer' by the Minister of the day, but who was soon given

his proper status in the House, through the force of public opinion.

1870. *January.*—It is a melancholy fact that our language is rapidly degenerating. The English of Shakespeare and Milton is dwindling gradually into an American dialect, and will shortly retain but little of its euphony and purity. Each day sees us adopting forms of expression and syllabic combinations unheard of by Johnson, and unknown to Linley Murray, and which have nothing to recommend them except their eccentricity, and the fact that they have come to us from across the Atlantic.

The most flagrant Yankeeisms are now in daily use, not, thank God, yet among our best writers, nor to any great extent in conversation among the better classes, but with the general public, and in the columns of second-rate newspapers. It is not merely that we are getting into the habit of using the American word, when we have one of our own which fully and adequately expresses the same thing, and when the excuse for using it can only be its novelty, but we are sanctioning by its use the objectionable habit of arbitrarily converting nouns into verbs, and verbs into nouns, and the ear is insensibly getting accustomed to the employment of words and forms of expression that a few years ago were tabooed as 'vulgar Americanisms.' We hear daily now of 'cars' and 'stores,'—the words 'carriage' and 'shop' would answer every purpose. Such are, however, only harmless absurdities; but when we

find our naval officers speaking of two ships 'colliding,' when our newspaper correspondents 'interview' all the great men of the day, when we telegraph to a friend and desire him to 'wire' or 'cable' his reply, when our orators are said to make 'exhaustive' speeches, and the bases of their arguments are called their 'platform,' it becomes serious. Besides these few examples that occur to me at the moment, there are hundreds of other mongrel forms of expression, inconsistent with the English language, which have come to us from over the water, and that hitherto no Briton *pur sang* has dared to utter, but which, unless public opinion is roused, will assuredly creep into use, such as 'singist,' 'scientist,' 'paintist,' and, alas! those words which defy all laws of language and rules of derivation—'watergram' and 'cablegram.'

It is bad enough to have to contend against literary eccentricity and coxcombry among ourselves, but Mr. Carlyle's audacity in making up words to suit his meaning is compensated in a measure by the graphic force of his style, and he is merely stretching, too far, the license accorded to an old public favourite. His greatest admirers shrug their shoulders and regret the silly vanity that betrays him into the absurdity, but no one ever thinks of adopting or using the words he coins, or attempts to defend them. The harm likely to be done is, therefore, greatly minimized by the good sense of the public.

The case is different with the Americanisms of

the day. They have an '*ad captandum*' fitness which deludes the vulgar and the ignorant, and, because they are sometimes short and expressive, the public overlooks the fact that they are neither sanctioned by the language nor by good taste.

All this is very annoying, and it is hard that when there is so much in America to approve of, and even to imitate with advantage, we should only adopt the verbal peculiarities and colloquial eccentricities which, added to the all-pervading twang, vulgarise so painfully the tone of American conversation and intercourse.

June 10*th*.—Dickens is dead! Deep and widespread will be the regret among all classes of readers. He was emphatically *sui generis*, for, though he has had many imitators, he has never been approached by those who followed in his track. He remains the founder of a school, and the influence of his genius and of his example will be felt on the literature of his country more than that of any author of the century.

When at the outset of his career he attracted public attention with his 'Sketches by Boz,' and his 'Pickwick Papers,' there was much difference of opinion and controversy in literary circles regarding his merits. For, while the life-like touches that marked his style came home to all, there were some, and not a few, who thought him vulgar, and regretted that he should devote so much talent to depicting scenes and manners, the description of which were considered to have little attraction for the reading public. There

may have been some ground for the feeling at first, but, as his extraordinary powers gradually developed themselves in his subsequent works, those who had run him down began to note and admit the wonderful skill and judgment with which he contrived to introduce the reader to scenes of low life, and even of depravity, without wounding or offending the susceptibilities or prejudices of the most refined and most fastidious. His unusual and graphic power of portraying the passions and peculiarities incidental to human nature, worked on the public mind, and ere long few could be heard to deny his claim to supremacy in a style and a school that he has made his own.

The wonderful success that has attended his efforts was sufficient to silence all opposition. No man can take the world by storm in such matters without possessing extraordinary claims on public admiration. The most hostile critics could not rise from a perusal of his books without feeling the truth and force of the pictures he drew. They might deplore the choice of subjects, and lament the absence of refinement among the characters, but they were fain to admit that the pen that could excite so much deep interest when describing such scenes and such characters was guided by no ordinary genius.

It is much to his credit that not only are Dickens's works conspicuous for the moral tone that pervades them throughout, but that most of the stories are intended to bring to light some flagrant

abuse, and by drawing attention to it, cause its reform or removal. Whether exposing the scandals of a Yorkshire school—the depravity of hospital nurses—or the delays of Chancery, his clever satire presented the grievance he wished to redress with a life-like vigour, and without exaggeration, and secured the sympathy of all his readers.

It is, however, the characteristic of all great originals that they give rise to crowds of imitators, and a system well received at first for its novelty, will lose all its attractions by dint of repetition under circumstances less favourable. This fact is especially shown in the practice of periodical and serial publications now, in consequence of Dickens's example, so universally followed, and so ill-suited to the talents of many of our authors. Because Dickens, with a fertility unequalled, was able to keep alive the interest of the public in the stories which he doled out to them by monthly instalments, it does not follow that the general run of novel-writers of the day are competent to walk in his footsteps.

But not only did Thackeray and Collins, and many other well-known writers, adopt the same plan with more or less success, but a crowd of second-rate sensationalists—whose name is 'legion'—smother us monthly and weekly with the produce of their brain. It is a species of 'happy-go-lucky' authorship, in which the writer, instead of maturing his plot and concocting a well-considered story, to be carefully developed during the com-

pletion of his work, dashes off a few startling and stirring pages, full of excitement, and trusts to a merciful providence for the required inspiration to enable him, during the intervening weeks, to work out the details often of a trashy and half-formed plot, to the satisfaction of an impatient public.

It is evident that in the case of the majority of these serial writers, who fill the magazines with their contributions 'to be continued,' the author knows as little as his readers how the story is going to end. Such a *modus operandi* is, in principle, most objectionable. Many even of Dickens's efforts would probably have been still better had they been more carefully and deliberately considered, but as regards the crowd of novel writers of the day who adopt the system from financial motives, seeking a quick return for their mental labour, the effort is much beyond their strength, and the result often lamentable.

November 1*st*.—Events have followed each other with such fearful rapidity, that the total destruction of the French army is become a *fait accompli*, and the utter collapse of the French nation, and its fall from the pinnacle of grandeur and glory, to the lowest depths of defeat and degradation, have become a matter of history in the course of four or five weeks.

Of course, he who, but yesterday, was the arbiter in European affairs, and the head of an illustrious and all-powerful nation, is now (in his adversity) discovered to have been nothing better than a 'miserable adventurer,' who, after ruining

his country financially by his reckless extravagance, has completed her downfall by his military incapacity.

The disasters of the war are too recent, and the state of anarchy and confusion covering France too wide-spread, to permit the possibility of apportioning the blame between the French people and their ruler. But whether the war was, or was not, undertaken by Napoleon in utter ignorance of the state of unreadiness of the army, and whether he was led into it by the premeditated insults of Germany, or culpably sought it from motives of grasping ambition, are questions which the state of public feeling both in France and England renders it impossible to solve. Every man's judgment, in both countries, is warped by his political leanings, and the Emperor is declared to have betrayed his country, or to have been himself betrayed, according as the events are viewed from a republican or an imperial point of view.

Unluckily for France, there is one fact which stares us in the face, and which admits of neither dispute nor denial, but which will read in history to the lasting discredit of the French nation. The French army at Metz, under Marshal Bazaine, numbering little short of two hundred thousand men, have laid down their arms, rather than try to cut their way through the besieging forces, or die in the attempt.

The whole thing is like a dream, but the fact, incredible almost as it seems, meets us in our

waking moments, that France is ruined and disgraced, and Paris is in the hands of a wretched mob of Socialists and Communists, who are doing all they can to destroy every trace of the former greatness of their country. How will it end? Shall we in England stand by, and see unmoved our ally, our neighbour, and our friend in her hour of tribulation, and not hold out a hand to save her? I fear that if the French expect *ces fiers insulaires*, to leave their sea-girt security, in order to assist them in their anguish, they will learn the hollowness of 'international' friendship. No doubt we are 'wise in our generation,' but I hope the day will not come that we shall have reason to regret our selfish isolation, and that France, when she rises once more, as she surely will, perhaps stronger than before, may have the magnanimity to forget it.

THE END.

London: Printed by Duncan Macdonald, Blenheim House, W.

HURST & BLACKETT'S

STANDARD LIBRARY.

To be had at all Booksellers and Railway Book-stalls.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

OF NEW EDITIONS OF

POPULAR MODERN WORKS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

SIR J. E. MILLAIS, SIR J. GILBERT, HOLMAN HUNT, BIRKET FOSTER, JOHN LEECH, JOHN TENNIEL, LASLETT J. POTT, ETC.

Each in a Single Volume, with Frontispiece, price 5s.

I.—SAM SLICK'S NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

"The first volume of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions forms a very good beginning to what will doubtless be a very successful undertaking. 'Nature and Human Nature' is one of the best of Sam Slick's witty and humorous productions, and well entitled to the large circulation which it cannot fail to obtain in its present convenient and cheap shape. The volume combines with the great recommendations of a clear, bold type and good paper, the lesser, but attractive merits of being well illustrated and elegantly bound."—*Morning Post.*

II.—JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

"The new and cheaper edition of this interesting work will doubtless meet with great success. John Halifax, the hero of this most beautiful story, is no ordinary hero, and this his history is no ordinary book. It is a full-length portrait of a true gentleman, one of nature's own nobility. It is also the history of a home, and a thoroughly English one. The work abounds in incident, and many of the scenes are full of graphic power and true pathos. It is a book that few will read without becoming wiser and better."—*Scotsman.*

"This story is very interesting. The attachment between John Halifax and his wife is beautifully painted, as are the pictures of their domestic life, and the growing up of their children; and the conclusion of the book is beautiful and touching."—*Athenæum.*

III.—THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review.*

"Mr. Warburton has fulfilled the promise of his title-page. The 'Realities of Eastern Travel' are described with a vividness which invests them with deep and abiding interest; while the 'Romantic' adventures which the enterprising tourist met with in his course are narrated with a spirit which shows how much he enjoyed these reliefs from the ennui of every-day life."—*Globe.*

IV.—NATHALIE.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Nathalie' is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort. Its manner is gracious and attractive. Its matter is good. A sentiment, a tenderness, are commanded by her which are as individual as they are elegant. We should not soon come to an end were we to specify all the delicate touches and attractive pictures which place 'Nathalie' high among books of its class."—*Athenæum.*

V.—A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"These thoughts are good and humane. They are thoughts we would wish women to think: they are much more to the purpose than the treatises upon the women and daughters of England, which were fashionable some years ago, and these thoughts mark the progress of opinion, and indicate a higher tone of character, and a juster estimate of woman's position."—*Athenæum.*

"This excellent book is characterised by good sense, good taste, and feeling, and is written in an earnest, philanthropic, as well as practical spirit."—*Morning Post.*

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

VI.—ADAM GRAEME OF MOSSGRAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"'Adam Graeme' is a story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery. The plot is cleverly complicated, and there is great vitality in the dialogue, and remarkable brilliancy in the descriptive passages, as who that has read 'Margaret Maitland' would not be prepared to expect? But the story has a 'mightier magnet still,' in the healthy tone which pervades it, in its feminine delicacy of thought and diction, and in the truly womanly tenderness of its sentiments. The eloquent author sets before us the essential attributes of Christian virtue, their deep and silent workings in the heart, and their beautiful manifestations in the life, with a delicacy, a power, and a truth which can hardly be surpassed."—*Morning Post.*

VII.—SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

"We have not the slightest intention to criticise this book. Its reputation is made, and will stand as long as that of Scott's or Bulwer's novels. The remarkable originality of its purpose, and the happy description it affords of American life and manners, still continue the subject of universal admiration. To say thus much is to say enough, though we must just mention that the new edition forms a part of the Publishers' Cheap Standard Library, which has included some of the very best specimens of light literature that ever have been written."—*Messenger.*

VIII.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.

"A picturesque book on Rome and its ecclesiastical sovereigns, by an eloquent Roman Catholic. Cardinal Wiseman has here treated a special subject with so much generality and geniality that his recollections will excite no ill-feeling in those who are most conscientiously opposed to every idea of human infallibility represented in Papal domination."—*Athenæum.*

IX.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'A Life for a Life' is a book of a high class. The characters are depicted with a masterly hand; the events are dramatically set forth; the descriptions of scenery and sketches of society are admirably penned; moreover, the work has an object—a clearly defined moral—most poetically, most beautifully drawn, and through all there is that strong, reflective mind visible which lays bare the human heart and human mind to the very core."—*Morning Post.*

X.—THE OLD COURT SUBURB.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

"A book which has afforded us no slight gratification."—*Athenæum.*

"From the mixture of description, anecdote, biography, and criticism, this book is very pleasant reading."—*Spectator.*

"A more agreeable and entertaining book has not been published since Boswell produced his reminiscences of Johnson."—*Observer.*

XI.—MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES."

"We recommend all who are in search of a fascinating novel to read this work for themselves. They will find it well worth their while. There are a freshness and originality about it quite charming, and there is a certain nobleness in the treatment both of sentiment and incident which is not often found."—*Athenæum.*

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XII.—THE OLD JUDGE; OR, LIFE IN A COLONY.

BY SAM SLICK.

"A peculiar interest attaches to sketches of colonial life, and readers could not have a safer guide than the talented author of this work, who, by a residence of half a century, has practically grasped the habits, manners, and social conditions of the colonists he describes. All who wish to form a fair idea of the difficulties and pleasures of life in a new country, unlike England in some respects, yet like it in many, should read this book."—*John Bull.*

XIII.—DARIEN; OR, THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"This last production of the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross' has the same elements of a very wide popularity. It will please its thousands."—*Globe.*

"Eliot Warburton's active and productive genius is amply exemplified in the present book. We have seldom met with any work in which the realities of history and the poetry of fiction were more happily interwoven."—*Illustrated News.*

XIV.—FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

"It were impossible to praise too highly this most interesting book, whether we should have regard to its excellent plan or its not less excellent execution. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half an hour. It is not the least of their merits that the romances are founded on fact—or what, at least, has been handed down for truth by long tradition—and the romance of reality far exceeds the romance of fiction."—*Standard.*

XV.—THE LAIRD OF NORLAW.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"We have had frequent opportunities of commending Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library. For neatness, elegance, and distinctness the volumes in this series surpass anything with which we are familiar. 'The Laird of Norlaw' will fully sustain the author's high reputation. The reader is carried on from first to last with an energy of sympathy that never flags."—*Sunday Times.*

"'The Laird of Norlaw' is worthy of the author's reputation. It is one of the most exquisite of modern novels."—*Observer.*

XVI.—THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY.

BY MRS. G. GRETTON.

"Mrs. Gretton had opportunities which rarely fall to the lot of strangers of becoming acquainted with the inner life and habits of a part of the Italian peninsula which is the very centre of the national crisis. We can praise her performance as interesting, unexaggerated, and full of opportune instruction."—*The Times.*

"Mrs. Gretton's book is timely, life-like, and for every reason to be recommended. It is impossible to close the book without liking the writer as well as the subject. The work is engaging, because real."—*Athenæum.*

XVII.—NOTHING NEW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'Nothing New' displays all those superior merits which have made 'John Halifax' one of the most popular works of the day. There is a force and truthfulness about these tales which mark them as the production of no ordinary mind, and we cordially recommend them to the perusal of all lovers of fiction."—*Morning Post*

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XVIII.—LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

BY MARTHA WALKER FREER.

"We have read this book with great pleasure, and have no hesitation in recommending it to general perusal. It reflects the highest credit on the industry and ability of Miss Freer. Nothing can be more interesting than her story of the life of Jeanne D'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive."—*Morning Post.*

XIX.—THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS."

"If asked to classify this work, we should give it a place between 'John Halifax' and 'The Caxtons.'"—*Standard.*

"The spirit in which the whole book is written is refined and good."—*Athenæum.*

"This is in every sense a charming novel."—*Messenger.*

XX.—THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM; OR, NARRATIVES, SCENES, AND ANECDOTES FROM COURTS OF JUSTICE.

BY PETER BURKE, SERJEANT AT LAW.

"This attractive book will be perused with much interest. It contains a great variety of singular and highly romantic stories."—*John Bull.*

"A work of singular interest, which can never fail to charm and absorb the reader's attention. The present cheap and elegant edition includes the true story of the Colleen Bawn"—*Illustrated News.*

XXI.—ADÈLE.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Adèle' is the best work we have read by Miss Kavanagh; it is a charming story, full of delicate character-painting. The interest kindled in the first chapter burns brightly to the close."—*Athenæum.*

"'Adèle' will fully sustain the reputation of Miss Kavanagh, high as it already ranks."—*John Bull.*

"'Adèle' is a love-story of very considerable pathos and power. It is a very clever novel."—*Daily News.*

XXII.—STUDIES FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"These 'Studies' are truthful and vivid pictures of life, often earnest, always full of right feeling, and occasionally lightened by touches of quiet, genial humour. The volume is remarkable for thought, sound sense, shrewd observation, and kind and sympathetic feeling for all things good and beautiful."—*Morning Post.*

"These 'Studies from Life' are remarkable for graphic power and observation. The book will not diminish the reputation of the accomplished author."—*Saturday Review.*

XXIII.—GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

"We commend 'Grandmother's Money' to readers in search of a good novel. The characters are true to human nature, and the story is interesting."—*Athenæum.*

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XXIV.—A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

"A book to be read and re-read; fit for the study as well as the drawing-room table and the circulating library."—*Lancet.*

"This is a pleasant book for the fireside season, and for the seaside season. Mr. Jeaffreson has, out of hundreds of volumes, collected thousands of good things, adding thereto much that appears in print for the first time, and which, of course, gives increased value to this very readable book."—*Athenæum.*

XXV.—NO CHURCH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

"We advise all who have the opportunity to read this book. It is well worth the study."—*Athenæum.*

"A work of great originality, merit, and power."—*Standard.*

XXVI.—MISTRESS AND MAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A good wholesome book, gracefully written, and as pleasant to read as it is instructive."—*Athenæum.*

"A charming tale, charmingly told."—*Standard.*

XXVII.—LOST AND SAVED.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

"'Lost and Saved' will be read with eager interest by those who love a touching story; it is a vigorous novel."—*Times.*

"This story is animated, full of exciting situations and stirring incidents. The characters are delineated with great power. Above and beyond these elements of a good novel, there is that indefinable charm with which true genius invests all it touches."—*Daily News.*

XXVIII.—LES MISERABLES.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Authorised Copyright English Translation.

"The merits of 'Les Miserables' do not merely consist in the conception of it, as a whole; it abounds with details of unequalled beauty. M. Victor Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall-mark of genius."—*Quarterly Review.*

XXIX.—BARBARA'S HISTORY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS, LL.D.

"It is not often that we light upon a novel of so much merit and interest as 'Barbara's History.' It is a work conspicuous for taste and literary culture. It is a very graceful and charming book, with a well-managed story, clearly-cut characters, and sentiments expressed with an exquisite elocution. The dialogues especially sparkle with repartee. It is a book which the world will like. This is high praise of a work of art, and so we intend it."—*The Times.*

XXX.—LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"A good book on a most interesting theme."—*Times.*

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. 'Irving's Life' ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review.*

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XXXI.—ST. OLAVE'S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JANITA'S CROSS."

"This novel is the work of one who possesses a great talent for writing, as well as experience and knowledge of the world. The whole book is worth reading."—*Athenæum.*

"'St. Olave's' belongs to a lofty order of fiction. It is a good novel, but it is something more. It is written with unflagging ability, and it is as even as it is clever. The author has determined to do nothing short of the best, and has succeeded."—*Morning Post.*

XXXII.—SAM SLICK'S TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

"Dip where you will into this lottery of fun, you are sure to draw out a prize. These 'Traits' exhibit most successfully the broad national features of American humour."—*Post.*

XXXIII.—CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A more charming story has rarely been written. It is a choice gift to be able thus to render human nature so truly, to penetrate its depths with such a searching sagacity, and to illuminate them with a radiance so eminently the writer's own."—*Times.*

XXXIV.—ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"No account of this story would give any idea of the profound interest that pervades the work from the first page to the last."—*Athenæum.*

"A novel of uncommon merit. Sir Walter Scott said he would advise no man to try to read 'Clarissa Harlowe' out loud in company if he wished to keep his character for manly superiority to tears. We fancy a good many hardened old novel-readers will feel a rising in the throat as they follow the fortunes of Alec and Annie."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

XXXV.—AGNES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"'Agnes" is a novel superior to any of Mrs. Oliphant's former works."—*Athenæum.*

"Mrs. Oliphant is one of the most admirable of our novelists. In her works there are always to be found high principle, good taste, sense, and refinement. 'Agnes' is a story whose pathetic beauty will appeal irresistibly to all readers."—*Morning Post.*

XXXVI.—A NOBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Few men and no women will read 'A Noble Life' without feeling themselves the better for the effort."—*Spectator.*

"A beautifully written and touching tale. It is a noble book."—*Morning Post.*

"'A Noble Life' is remarkable for the high types of character it presents, and the skill with which they are made to work out a story of powerful and pathetic interest."—*Daily News.*

XXXVII—NEW AMERICA.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

"A very interesting book. Mr. Dixon has written thoughtfully and well."—*Times.*

"We recommend everyone who feels any interest in human nature to read Mr. Dixon's very interesting book."—*Saturday Review.*

XXXVIII.—ROBERT FALCONER.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"'Robert Falconer' is a work brimful of life and humour and of the deepest human interest. It is a book to be returned to again and again for the deep and searching knowledge it evinces of human thoughts and feelings."—*Athenæum.*

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XXXIX.—THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'The Woman's Kingdom' sustains the author's reputation as a writer of the purest and noblest kind of domestic stories."—*Athenæum.*

"'The Woman's Kingdom' is remarkable for its romantic interest. The characters are masterpieces. Edna is worthy of the hand that drew John Halifax."—*Morning Post.*

XL.—ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

BY GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, D.C.L.

"A racy, well-written, and original novel. The interest never flags. The whole work sparkles with wit and humour."—*Quarterly Review.*

XLI.—DAVID ELGINBROD.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"A novel which is the work of a man of genius. It will attract the highest class of readers."—*Times.*

XLII.—A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"We earnestly recommend this novel. It is a special and worthy specimen of the author's remarkable powers. The reader's attention never for a moment flags."—*Post.*

"'A Brave Lady' thoroughly rivets the unmingled sympathy of the reader, and her history deserves to stand foremost among the author's works."—*Daily Telegraph.*

XLIII.—HANNAH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A very pleasant, healthy story, well and artistically told. The book is sure of a wide circle of readers. The character of Hannah is one of rare beauty."—*Standard.*

"A powerful novel of social and domestic life. One of the most successful efforts of a successful novelist."—*Daily News.*

XLIV.—SAM SLICK'S AMERICANS AT HOME.

"This is one of the most amusing books that we ever read."—*Standard.*

"'The Americans at Home' will not be less popular than any of Judge Halliburton's previous works."—*Morning Post.*

XLV.—THE UNKIND WORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"These stories are gems of narrative. Indeed, some of them, in their touching grace and simplicity, seem to us to possess a charm even beyond the authoress's most popular novels. Of none of them can this be said more emphatically than of that which opens the series, 'The Unkind Word.' It is wonderful to see the imaginative power displayed in the few delicate touches by which this successful love-story is sketched out."—*The Echo.*

XLVI.—A ROSE IN JUNE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"'A Rose in June' is as pretty as its title. The story is one of the best and most touching which we owe to the industry and talent of Mrs. Oliphant, and may hold its own with even 'The Chronicles of Carlingford.'"—*Times.*

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XLVII.—MY LITTLE LADY.

BY E. FRANCES POYNTER.

"This story presents a number of vivid and very charming pictures Indeed, the whole book is charming. It is interesting in both character and story, and thoroughly good of its kind."—*Saturday Review.*

XLVIII.—PHŒBE, JUNIOR.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"This last 'Chronicle of Carlingford' not merely takes rank fairly beside the first which introduced us to 'Salem Chapel,' but surpasses all the intermediate records. Phœbe, Junior, herself is admirably drawn."—*Academy.*

XLIX.—LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES DUKE YONGE.

"A work of remarkable merit and interest, which will, we doubt not, become the most popular English history of Marie Antoinette."—*Spectator.*

L.—SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"'Sir Gibbie' is a book of genius."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*
"This book has power, pathos, and humour."—*Athenæum.*

LI.—YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'Young Mrs. Jardine' is a pretty story, written in pure English."—*The Times.*
"There is much good feeling in this book. It is pleasant and wholesome."—*Athenæum.*

LII.—LORD BRACKENBURY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS, LL.D.

"A very readable story. The author has well conceived the purpose of high-class novel-writing, and succeeded in no small measure in attaining it. There is plenty of variety, cheerful dialogue, and general 'verve' in the book."—*Athenæum.*

LIII.—IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"In 'It was a Lover and his Lass,' we admire Mrs. Oliphant exceedingly. It would be worth reading a second time, were it only for the sake of one ancient Scottish spinster, who is nearly the counterpart of the admirable Mrs. Margaret Maitland."—*Times.*

LIV.—THE REAL LORD BYRON—THE STORY OF THE POET'S LIFE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

"Mr. Jeaffreson comes forward with a narrative which must take a very important place in Byronic literature; and it may reasonably be anticipated that this book will be regarded with deep interest by all who are concerned in the works and the fame of this great English poet."—*The Times.*

LV.—THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT.

BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON.

"It is scarcely necessary to sign 'Through the Long Night,' for the practised pen of Mrs. Lynn Linton stands revealed on every page of it. It is like so many of its predecessors, hard and bright, full of entertaining reflection and brisk development of plot."—*Saturday Review.*

WORKS BY

GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

Each in One Volume, Frontispiece, and Uniformly Bound, Price 5s.

ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN.

"No account of this story would give any idea of the profound interest that pervades the work from the first page to the last."—*Athenæum.*

"A novel of uncommon merit. Sir Walter Scott said he would advise no man to try to read 'Clarissa Harlowe' out loud in company if he wished to keep his character for manly superiority to tears. We fancy a good many hardened old novel-readers will feel a rising in the throat as they follow the fortunes of Alec and Annie."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"The whole story is one of surpassing excellence and beauty."—*Daily News.*

"This book is full of good thought and good writing. Dr. Mac Donald looks in his stories more to the souls of men and women than to their social outside. He reads life and Nature like a true poet."—*Examiner.*

ROBERT FALCONER.

"'Robert Falconer' is a work brimful of life and humour and of the deepest human interest. It is a work to be returned to again and again for the deep and searching knowledge it evinces of human thoughts and feelings."—*Athenæum.*

"This story abounds in exquisite specimens of the word-painting in which Dr. Mac Donald excels, charming transcripts of Nature, full of light, air, and colour."—*Saturday Review.*

"This noble story displays to the best advantage all the powers of Dr. Mac Donald's genius."—*Illustrated London News.*

"'Robert Falconer' is the noblest work of fiction that Dr. Mac Donald has yet produced."—*British Quarterly Review*

"The dialogues in 'Robert Falconer' are so finely blended with humour and pathos as to make them in themselves an intellectual treat to which the reader returns again and again."—*Spectator.*

DAVID ELGINBROD.

"A novel which is the work of a man of genius. It will attract the highest class of readers."—*Times.*

"There are many beautiful passages and descriptions in this book. The characters are extremely well drawn."—*Athenæum.*

"A clever novel. The incidents are exciting and the interest is maintained to the close. It may be doubted if Sir Walter Scott himself ever painted a Scotch fireside with more truth than Dr. Mac Donald."—*Morning Post.*

"David Elginbrod is the finest character we have met in fiction for many a day. The descriptions of natural scenery are vivid, truthful, and artistic; the general reflections are those of a refined, thoughtful, and poetical philosopher, and the whole moral atmosphere of the book is lofty, pure, and invigorating."—*Globe.*

SIR GIBBIE.

"'Sir Gibbie' is a book of genius."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"This book has power, pathos, and humour. There is not a character which is not lifelike. There are many powerful scenes, and the portraits will stay long in our memory."—*Athenæum.*

"'Sir Gibbie' is unquestionably a book of genius. It abounds in humour, pathos, insight into character, and happy touches of description."—*Graphic.*

"'Sir Gibbie' contains some of the most charming writing the author has yet produced."—*Scotsman.*

"'Sir Gibbie' is one of the most touching and beautiful stories that has been written for many years. It is not a novel to be idly read and laid aside; it is a grand work, to be kept near at hand, and studied and thought over."—*Morning Post.*

LONDON: HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

STANDARD EDITIONS

EACH IN ONE VOLUME CROWN 8vo—FIVE SHILLINGS.

LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

BY MISS FREER.

"We have read this book with great pleasure, and have no hesitation in recommending it to general perusal. It reflects the highest credit on the industry and ability of Miss Freer. Nothing can be more interesting than her story of the life of Jeanne D'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive."—*Morning Post.*

THE LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. 'Irving's Life' ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review.*

THE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES DUKE YONGE.

"A work of remarkable merit and interest, which will, we doubt not, become the most popular English history of Marie Antoinette."—*Spectator.*

THE REAL LORD BYRON—THE STORY OF THE POET'S LIFE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

"Mr. Jeaffreson comes forward with a narrative which must take a very important place in Byronic literature; and it may reasonably be anticipated that this book will be regarded with deep interest by all who are concerned in the works and the fame of this great English poet."—*The Times.*

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review.*

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

"This is a pleasant book for the fireside season, and for the seaside season. Mr. Jeaffreson has, out of hundreds of volumes, collected thousands of good things, adding thereto much that appears in print for the first time, and which, of course, gives increased value to this very readable book."—*Athenæum.*

FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

"It were impossible to praise too highly this most interesting book, whether we should have regard to its excellent plan or its not less excellent execution. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half-an-hour."—*Standard.*

LONDON: HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS

WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH DAY AND TO $1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY OVERDUE.

APR 14 1937

NOV 16 1938

NOV 28 1938

DEC 5 1938

MAY 28 1947

9Jun'60E

6 Jan'58HJ

REC'D LD

DEC 11 1957

REC'D LD

JUN 25 1960

LD 21-100m-8,'34

521682

D 405
B 64 A2

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY